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from his friend
John Gray.

Worcester June 1st 1856.

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ARTHUR MURPHY ESQR.

Published as the Act directs. May 10th 1786. by Thos. Cadell in the Strand.

THE

WORKS

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——— ME TABULA SACER
VOTIVA PARIES INDICAT UVIDA
SUSPENDISSE POTENTI
VESTIMENTA MARIS DEO.

HOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXXXVI.

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Gift by Dr. 1866
Gift of
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of
Worcester

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PREFACE.

IN giving this edition of ſuch pieces as I have written in the courſe of ſeveral years, I hope I may be allowed the liberty of a few preliminary words, even though they relate chiefly to myſelf. It is not my intention to encroach too far upon the reader's patience, much leſs to trouble him with anſwers to the cavils of critics, or vindications of myſelf or my writings. The works here collected (except the tranſlations, and a new tragedy in the laſt volume) have been all, at different times, before the public. Their fate has been long ago decided. Nothing, that I now can offer, will extenuate faults, or place the beauties (if any there are) in a more advantageous light. I may, however, be permitted to obſerve, that the greateſt part of what is here offered to the public was finiſhed many years ago. I ſet out as an author at a very early period of life.

The *Gray's-Inn Journal* was begun, I may ſay, in a frolic: That it was continued, was owing to the reception it met with. A little temporary ſucceſs made me fancy that I could write. Since that time, I have often thought, that I was retailing my little ſtock, when I ought to have endeavoured to add to it: I was writing, when I ought to have been reading. The reſt of the ſeveral pieces followed in quick ſucceſſion, and, perhaps, with too much rapidity. *Statius*, as I remember, is the only author of antiquity, who deſires to take ſhelter under the excuſe of quickneſs and diſpatch. I may ſay with him, *Diu multumque dubitavi, an hos libellos, qui ſubito calore, et quâdam feſtinandi voluptate fluxerant, cum ſinguli de ſinu meo prodiiſſent, congregatos ipſe dimitterem.* That writer adds, and indeed ſeems to boaſt, that ſeveral of his poems were written in one day, and few in more than two. Being upon the point of publiſhing an entire collection of his detached pieces, he begins to fear that the celerity, with which they were written,

will be no longer an excuſe, when their novelty is loſt. *Neceſſe eſt multum illis pereat ex veniâ, cum amiſerint, quam ſolam habuerunt, gratiam celeritatis.* Though I cannot pretend to have felt, while I was writing, the vigour and ſpirit of that celebrated poet; yet now, when my work is over, I may be allowed to ſympathize with him in his doubts and fears. The dramatic pieces, here collected together, do not follow one another in order of time, as they were written; for the information, however, of ſuch, as may have that kind of curioſity, at the end of theſe ſheets, the reader will find an arrangement of them in their chronological order.

For the defects, that haſte may have occaſioned, I have endeavoured, by a careful reviſal, to make all the atonement in my power. While the pieces lay ſcattered abroad, like the Sybil's leaves, it was natural that I ſhould wiſh to ſee them in a more correct form. In giving this Edition, I hope that I ſhall not be charged with vanity or preſumption. The public, at

various times, have given to theſe works ſome degree of ſanction; and, if I have laid out a portion of my time in an honeſt endeavour to render what they approved leſs inexcuſable, the attempt, I hope, may be fairly deemed a mark of reſpect for thoſe, who have done me ſo much honour. In the whole Collection there is but one piece, to which a name of high rank is prefixed. The Public have been my only patrons. With a thorough confidence in their juſtice, I ſtood forth upon all occaſions; no party made, no cabal, no intereſt to protect me. Though the love of fame was among the inſtigations, that ſet me to work, I can boaſt, with pride, that I uſed no little artifices to obtain it. I had no ſhare in a Newſpaper, though I know thoſe, who thought ſuch an acquiſition a ſtep in their road to celebrity. But the praiſe, which a man gives himſelf, implies that no one elſe comes up to his mark; and the abuſe, which he throws out againſt others, will avail but little: he, who would eclipſe his rival, has no way of doing it but, by writing better.

In

In the courſe of my theatrical career, I beg leave to repeat, that I relied upon the Public, and the Public only. During the whole time I had no reaſon to think that I was in favour with the Manager. Were I inclined to revive the memory of petty diſputes, I could ſtate the number of impediments, that were thrown in my way by Mr. *Garrick*; but of that performer I am now willing to remember nothing but his inimitable talents. I regret the loſs of ſo great a genius in his art; and in the idea of the conſummate actor my reſentments are loſt. The misfortune of *Garrick* was, that he never had due confidence in his own talents. His love of fame was unbounded, but it was *tremblingly alive all o'er*. He lived in a whiſpering gallery, always liſtening, and anxious about himſelf. Upon ſuch a diſpoſition they, who lacquied after him, could make what impreſſion they pleaſed. A word was ſufficient. He took fire at the ſlighteſt hint; and they, who had ſiniſter purpoſes to anſwer, ſaw the avenues, by which they were to approach him. By the arts of ſuch men,

he,

he, who might always have been at eaſe, and by his talents deſerved to be ſo, was ever involved in little diſputes and jealouſies, that made him unhappy through life.

Were I inclined to open wounds, which have long been cloſed, I could claim ſome merit with the Public, by ſtating the difficulties, which I often ſurmounted, to make my way to their favour. Of the ſmall tribe of wits and critics, who never ceaſed to nibble at every piece that I offered to the ſtage, I have but little to ſay. The truth is, they gave me no diſturbance. I ſometimes ſaw their libels, and I made no reply. The taſk were endleſs. Men, who cannot think through a dozen connected ſentences, can ſpin out a paragraph, and if it teem with virulence, they think they have performed wonders. To the degree of credit, whatever it be, that I have acquired with the public, they have been enemies, at leaſt, twenty years: but by repeating their efforts, they con-

feſs

feſs to this hour, that there is ſtill ſomething to be pulled down. I have ſometimes the pleaſure of hearing that the piece, which is groſsly abuſed in ſome morning paper, is applauded at the theatre in the evening. While this continues to be the caſe, have I not reaſon to ſmile at the ineffectual efforts of envy, or of malice? A bad critic is generally a bad man: he is out of humour himſelf, and he wants to communicate his rancour to others.

But I have, perhaps, treſpaſſed too long, and the ſubject, I know, is unintereſting. I ſhall only add, that, in this Edition will be found, all that I have written, or would now be anſwerable for, except an *Eſſay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*, and a tranſlation of *Marmontel's Beliſarius*. Of the political papers, which fell from my pen many years ago, I hope no trace is left. With all the ardour of youth, and the inexperience which belongs to it, I engaged in that field of controverſy; but I was ſoon taught by Sir *Richard Steel* to abandon it for ever. In ſome part of his

his works, that lively and agreeable writer relates a ſtory, which determined me to purſue that road of ambition no further. Were the book at hand, I ſhould give it in his own words. It now muſt loſe that grace, with which he could decorate whatever he told. The ſubſtance is as follows: Two rival nations were divided from each other by a wide river. At their joint expence they threw a bridge over the current, and preſerved a communication. In the councils of one of theſe neighbouring ſtates, ambition and the rage of conqueſt were the leading principles. The plan of an invaſion was concerted with the profoundeſt ſecreſy. Their troops were put in motion: by a forced march they poured down on every ſide to croſs the river, and take their adverſary by ſurpriſe. A farmer, who lived at the foot of the bridge, reſolved to ſerve his country in the moment of danger. To prevent a ſudden inroad, he formed the plan of a barricade acroſs the bridge, and ſent off an expreſs to the metropolis. Having called all hands to work, he contrived, with

with his carts, his waggons, and implements of husbandry, to secure the pass. An army, in the mean time, marched down to the frontier, and the enemy, finding their design counteracted, retired without striking a blow. The parliament met: addresses were voted: the commander of the forces received the thanks of both houses, and the activity of government was painted forth in terms of adulation. A member, however, rose in his place, and, after bluntly observing, that, in the tide of joy, the honest farmer was forgotten, gave notice of a motion in his favour. The minister assured the house, that he intended to take his case into consideration. In two days afterwards, he was as good as his word. He brought in a bill, whereby it was enacted, that *the farmer* and his *posterity* should have the sole privilege of BEGGING UPON THE BRIDGE.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
18th May, 1786.

A

LIST

OF THE

SEVERAL PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION,

In order of Time as they were written and acted.

	Written	Acted
THE Apprentice, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 -	1754	1756
The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, vol. 1 -	1756	1759
The Upholsterer, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1757	1758
The Way to Keep Him, a Comedy, vol. 3	1758	1760
The Desert Island, a Dramatic Poem, vol. 3	1759	1760
The Citizen, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
All in the Wrong, a Comedy, vol. 3 -	1761	1761
The Old Maid, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
Alzuma, a Tragedy, vol. 1 - - -	1763	1773
Know your own Mind, a Comedy, vol. 4	1764	1777
No One's Enemy but his Own, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
Three Weeks after Marriage, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
The Choice, in 2 Acts, vol. 4 - -	1764	1764
The School for Guardians, in 3 Acts, vol. 4	1766	1767
Zenobia, a Tragedy, vol. 1. - - -	1767	1768
The Grecian Daughter, vol. 1 - -	1769	1772
News from Parnassus, a Prelude, vol. 4 -	1776	1776
The Rival Sisters, a Tragedy, vol. 7 -	1783	——

THE

ORPHAN

OF

CHINA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Nuncia fama ruit, matriſque allabitur aures;
Evolat infelix, et fæmineo ululatu
Sciſſa comam, muros amens atque agmina curſu
Prima petit: non illa virum, non illa Pericli,
Telorumque memor; cælum dehinc queſtibus implet.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, Earl of BUTE,

GROOM of the STOLE

TO HIS

Royal Highneſs the Prince of WALES.

MY LORD,

THE generous concern you were pleaſed to expreſs, at the firſt repreſentation of the following ſcenes, for the anxieties of a young Author, then wholly unknown to your Lordſhip, and trembling for his firſt attempt towards "the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt

" profitable of all poems," as Milton calls a Tragedy, was the diſtinguiſhing mark of a mind truly great, and endued with thoſe fine feelings which are the ornaments of even greatneſs itſelf. To this your innate partiality for every endeavour in the polite arts I muſt aſcribe it, that the play met with an early approbation from your Lordſhip; an approbation that was at once the author's pride, and his ſtrongeſt aſſurance of ſucceſs.

The Public have indeed very far outgone my moſt ſanguine hopes, in their reception of this piece: but now, my Lord, *The Orphan* has another ſevere trial to go through; he muſt adventure into the world, unaſſiſted by the advantages of repreſentation: he muſt enter your Lordſhip's cloſet, and there ſtand the examination of the moſt accurate criticiſm. *In Meti deſcendat judicis aures.* This cannot but be an alarming circumſtance to a writer fully conſcious of his own inability; who has not been able entirely to pleaſe even his own taſte; who deſpairs of ſatisfying others of a more exalted reliſh in the arts, and therefore craves at your Lord-

Lordſhip's hands that protection to his induſtry, which he is aware cannot be granted to his merit.

I have the honour to remain, with the trueſt reſpect, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged,

and moſt devoted

humble ſervant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Lincoln's Inn,
April 30, 1759.

PROLOGUE.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

POET-LAUREAT.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome: Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more.
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try:
Our triumphs languish in the public eye;
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded, as a Lord Mayor's shew.

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light;
To China's eastern realms: and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as ecchoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become,
But praise the advent'rous youth, who brings them home.

One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If

If then, aſſiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the ſubject's zeal extend;
If undiſtinguiſh'd loyalty prevails,
Where nature ſhrinks, and ſtrong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond miſtake,
And ſpare his error for his Virtue's ſake.

From nobler motives our allegiance ſprings,
For Britain knows no Right Divine in Kings:
From Freedom's choice that boaſted right aroſe,
And thro' each line from Freedom's choice it flows.
Juſtice, with Mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his People's HEARTS OUR MONARCH *reigns.*

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMURKAN, Emperor of the Tartars,	Mr. HAVARD.
ZAMTI, a Mandarine,	Mr. GARRICK.
ETAN, educated as his ſon,	Mr. MOSSOP.
HAMET, a youthful Captive,	Mr. HOLLAND.
MORAT, a friend of Zamti,	Mr. BURTON.
OCTAR, a Tartar General,	Mr. BRANSBY.
MIRVAN, a Chineſe in the Tartar's ſervice, ſecretly a friend of Zamti,	Mr. DAVIES.
ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, Two Conſpirators,	Mr. PACKER. Mr. AUSTIN.
MANDANE, Zamti's wife,	Mrs. YATES.

Meſſenger, Guards, &c.

SCENE, PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.

THE

ORPHAN of CHINA.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter ETAN, *meeting* SELIM.

ETAN.

SELIM, from whence? What ſtation? From what poſt?
How ſtands the fate of China? Whence that tumult,
That mingled burſt of horror and deſpair,
That roſe to Heav'n, as if the ſound imported
The wreck of Nature?

SELIM.

With too ſure preſage
It ſpeaks the fall of China: all who ruſh'd
With eager hope this morning to yon plains,
To learn the earlieſt tidings of their fate,
Now back recoil; they pour into the city;
Diſmay and horror wild in ev'ry face!
Soon as they reach'd the gates, a peal of groans
Burſt forth at once!---Then ſilence deep and vaſt
Enſued, and ſorrow without tongue or utt'rance
Roams through each ſtreet; matrons and hoary ſires
All to their ſev'ral habitations preſs,

Embrace their young ones, and in penſive mood
Await their final doom.

ETAN.

Then Timurkan
Has conquer'd, and that burſt, that rent the ſkies,
Was the laſt gaſp of freedom and of laws,
A dying nation's groan !---This dead repoſe
Deepens the horror of the dreadful ſcene.
Where, Selim, is my father ? Where is Zamti ?

SELIM.

On the high rampart near the Eaſtern gate
But now I left him : from that poſt he views
The gen'ral panic ; there beholds the ruin,
Th' inevitable ruin that ſurrounds us.
Amazement for awhile ſuppreſs'd his voice ;
With folded arms he ſtood ; then with a ſigh
His lab'ring boſom heav'd ; at length, he cried,
The Tartar has prevail'd, and reſignation
Is now the only virtue Fate has left us.

ETAN.

To bow the neck to the fell Tartar's yoke,
Is that the reſignation Heav'n demands ?
No ; let us ſummon all that's left of valor ;
Oppoſe the Tartar's entry, man the works,
And arm each hand for freedom : Timurkan
Will ſhrink and look diſmay'd, when he beholds
That we have ſpirits here, who ſtill can mock
His utmoſt rage, and on the brink of ruin
Snatch the ſtill wav'ring, the unſettled victory
Ev'n from the conqu'ror's ſword.

SELIM.

My friend forbear ;
This tow'ring ſpirit, this impetuous ardor

Can

Can nought avail; can only heap deſtruction
On thee, on Zamti, and that beſt of women,
Your wretched mother, the forlorn Mandane,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentiment, whoſe ev'ry paſſion
Big with the image of a much-lov'd ſon,
Still turns to thee; ev'n from her country's cauſe,
And our long line of Kings, to thee ſhe turns
With the ſtrong ardour of maternal love.

ETAN.

Yes, Selim, yes, her tenderneſs of ſoul,
Ever awake, alarm'd, and prone to melt
For other's good, regardleſs of herſelf,
Starts and turns pale at ev'ry cloud that low'rs;
Sees fancied ills, and each ſad moment proves
The ſtrong viciſſitude of hope and fear.
Be it thy care, my friend, to ſee Mandane;
Aſſuage her troubled ſpirit: in this hour,
This criſis of our fate, let her remain
Safe in her lone retreat: I'll round the walls,
And ſeek my father's preſence: in his ſoul
My voice ſhall wake the patriot flame, and rouze
All that is hero in him: Selim, yes;
We'll dare for Liberty, or bravely die.

[*Exit.*

SELIM. *(alone)*

Go, gen'rous youth, go ſeek thy father's preſence;
From him thou'lt learn how vain this ſwelling tide
Of deſp'rate valour.---Ha! Mandane comes,
And her looks ſpeak the horror of the time.

Enter MANDANE *and* MIRVAN.

MANDANE.

No, never, Mirvan, never---urge no more;
'Tis vain, 'tis ineffectual; gracious Heav'n!
Will not this palace drench'd in gore; the crown

Of China's Kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage,
Ah! will not these suffice, without fresh cause
Of bitter anguish in Mandane's breast?

MIRVAN.

The measure of our woes has long been full.
Our King's dethron'd, our country laid in ruin,
Nought else is worth a pang.

MANDANE.

Yes all, we all
Must feel the kindred touch: each day the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, son and brother
In vain are sent to Heav'n; the ruthless fury
Of these barbarians, these accurs'd invaders,
Burns with increasing fire; the thunder still
Rolls o'er our heads, engend'ring in its course
New flame, new vengeance, with collected wrath
To burst at once, and bury us in ruin.

MIRVAN.

And quickly fall it must: the hand of Heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.

MANDANE.

No---tax not Heav'n!
Almighty justice never bares its arm
'Gainst innocence and truth: 'tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian, that insatiate waster,
May curses blast the Tartar!---He---'tis he
Has bore down all, and still his reeking sword,
In yonder field of Death, where Corea's troops
Made their last stand for Liberty and China,
Crimsons the land with blood.---This battle lost---
And is there then no hope?---The Tartar comes---

In

In triumph ſaid'ſt thou?---from what quarter,--how,
Whence came the tidings?

SELIM.

From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eye ſtraining toward the diſtant plain
Sent forth an anxious look, thro' clouds of duſt
The ſavage bands appear'd; the weſtern ſun
Gleam'd on their burniſh'd helms; and ſoon a ſhout
From their glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan: once more inflam'd with conqueſt
The tyrant comes, and ſoon within our walls
Uprears his conq'ring banner.

MANDANE.

Selim, go;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumſtance of ruin.

[*Exit* SELIM.

MIRVAN.

Better ſuppreſs thoſe unavailing tears,
That fruitleſs flood of grief.

MANDANE.

It will not be;
Ev'n midſt the horrors of this diſmal hour,
When Fate has all transferr'd from loſt Cathai,
To vile barbarian hands; yes even now,
In theſe black moments of deſpair and ruin,
This heart revolting from the public cauſe,
Bleeds from a private ſource; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's houſe.

MIRVAN.

Each ſun that riſes,

Brings

Brings ſome new grief, and where our fate will ſtop,
Heav'n only knows.

MANDANE.

Ay, there,---there lies the thought
At which imagination ſtarts appall'd
With horror at the ſcene, her buſy workings
Have colour'd to my ſight; there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears. Protect,
Ye pow'rs, protect my ſon!

MIRVAN.

Your ſon, Mandane!
Have you not check'd his ardor? with your tears,
Your ſoft authority, reſtrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?

MANDANE.

Unconſcious man!
Thou little know'ſt his danger; but that truth
Muſt never paſs theſe lips.

MIRVAN.

I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honeſt zeal. Full well you know,
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;
That under him I liſt, and wear this garb
In hopes that ſome occaſion may arrive,
When I may ſtrike the unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

MANDANE.

Thy loyalty,
Thy truth and honour have been ever ſpotleſs.
Beſides the wrongs, the countleſs wrongs, the wounds
He gave your injur'd family and name.---

MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Alas! thoſe wounds muſt ſtill lie bleeding here,
Untented by the hand of Time. Not all
His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
Shall cool the burning anguiſh of my ſoul.
What he, who ſlew my father! dragg'd my ſiſter,
Blooming in years, to his deteſted bed!
Yes, tyrant, yes, thy unextinguiſh'd foe
Dwells in this boſom---ſurely then to me
Mandane may reveal her griefs---

MANDANE.

No more---
My woes muſt reſt conceal'd---yet ſhould the Tartar
Learn from the captives of yon vanquiſh'd hoſt,
That China's Orphan breathes the vital air,
And to himſelf unknown, within his breaſt
Unconſcious, bears the gen'rous glowing flame
Of all the virtues of his ancient line;
Oh! ſhould they know that the dear youth ſurvives,
Their fury then would kindle to a blaze
Might ſpread deſtruction round, and in the ruin
My blameleſs ſon muſt periſh.

MIRVAN.

Seek not thus
To multiply the ills that hover round you,
Nor from the ſtores of buſy Fancy add
New ſhafts to Fortune's quiver. Zamti's care
Averts impending danger from his friends,
And o'er the Mandarine his manners pure,
And ſacred function, have diffus'd an air
Of venerable awe, which ev'n can teach
Theſe Northern foes to ſoften into men.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Yes, Mirvan, yes, Religion wears a mien
In Zamti's perſon ſo ſeverely mild,
That the fierce Scythian reſts upon his ſpear,
And wonders what he feels: ſuch is the charm
Of heart-felt Virtue; ſuch is Nature's force
That ſpeaks abroad, and in rude Northern hearts
Can ſtamp the image of an awful God!
From that ſource ſprings ſome hope. Wretch that I am!
Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While Melancholy brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waſte the mind with anguiſh and deſpair.
What noiſe is that?

MIRVAN.

Compoſe this ſtorm of grief;
In ev'ry ſound your fancy hears the Tartar;
'Tis Zamti this way bends.

MANDANE.

Celeſtial Pow'rs!
What lab'ring ſighs heave in his breaſt? what horror
Rolls in the patriot's eye? Thou, Mirvan, leave me,
Leave me in thoſe lov'd arms to meet our fate.
[*Exit* MIRVAN.

Enter ZAMTI.

MANDANE.

Zamti!

ZAMTI.

Mandane!

MAN-

MANDANE.

Ah! what haſt thou ſeen?
What heard? ſay, quickly tell---has Fate decreed
The doom of China?

ZAMTI.

China is no more;
The Eaſtern world is loſt; the glorious fabric,
For ages that hath ſtood, the ſeat of empire,
Falls with the Univerſe beneath the ſtroke
Of ſavage pow'r; falls from its tow'ring hopes,
For ever, ever fall'n!

MANDANE.

Yet why, ye pow'rs,
Why ſhou'd a tyrant train'd to luſt and murder,
A lawleſs ravager from barren wilds,
Where chearful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring Heav'n
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds;
Why ſhould a monſter thus uſurp the world,
And trample fair integrity and truth
Beneath his ruffian feet?

ZAMTI.

Far hence, Mandane,
Thoſe happy days, alas! are fled, when Peace
Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and ſhed round
Her foſtering influence---in vain the plan
Of ſacred laws by hoary elders taught,
Laws founded on the baſe of public weal,
Gave leſſons to the world: in vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant ſtores of moral truth;
In vain fair ſcience, and each tender muſe
Beam'd ev'ry elegance on poliſh'd life;
Barbarian pow'r prevails; whate'er the wiſe,
Whate'er the ſons of genius could inſpire,

All that bright art could give, muſt fade away,
And ev'ry virtue wither at the blaſt
Of Northern domination.

MANDANE.

Fatal hour!
More fatal ev'n than that which firſt beheld
This race accurſt within theſe palace walls,
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably loſt.

ZAMTI.

Name not the day,
Which ſaw this city ſack'd: freſh ſtream my eyes,
Freſh bleeds my heart, whene'er the ſad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind. Why, cruel pow'rs,
Why in that moment could not Zamti fall?

MANDANE.

Thy office, and the ſymbol of thy God,
Made ev'n the conqueror ſuſpend his blow,
And murmur ſoft humanity. High Heav'n
Protected thee for its own great deſigns.

ZAMTI.

Yes, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage
For purpoſes yet in the womb of Time
I was reſerv'd: I was ordain'd to ſave
The royal child, the dear, the precious babe,
The laſt of all my Kings. Full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himſelf,
And now I ſwear---kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pauſe our ſouls renew
Their ſolemn purpoſe. Thou all-gracious Being,
Whoſe tutelary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's Orphan, who haſt taught his ſteps
The paths of ſafety, ſtill invelop him

In

In ſev'n-fold night, till your own hour is come,
Till your ſlow juſtice ſee the dread occaſion
To rouze his ſoul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your pow'r; and if thy ſervant,
Or this his ſoft aſſociate e'er defeat,
By any word or deed, the great deſign,
Then ſtrait may all your horrible diſpleaſure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin daſh us both together,
The blaſted monuments of wrath.

MANDANE.

That here,
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cauſe,
Be it enrolled in the records of Heav'n.

[*Both riſe.*

ZAMTI.

And now my heart more lightly beats; methinks
With ſtrength redoubled I can meet the ſhock
Of adverſe fate.

MANDANE.

And lo! the trial comes.
Etan, why ſudden thus---

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

My honour'd father,
And you, my helpleſs mother, ah! where now,
Illuſtrious wretched pair, where will you fly?
Where ſhall your miſeries now find a ſhelter?

ZAMTI.

In Virtue: I and this dear faithful woman,
We aſk no more.

MANDANE.

Oh! ſay---what new event
Brings on the work of Fate?

ZAMTI.

Say, does the Tartar
Return unglutted yet with blood?

ETAN.

He does;
Ev'n now his triumph moves within our gates
In dread Barbaric pomp: the iron ſwarms
Of Hyperborean's troop along the ſtreets
Reeking from ſlaughter; while from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious through th' aſtoniſh'd air
Howls like a Northern tempeſt. O'er the ranks
Proud in ſuperior eminence of guilt
The tyrant rides ſublime; behind his car
The refuſe of his ſword, a captive train
Diſplay their honeſt ſcars, and gnaſh their teeth
With rage and deſperation.

MANDANE.

Cruel Fate!

ETAN.

With theſe a youth, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Proceeds in ſullen march: heroic fire
Glows in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror.

MANDANE.

What of this youth?---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Be not alarm'd, Mandane:---what of him?

ETAN.

On him all eyes are fixed with eager gaze,
As if their ſpirits ſtruggling to come forth
Would ſtrain each viſual nerve; while thro' the crowd
A buſy murmur ran; "If Fame ſay right,
"Beneath that habit lurks a Prince, the laſt
"Of China's race."---The murmur ſpreads abroad
From man to man, and all with one acclaim
Pronounce their vengeance on him.

MANDANE.

Why on him?
Why on that youth?

ZAMTI. *(aſide)*

Ye groundleſs terrors hence.---

ETAN.

And yet, my father, this heroic youth,
Oh! ſhould he be the Prince---

ZAMTI.

Forbear, young man,
Nor yield to vain ſurmiſe: withdraw thee hence
To the religious grove, where oft I walk
In penſive ſolitude: I there will meet thee.
[*Exit* ETAN.
Heav'ns! how each black'ning hour in deeper horror
Comes charg'd with woe!---

MANDANE.

Can Hamet be their pris'ner?

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes upturn'd to Heav'n, alas! in vain!
Declare your inward conflict.

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane!
Heed not the workings of a fickly fancy,
Wrought on by ev'ry popular report:
Thou knowſt with Morat I convey'd our ſon
Far as the Eaſtern point of Corea's realm;
There, where no human trace is ſeen; no ſound
Aſſails the ear, ſave when the foaming ſurge
Breaks on the ſhelving beach, that there your boy
Might mock their buſy ſearch, while here the Prince
Train'd as your own, eludes ſuſpicion's eye.
What wouldſt thou, Etan?

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

Eagerly without,
A rev'rend ſtranger craves acceſs to Zamti.

ZAMTI.

Give him admittance. My Mandane, leave me;
Retire my love awhile; I'll come anon,
And fortify thy ſoul with firm reſolve,
Becoming Zamti's wife.

MANDANE.

Yes, Zamti's wife
Shall never act unworthy of her Lord.
Then hence I'll go, and ſatisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raiſes in my heart,
Quick panting with its fears. And oh! ye Pow'rs!
Protect my King, my Huſband, and my Son.
[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI. *(alone)*

My ſpirits ruſh tumultuous to my heart.
What may this mean?

Enter MORAT.

MORAT.

Zamti!---

ZAMTI.

Ha!---through the veil
Of age,---that mien, thoſe features---Morat!

MORAT.

Yes;
Let me once more embrace thee---

ZAMTI.

Good old man!
But wherefore art thou here? What of my boy?

MIRVAN.

Ah! what indeed?---Ev'n from the ocean's margin,
Parch'd with the ſun, and chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills and rocks, and dreary continents
In vain I follow'd.

ZAMTI.

Why didſt let him forth?

MORAT.

Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed.
His valour was the cauſe, and ſoon as Fame
Proclaim'd the Prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breaſt; indignant of controul

He

He burſt his covert; and now, hapleſs youth!
Alas! ev'n now he drags the conqu'rors chain.

ZAMTI.

Mandane then may ſtill embrace her ſon.
My boy ſurvives, and ſtill may live in freedom.

MORAT.

Alas! the meaſure of your woes is full.
Unconſcious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The Prince his pris'ner.

ZAMTI.

Ah! what ſay'ſt thou, Morat?

MORAT.

Wild through the ſtreets the foe calls out on Zamti.
Thee they pronounce the author of the fraud,
And on your Hamet threaten inſtant vengeance.!

ZAMTI.

There was but this,---but this laſt ſtab to Nature,
And here it pierces.---Was it not enough
To tear my child from his fond mother's arms,
Doom'd for his Prince to wander o'er the world?
Alas! what needed more?---Fond fooliſh eyes
Stop your unbidden guſh---I will not yield;
Oh! what a ſacrifice muſt now be made?

MORAT.

But when the truth is known---

ZAMTI.

Too cruel taſk,
To conquer Nature while the heart-ſtrings break.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Why heave thoſe ſighs? and why that burſt of grief?

ZAMTI.

My ſon---his guiltleſs blood---I cannot ſpeak---

MORAT.

Ha! wilt thou ſhed his blood?

ZAMTI.

Thou wretched father!---

MORAT.

Oh! had you known the virtues of your ſon,
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind---

ZAMTI.

I prithee urge no more---Here Nature's voice
Speaks in ſuch pleadings, ſuch reproaches, Morat,
Here in my very heart,---gives woundings here,
Thou canſt not know, and only parents feel.

MORAT.

And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears---

ZAMTI.

Forbear,
In pity to a father---Oh! forbear---
Think of Zamphiri!---

MORAT.

Ah! how fares the Prince?

ZAMTI.

He fares, my Morat, like a god on earth,

Unknowing his celeſtial origin;
Yet quick, intenſe, and burſting into action;
His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
Prodigious deeds; deeds, which ere long, ſhall rouze,
Aſtoniſh, and alarm the world.

MORAT.

What mean
Thoſe myſtic ſounds?

ZAMTI.

Revenge, conqueſt, and freedom!
The midnight hour ſhall call a choſen band
Of hidden patriots forth, who, when the foe
Sinks down in drunken revelry, ſhall pour
The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
And at one blow redeem the Eaſtern world.

MORAT.

By Heav'n, the glorious news---

ZAMTI.

And canſt thou think
To ſave one vulgar life, that Zamti now
Will mar the vaſt deſign?---no, let him bleed,
Let my boy bleed---In ſuch a cauſe as ours,
I can reſign my ſon, with tears of joy
Reſign him, and one complicated pang
Shall wrench him from my heart.

[*Warlike muſic is heard.*

The conqueror comes!
This is no hour for parlying---Morat, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd reſolve.

MORAT.

Yet think,
Think of ſome means to ſave your ſon---

ZAM-

ZAMTI.

No more;
It cannot be: the ſoul of Timurkan
Is bold and ſtirring: when occaſion calls,
He ſprings aloft like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin.---Should I try
By any virtuous fraud to ſave my ſon,
The tyrant claims Zamphiri; ſince he knows
The Prince ſurvives, the thought will make him daring
Beyond his former crimes; for joy and riot,
Which this day's triumph brings, remorſeleſs rage
And maſſacre ſucceed; and all our hopes
Are blaſted for an unimportant boy.

[*Muſick heard again.*

MORAT.

That nearer ſound proclaims his dread approach.
Yet once more, Zamti, think---

ZAMTI.

Farewell! I'll ſend
Thoſe ſhall conduct thee where Oraſming lives:
There dwell unſeen of all. But, Morat, firſt
Seek my Mandane.---How ſhall I ſupport
Her ſtrong impetuoſity of grief,
When ſhe ſhall know my fatal purpoſe? Thou
Prepare her tender ſpirit: ſoothe her mind,
And ſave, oh! ſave me from the dreadful conflict.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter MANDANE *and* MORAT.

MANDANE.

OH! tell me, Morat, tell me of my ſon.
Is he return'd? Does he reviſit thus
His native clime? And does the Tartar deem him
Of royal race deſcended? Whence on him
Could that ſuſpicion glance?

MORAT.

This very morn
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful meſſenger,
Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and paſs'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief;
That ſoon as Hamet reach'd the tented field,
His ſtory he explain'd; the gallant leader
With open arms receiv'd him; knew him for your ſon,
Train'd him to arms, and granted his requeſt
To join the martial train.

MANDANE.

Oh! love of glory,
Thou fatal foe to a fond mother's peace!
Source of heroic deeds! how bright thy flame
Shines in my boy!---

MORAT.

Pleaſed with his youthful ardour
The cautious chief-tain knew the ſon of Zamti,
In ſecret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught

That

That touch'd his birth; but ſtill the buſy voice
Of Fame, increaſing as ſhe goes, thro' all the ranks
Babbled abroad each circumſtance; from thee
How he was privately convey'd; ſent forth
A tender infant to be rear'd in ſolitude,
A ſtranger to himſelf. The ſoldier ſaw
With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
An early hero!---deem'd him far above
The common lot of life; deem'd him Zamphiri,
And all with loyalty, with love beheld him.

MANDANE.

Oh! I muſt ſee him; midſt the tyrants' ranks
I'll ſeek my ſon; from all his father's virtues
He could not derogate; his boſom fraught
With gen'rous inſtinct, with each fine incentive
That prompts the manly deed, he could not loiter
His days inglorious. Yes I will behold him,
See him with indignation clank his chains,
Perhaps provoke his fate, and in that moment
His mother ſhall protect him; in theſe arms
Infold him cloſe, and ſhelter him from Death.

MORAT.

Yet think, Mandane,---with a mother's fondneſs
If you too raſhly thus proclaim your ſon,
Who ſhall protect the Prince? Zamphiri then
By thee is mark'd the victim that muſt bleed.

MANDANE.

My ſon ſhall live:---to ſave Zamphiri's life
Is it of courſe that I muſt yield my child?
Thou didſt not mean it: give my ſon a victim!
Thou art a ſtranger to a mother's love;
Know'ſt not how Zamti doats upon his boy.
His heart will ne'er conſent---come, let us ſeek him;
He will inſtruct thee how a father feels.

[*Exit.*

Mo-

MORAT.

Yet ſtay, Mandane---hark!---the Tartar comes---
[*Warlike muſick is heard.*
I dread the wildneſs of thoſe glowing paſſions,
That violence of virtue: ſtrong affection
Has touch'd her ſoul, and will not know reſtraint.
[*Exit.*

Two large folding doors in the back ſcene are thrown open by the Tartars; TIMURKAN *enters, with his Train.*

TIMURKAN.

Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace!
Where this inventive race have laviſh'd all
Their elegance---ye gay apartments hail!
Beneath your ſtoried roof, where mimic life
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls,
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher ſcenes, where ſtern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx, till this warlike arm
Hurl'd deſolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monſter in yon field of death
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.

OCTAR.

From this day
Beneath the victor's feet the Eaſtern world
Lies bound in adamantine chains.

TIMURKAN.

Henceforth
Shall Timurkan diſplay his conqu'ring banners
From Oriental climes to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the ſea.

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

But firſt this captive Prince---

TIMURKAN.

Yes, Octar, firſt
Zaphimri gluts my rage---bring him before us---
For Zamti,---he, that falſe, inſidious ſlave,
Shall dearly pay the forfeit of his crimes.

OCTAR.

His guilt 'twere beſt to pardon: vers'd in wiles
Of ſly hypocriſy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude: 'twould ſeem,
Should we inflict the death his frauds deſerve,
As if we meant deſtruction to their faith;
And when the minds of a whole people burn
For their religious rites, the fury kindles
With rage more dreadful, as the ſource is holy.

TIMURKAN.

Thy policy is juſt: henceforth my art,
To make this ſtubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their ſofter manners,
Their veſture, laws, and cuſtoms; thus to blend,
And make the whole one undiſtinguiſh'd people.
Lo! where the boy comes forth! What ſullen paſſions
Swell in his breaſt in vain!---

Enter HAMET *in chains.*

TIMURKAN.

Thou art the youth,
Who fleſh'd your ſword in many a ſlaughter'd Tartar,
And this day mow'd our battle down.

HAMET.

HAMET.

I am.

TIMURKAN.

Too well I mark'd thy ſteps, and ſaw thee open
A waſtefull paſſage thro' th' embattled plain.

HAMET.

Then be thou witneſs for me, in that hour
I never ſhunn'd your thickeſt war; and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind Fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.

TIMURKAN.

Say, what motive
Unſheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee ſeek
Theſe wars?

HAMET.

The love of honourable deeds,
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

TIMURKAN.

Ha!---take heed raſh youth---I ſee
This leſſon has been taught thee. Octar, haſte,
Summon the Mandarine. Now, tremble ſlave;
Thy motive to theſe wars is fully known.
Thou art Zaphimri.

HAMET.

I Zaphimri!

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Yes;
Thou art Zaphimri! Thou! whom treach'rous guile
Stole from my rage, and ſent to diſtant wilds,
Till years and horrid counſel ſhould mature thee
For war and wild commotion.

HAMET.

I the Prince!
The laſt of China's race! nay, mock not majeſty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of ſacred Kings
Dreſs up a wretch like me. Were I Zaphimri,
Thinkſt thou thy trembling eye could bear the ſhock
Of a much injur'd King? couldſt thou ſuſtain it?
Say, couldſt thou bear to view a Royal Orphan,
Whoſe father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long ſince laid in duſt?
Whoſe native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'ſt diſhonour? Whoſe wide waſted country
Thy deſolating ſword hath made a wilderneſs?

TIMURKAN.

Thou haſt been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By ſome ſententious pedant; ſoon theſe vain,
Theſe turgid maxims ſhall be all ſubdued
By thy approaching death.

HAMET.

Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, ſhrinks back appall'd; the brave,
And honeſt ſtill defy his dart; the wife
Calmly can eye his frown, and miſery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.

TIMURKAN.

Thy woes, preſumptuous boy, with all my fears
Shall ſoon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI, *and* OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Pious falſe one ſay,
For well thou know'ſt, who is that ſtubborn youth?

ZAMTI.

His air, his features, and his honeſt mien
Proclaim all fair within; but, mighty Sir,
I know him not.

TIMURKAN.

Reflect, old man, nor dare
As thou doſt dread my pow'r, to practiſe guile
Beneath a maſk of ſacerdotal perfidy.
Prieſtcraft I think, calls it a pious fraud.

ZAMTI.

Prieſtcraft and ſacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown: religion's garb
Here never ſerves to conſecrate a crime;
We have not yet, thank Heav'n, ſo far imbib'd
The vices of the North.

TIMURKAN.

Thou vile impoſtor!
Know that the ſlaves, whom this day ſaw impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth; have own'd they fought
To ſeat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Thou ſtripling, mark my words: dar'ſt thou be honeſt,
And anſwer who thou art?

HAMET.

HAMET.

Dare I be honeſt?
I dare: a mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwiſe. If then thy troops
Aſk from the lightning of whoſe blade they fled,
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.

ZAMTI.

'Tis; it is my ſon---
My boy---my Hamet! *(Aſide.)*

TIMURKAN.

Where was thy abode?

HAMET.

Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm;
Where the firſt beams of day with Orient bluſhes
Tinge the ſalt wave; there, on the ſea beat ſhore
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.

ZAMTI.

Oh! ill fated youth! *(Aſide.)*

HAMET.

The pious hermit in that moſs-grown dwelling
Found an aſylum from heart piercing woes,
From ſlavery, and that reſtleſs din of arms,
With which thy fell ambition ſhook the world;
There too the ſage nurtur'd my greener years;
With him and contemplation have I walk'd
The paths of wiſdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught; whate'er the wiſe,
Still wooing knowledge in her ſecret haunts,
Diſclos'd of nature to the ſons of men

My wond'ring mind has heard; but above all
The hermit taught me the moſt uſeful ſcience,
The noble ſcience to be brave and good.

ZAMTI.

Hear him immortal pow'rs!---His ev'ry word
Pierces my heart. *(Aſide)*

TIMURKAN.

Who ſaid he was your father?

HAMET.

My birth, the pious ſage, I know not why,
Still wrapp'd in ſilence; and when urg'd to ſpeak,
He only anſwer'd that a time might come,
When Hamet ſhould not bluſh to know his father.

TIMURKAN.

Now then declare, haſt thou ne'er heard of Zamti?

HAMET.

Of Zamti? oft enraptur'd with his name,
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praiſes of that venerable man.

TIMURKAN. *(To* ZAMTI.)

Thou ſlave! Each circumſtance arraigns thy guilt.

HAMET.

Can that be Zamti?

TIMURKAN.

Lo!---Behold the traitor!

HAMET.

HAMET.

Oh! let me thus adore that rev'rend form,
Thus on my knees adore.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious ſlave!
Confuſion has o'erta'en thy ſubtle frauds,
Thy guilt is manifeſt. Now own your King,
Or to make vengeance ſure, through all the Eaſt
Each youth ſhall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boaſted Orphan
Shall undiſtinguiſh'd fall. When treaſon lurks
Each moment's big with danger. Octar, thou
Attend my words, and ſee our will obey'd.
[*Talks apart with Octar.*

ZAMTI.

Now virtuous cruelty repreſs my tears.
Ceaſe your fond conflict Nature!---hear me, Tartar---
That youth---his air---his look unmans me quite.---

TIMURKAN.

This moment, vile diſſembler, ſpeak.---

ZAMTI.

That youth---
I've dealt by him, as ev'ry King would wiſh,---
In a like caſe his faithful ſubjects would.

TIMURKAN.

Do'ſt thou avow it? triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie huſh'd my fears.
Octar, this moment lead the victim forth
To yonder ſacred temple: at the tomb,
Where the long boaſted line of China's Kings

Lies

Lies hers'd in death, this very hour ſhall ſee
The victim offer'd to our living Lama,
For this day's conqueſt. Thence a golden train
Of radiant years ſhall mark my future ſway.

[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

Flow, flow my tears, and eaſe my burſting heart.

HAMET.

Nay, do not weep for me thou good old man.
If it will cloſe the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me muſt yield his life,
I give it freely.---If I am a King,
Though ſure it cannot be, what greater bleſſing
Can a young Prince enjoy, than to diffuſe
By one great act that happineſs on millions,
For which his life ſhould be a round of care?
Come lead me to my fate.

[*Exit with Octar, &c.*

ZAMTI. *(alone)*

Mandane's air,
His mother's dear reſemblance rives my ſoul.
Yet let him die: yes, Tartar, wreak thy fury
Upon a helpleſs, an inglorious boy.
If from his death this groaning empire riſe
Once more itſelf, reſplendent, rich in arts
That humanize the world, he pays a debt
Due to his King, his Country, and his God.

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

May I approach my father?---Even now
I met the captive youth; the gen'ral voice

With

With one conſent proclaim him China's Orphan,
And you, Sir, you have own'd th' important truth.

ZAMTI.

Come nearer Etan: thou perceiv'ſt the toils
That now incircle me.

ETAN.

But wherefore, Sir,
Why thus acknowledge him? Why own the Prince,
And yield him thus to death?

ZAMTI.

Dream not young man
To ſtand ſecure, yet blooming into life,
While dangers hover round your father's head.
The ſtock once fallen, each Scyon muſt decay.

ETAN.

Then let me periſh: witneſs for me Heav'n,
Could Etan's fall appeaſe the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And aſk no greater boon of Heav'n.

ZAMTI.

This zeal
So fervid in a ſtranger's cauſe---

ETAN.

A ſtranger!
My King a ſtranger! Sir, you never meant it.
Perhaps you would explore the fiery ſeeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's ſacred name. Periſh the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of human kind, or bravely die,

Who

Who then to glory dead can ſhrink aghaſt,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

ZAMTI.

Theſe tow'rings of the ſoul alas! are vain.
I know the Tartar well---we muſt reſign.---

ETAN.

Oh! Sir, at your command each honeſt hand
Will graſp a ſword, and midſt incircling guards
Reach the uſurper's heart;---or ſhould we fail,
Should overwhelming bands obſtruct the deed,
We'll greatly dare to die;---better to die
With falling liberty, than baſely lead
An ignominious life; Zaphimri loſt,
Ne'er ſhall fair order dawn, but thro' the land
Slav'ry ſhall clank her chains, and violation
Rapine and murder riot at the will
Of luſt and lawleſs pow'r.

ZAMTI.

Thou, brave young man,
Come to this fond embrace---To eaſe at once
Thy generous fears,---The Prince Zaphimri's ſafe,
Safe in my guardian care.

ETAN.

This pris'ner, Sir,
He is not then the Prince?

ZAMTI.

Obſcure by birth,
He is no public loſs.

ETAN.

And yet his youth,
And his untimely fate plead ſtrongly for him.

And

And then methinks---perhaps 'tis fancy's error,
Methinks he bears a ſemblance of Mandane.

ZAMTI.

His words transfix my heart. *(Aſide)*

ETAN.

And where mean time,
Where is the royal heir? If right I judge,
He will not tamely ſee a blameleſs youth
A victim in his cauſe.

ZAMTI.

Seek not too ſoon
To know the Prince: now I'll diſcloſe the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring ſoul
Has long been faſhioning.---This very hour,
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accurſed race.

ETAN.

Ruin!

ZAMTI.

I'll tell thee.---
When Timurkan led forth his ſavage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then ſeiz'd
The hour to tamper with a choſen few,
Who have reſolv'd, when the barbarians lie
Buried in ſleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havoc o'er again, then, then, my ſon,
In one collected blow to burſt upon 'em,
Like their own northern clouds, whoſe midnight horror
Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt light'ning's blaze, in ſtorms and thunder
Thro' all the redning air, till frighted Nature

Start from her couch, and waken to a ſcene
Of uproar and deſtruction.

ETAN.

Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprize---

ZAMTI.

Mark me, young man.
Seek thou my friends Oraſming and Zimventi.
In the dim holy cloyſter of yon temple
Thou'lt find them muſing; bid them ne'er abate
Their high, heroic ardour; let them know
Whate'er ſhall fall on this old mouldring clay,
The tyrant never ſhall ſubdue my mind.

MANDANE, *within.*

Oh! let me fly, and find the barb'rous man.
Where, where is Zamti?

ZAMTI.

Ha!---Mandane's voice!---
Go leave me, Etan, and obſerve my orders.
[*Exit* ETAN.
Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartſtring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breaſt?
Art thou indeed ſo barb'rous?

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane,

Fix

Fix not your ſcorpions here---a bearded ſhaft
Already drinks my ſpirits up.

MANDANE.

I've ſeen
Thy truſty Morat---I have heard it all.---

ZAMTI.

I cannot ſpeak to thee---

MANDANE.

Think'ſt thou thoſe tears,
Thoſe falſe, thoſe cruel tears will choak the voice
Of a fond mother's love now ſtung to madneſs?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breaſt;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterneſs,
To fell deſpair, to anguiſh and remorſe,
Unleſs my ſon---

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes?

MANDANE.

Give me my child,
Thou worſe than Tartar, give me back my ſon.
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me ſtrain him to my heart.

ZAMTI.

Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here:---But our firſt duty
Now claims obſervance: to our country's love
All other tender fondneſſes muſt yield.
I was a ſubject, ere I was a father.

MANDANE.

You were a ſavage bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart---Was it for this, Oh! thou unkind one!
Was it for this,---Oh! thou inhuman father!
For this you wooed me to your nuptial bed?
For this I claſp'd thee in theſe circling arms,
And made this breaſt your pillow? Cruel ſay,
Are theſe your vows? are theſe your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me; if this waſted form,
Theſe faded eyes have turn'd your heart againſt me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

ZAMTI.

Why thus transfix my heart?

MANDANE.

Alas, my ſon,
Did I then fold thee in theſe matron arms,
To ſee thee bleed? Thus doſt thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when firſt ſhe ſent
Her infant exile to a diſtant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril? Thus to fall
By a ſtern father's will? By thee to die;
From thee inhuman to receive his doom!
Murder'd by thee!---yet hear me, Zamti, hear me;
Thus on my knees---I threaten now no more---
'Tis Nature's voice that pleads; Nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmoſt feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

ZANTI.

Oh! ſeek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To ſwell the flood of grief?---it is in vain---
He muſt ſubmit to fate.---

MAN-

MANDANE. *(Riſing)*

Barbarian, no;
He ſhall not die; rather---I prithee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-diſtracted woman; tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

ZANTI.

I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine; bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood; betray the righteous cauſe
Of all our ſacred Kings.

MANDANE.

Our ſacred Kings!
What are the ſcepter'd rulers of the world?
Form'd of one common clay are they not all,
Doom'd with each ſubject, with the meaneſt ſlave,
To drink the cup of human woe? alike
All levell'd by affliction?---Sacred Kings!
'Tis human policy ſets up their claim;
Mine is a mother cauſe; yes, mine the cauſe
Of huſband, wife, and child, thoſe firſt of ties,
Superior to your right divine of Kings.

ZANTI.

Then go, Mandane, thou once faithfull woman,
Dear to this heart in vain! Forget at once
Thoſe virtuous leſſons, which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd;---go,---to Timurkan
Reveal the awfull truth; be thou ſpectatreſs
Of murder'd Majeſty;---embrace your ſon,
And let him lead in ſhame and ſervitude
A life ignobly bought.---Then let thoſe eyes,
Thoſe faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their luſtre,

To

To brighten ſlavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

MANDANE.

And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to ſave my King,
But ſave my Hamet too, then, then you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

ZAMTI.

Then make with me one ever-glorious effort,
And rank with thoſe, who from the firſt of time
In fame's eternal archives ſtand rever'd,
For conqu'ring all the deareſt ties of nature,
To ſerve the gen'ral weal.

MANDANE.

That ſavage virtue
Loſes with me its horrid charms---I've ſworn
To ſave my King, but ſhould a mother turn
A dire aſſaſſin?---Madneſs at the thought
Shoots through my brain---and look! they ſeize my child,
They lead him forth; they fix him on the rack;
His father---ſee---forbear---his father ſtrikes---
Hold, Zamti, hold;---ah! ſee---he dies; he dies.
[*She faints into his arms.*

ZAMTI.

She faints; ſhe faints; th' impetuous ſtorm of paſſion
Shakes her weak frame---
[*Enter an attendant.*
Quickly, Arſace, help,
Support her; lend your aid---ſoft! wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek---conduct her hence---
Propitious

Propitious Heav'n, behold a father's ſuff'rings;
Support our frailty; kindle in our ſouls
A ray of your divine enthuſiaſm,
Such as inflames the patriot's breaſt, and lifts
Th' impaſſion'd mind to that ſublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a ſingle hour it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to times unborn.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

Scene a Temple: A Tomb in the Middle.

Enter MORAT.

THIS is the place; theſe the long-winding iſles,
The ſolemn arches, whoſe religious awe
Attunes the mind to melancholy muſing,
Such as befits freemen reduc'd to bondage.
Here Zamti meets his friends; amid theſe tombs,
Where lie the ſacred manes of our Kings,
They pour their oriſons; hold converſe here
With the illuſtrious ſhades of murder'd heroes,
And meditate a great revenge---a groan!---
The burſt of anguiſh from ſome care-worn wretch,
That ſorrows o'er his country---ha!---'tis Zamti.
[ZAMTI *enters, from the tomb.*

ZAMTI.

Who's he that ſeeks theſe manſions of the dead?

MORAT.

The friend of Zamti and of China.

ZAMTI.

Morat!
Come to my arms, thou brave, thou gen'rous man!
I have been weeping o'er the ſacred relicks
Of a dear murder'd King.---Where are our friends?
Haſt ſeen Oraſming?

MORAT.

Through theſe vaults of death
Lonely he wanders, plung'd in deep deſpair.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Haſt thou inform'd him? Haſt thou aught reveal'd
Touching Zaphimri?

MORAT.

There I wait thy will.

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou art ever faithful: on thy lips
Sits penſive ſilence, with her hallow'd finger
Guarding the pure receſſes of the mind.
But lo! they come.---

[*Enter* ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, *and others.*

ZAMTI.

Droop ye my gallant friends?

ORASMING.

Oh! Zamti, all is loſt: our dreams of liberty
Are vaniſh'd into air. Ev'n Heav'n combin'd
With lawleſs might abandons us and virtue.

ZAMTI.

Can your great ſouls thus ſhrink within ye? thus
From heroes will you dwindle into ſlaves?

ZIMVENTI.

Oh! could you give us back the royal Orphan;
Danger would ſmile, and death loſe all its terror.

ZAMTI.

What? would his preſence fire you?

ORASMING.

Yes, by Heav'n!
This night ſhould free us from the Tartar's yoke.

ZAMTI.

Then mark the care of the all-ruling mind.
This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.

ORASMING *and* ZIMVENTI.

Not Zaphimri!

ZAMTI.

No:
Unconſcious of himſelf, and to the world unknown
He walks at large among us.

ORASMING.

Heav'nly pow'rs!

ZAMTI.

This night, my friends, this very night to riſe
Refulgent from the blow that frees us all,
From the uſurper's fate; the firſt of men,
Deliv'rer of his country.

ORASMING.

Mighty Gods!
Can this be poſſible?

ZAMTI.

It is moſt true.
This very hour ſhall give you China's heir.
What ho! *(looking at the tomb)* come forth: 'tis
Zamti's voice that calls.

You

You ſeem transfix'd with wonder; Oh! my friends,
Watch all the motions of your riſing ſpirit,
Direct your ardour, when anon you hear
What fate, long pregnant with the vaſt event,
Is lab'ring into birth.

ETAN *comes out of the Tomb.*

ETAN.

Each ſtep I move,
A deeper horror ſits on all the tombs,
The ſhrines look pale around: each altar ſhakes,
Conſcious of ſome important criſis.

ZAMTI.

Yes;
A criſis great indeed is now at hand.
Heav'n holds it's golden ballance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's deſtiny,
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
Haſt thou beheld that picture?

ETAN.

Fix'd attention
Hath gaz'd on ev'ry part, yet ſtill to me
It ſhadows forth the forms of things unknown,
All imag'ry obſcure, and wrapp'd in darkneſs.

ZAMTI.

That darkneſs my informing breath ſhall clear,
As morn diſpells the night---lo! here diſplay'd
This mighty kingdom's fall.---Behold that child,
That royal infant, the laſt ſacred relique
Of China's Kings:---ſee, where a Mandarine
Conveys the babe to his wife's ſoft'ring breaſt,
There to be nouriſh'd in an humble ſtate,
While their own ſon is ſent to climes remote,
That ſhould the fell uſurper e'er ſuſpect

The Prince alive, he for his King might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.

ETAN.

Amazement thrills
Through all my frame, and my mind big with wonder
Feels ev'ry pow'r ſuſpended.

ZAMTI.

Rather ſay,
That ſtrong imagination burns within thee.
Doſt thou not feel a more than common ardour?

ETAN.

By Heav'n, ſome impulſe never felt before,
Some ſtrange-inſpir'd emotion ſtirs within me.
A thouſand images all riſe at once,
And o'er-inform my ſoul. Oh! that the hour
Of fate were come. This very night I'll ſheathe
My dagger's point deep in the Tyrant's heart.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou?

ETAN.

By ev'ry pow'r, that now beholds me,
By all the mighty dead that round us lie;
By all, who this day groan in chains, I will.

ZAMTI.

And when thou do'ſt, tell the devoted Tyrant,
It is the Prince that ſtrikes.

ETAN.

The Prince's wrongs
Shall nerve my arm, and urge the blow for freedom
With tenfold vengeance.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Tell the groaning Tartar,
It is Zaphimri---'tis the Prince himſelf.

ETAN.

What ſays my father?

ZAMTI.

Thou art China's Orphan;
The laſt of all our Kings; no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha!---

ORASMING.

Myſterious hand
Of wonder-working Heav'n!

ZAPHIMRI.

Can this be true?
A buſy crowd of circumſtances riſe;
Thy frequent hints obſcure; thy pious care
To train my youth to greatneſs;---lend your aid
To my aſtoniſh'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected ſhock of royalty.

ZAMTI.

Thou art, thou art my Sov'reign. Oh! my friends,
Morat will tell you all; each circumſtance;
Mean time---lo! there, behold---there is your King.

MORAT, ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, *all kneeling.*

Long live the father of the eaſtern world.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sole governor of earth!

ZAPHIMRI.

All-ruling pow'rs!
Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China, are the fame and fate
Of all poſterity included here
Within my boſom?

ZAMTI.

All; yes all: the ſhades
Of your great anceſtors now riſe before thee,
Heroes and demi gods! aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood.

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh! Zamti, all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now ſtirs
In this expanding breaſt.

ZAMTI.

Anon to burſt
With hideous ruin on the foe. My gallant heroes,
Are our friends ſtation'd at their poſts?

ORASMING.

They are.

ZAMTI.

Each gate ſecur'd?

ORASMING.

All ſafe.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The ſignal fix'd?

ORASMING.

It is: will Mirvan join us?

ZAMTI.

Doubt him not;
He pants for vengeance;---when the aſſault begins,
He'll turn his arms upon th' aſtoniſh'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody ſpoiler, now thy hour draws nigh,
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign ſhall end.

ZAMTI.

How my heart burns within me! oh! my friends,
Call now to mind the ſcene of deſolation,
Which Timurkan, in one accurſed hour
Heap'd on this groaning land.---Ev'n now I ſee
The ſavage bands o'er purple heaps of ſlain
Forcing their rapid way: I ſee them urge
With rage unhallow'd to the ſacred temple,
Where good Oſmingti with his Queen and children
Fatigu'd the gods averſe---ſee where Orphiſa
Rending the air with agonizing ſhrieks
Tears her diſhevell'd hair; then with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief choaks it's paſſage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breaſt
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathleſs ſhe faints
Within her Monarch's arms; adown his cheek
In copious ſtreams faſt flow'd the manly ſorrow,
While cluſt'ring round his knees his little offſpring
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outſtretch'd
Sue for parental aid.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Go on; the tale
Will fit me for a ſcene of horror.

ZAMTI.

Oh! my Prince,
The charge which your great father gave me, ſtill
Sounds in my ear. Ere yet the foe burſt in,
" Zamti" ſaid he, " preſerve my cradled infant,
" Save him from ruffians; train his youth to virtue;
" Virtue will rouze him to a great revenge,
" Or failing, virtue will ſtill make him happy."
He could no more; the cruel ſpoiler ſeiz'd him,
And dragg'd my King, my ever honour'd King,
The father of his people, baſely dragg'd him
By his white rev'rend locks from yonder altar,
Here on the blood ſtain'd pavement, while the Queen
And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other's arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Revenge! revenge!
With more than lyon's rage I'll ſpring upon him,
And at one blow relieve the groaning world.
Let us this moment carry ſword and fire
To yon devoted walls, and whelm him down
In ruin and diſmay.

ZAMTI.

Zaphimri, no;
By raſhneſs you may mar a noble cauſe.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge.
To you I give your King!---farewell, my Sov'reign.

ZAPHIMRI.

Zamti,---thou gen'rous man!---a thouſand feelings
Of

Of warmeſt friendſhip, all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are ſtruggling here,
And fain would ſpeak to thee, my more than father.
Farewell---ſure we ſhall meet again?

ZAMTI.

We ſhall.

ZAPHIMRI.

Thou beſt of friends, farewell.---Oraſming, now
The nobleſt duty calls---let us remember,
We are the men, whom from all human kind
Our fate hath now ſelected, to ſtand forth
Aſſertors of the public weal; to drench our ſwords
In the oppreſſor's heart; to do a deed,
Which Heav'n intent on its own holy work
Shall pauſe with pleaſure to behold.
[*Exit with conſpirators.*

ZAMTI *(alone)*

May the Moſt High
Pour down his bleſſings on him, and anon
In the dead waſte of night, when awfull juſtice
Walks with her crimſon ſteel o'er ſlaughter'd heaps
Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
His youthful footſteps through the paths of peril;
Oh! may he guide the horrors of the ſtorm,
An angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On ev'ry guilty head.---There let him ſtop,---
When you have broken the oppreſſor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifeſt; mankind will ſee
That truth and virtue ſtill deſerve your care.
[*A dead march is heard.*
What mean thoſe deathfull ſounds? again! they lead
My boy to ſlaughter.---Fond, parental feelings!
Tear, tear me piece-meal! ſtill you plead in vain.
Ye Hoſt of Heav'n, look down; behold me here

Beleaguer'd thus with ills: I now muſt prove
Perjur'd to you,---or ceaſe to be a father.
In your own cauſe ſupport me; lend me ſtrength
To triumph o'er that nature which you gave.

A dead March: Enter HAMET.

OCTAR, *Guards, &c.*

OCTAR.

Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
Waſh his forefather's tomb. The hated race
Shall here lie cruſhed, and from this glorious æra
The eaſtern world through all her wide domain
Shall bend ſubmiſſive to the Scythian yoke.

HAMET *(ſtanding near the Tomb.)*

Where is the tyrant? I would have him ſee,
With envy ſee th' unconquer'd pow'r of virtue;
How it can calmly bleed, ſmile on the rack,
And with ſtrong pinion ſoar above his pow'r,
To regions of perennial day.

OCTAR.

The conqueror
Shall mark thee well, when at tomorrow's dawn
Shall be diſplayed, thro' the wide city's round,
Thy breathleſs corſe, a ſpectacle of horror.
It now befits thee to prepare for death.

HAMET.

I am prepared: I have no luſt or rapine,
No murders to repent of; undiſmay'd
I can behold all judging Heav'n, whoſe hand
Still compaſſing its wond'rous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,

Hath

Hath now inclos'd me in it's awfull maze.
Since 'tis by your decree, that thus beſet,
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done.

OCTAR.

The ſabre's edge
Thirſts for his blood: diſpatch and end his being.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

Off, ſet me free,---I muſt, I will have way.
Me, me, on me convert your rage; ſtrike here,
Plunge in this boſom your abhorred ſteel,
And ſpare his precious life.

OCTAR.

Hence quickly bear,
This wild, this frantic woman---

MANDANE.

Never; never;
You ſhall not force me hence; here will I cling,
Faſt to the earth, and rivet here my hands
In all the fury of the laſt deſpair.
He is my ſon;---oh! ſpare him, ſpare my child.

OCTAR.

How woman! yours! your ſon!

MANDANE.

Yes, Octar, mine;
My boy, my Hamet; let me eager love
Fly all unbounded to him, claſp him thus,
Thus in his mother's arms---my child! my child!

OCTAR.

Suſpend the ſtroke, ye miniſters of death,
Till Timurkan hear of this new event.

[*Exit.*

MANDANE.

Why didſt thou dare return? Oh! rather why
Didſt thou ſo long defer with ev'ry grace,
And every growing virtue thus to raiſe
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

HAMET.

Loſt
In the deep miſts of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown. But ſure that look,
Thoſe tears, thoſe ſhrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's workings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy the tranſport of a ſon.

MANDANE.

Thou art, thou art my ſon; thy father's face,
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how haſt thou liv'd
With virtuous Morat? how did he ſupport
In dreary ſolitude thy tender years?
How train thy growing virtue? quickly tell me,
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

HAMET.

Myſterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this,
Thus on the brink of death to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majeſtic in diſtreſs,

At

At length to feel unutterable bliſs
In her dear circling arms?

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, *&c.*

TIMURKAN.

Where is this wild,
This frantic woman, who with headlong grief
Suſpends my dread command? tear them aſunder---
Send her to ſome dark cell to rave and ſhriek,
And dwell with madneſs; and let inſtant death
Leave that raſh youth a headleſs trunk before me.

MANDANE.

Now by the ever burning lamps, that light
Our holy ſhrines, by great Confucius altar,
By the prime ſource of life, and light, and being,
This is my child, the bloſſom of my joys.
Send for his cruel father; he, 'tis he
Intends a fraud; he, for a ſtranger's life,
Would give his offspring to the cruel ax,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madneſs.

Enter ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sure the ſad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frighted ſenſe.

TIMURKAN.

Once more, thou traitor!
Who is that ſtubborn youth?---

ZAMTI.

Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?

MAN-

MANDANE.

Forbear;
Thou marble-hearted father!---'tis your ſon,
And wouldſt thou ſee him bleed?

ZAMTI.

On him,---on him
Let fall your rage.

MANDANE.

Oh! my devoted child! *(ſhe faints)*

HAMET.

Support her Heav'n, ſupport her tender frame.
Now, tyrant, now I beg to live; lo! here
I plead for life; not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints,
But, oh! to eaſe a mother's woes; for her,
For that dear object, let me live for her.

TIMURKAN.

Spite of their frauds, the truth begins to dawn:
In her wild vehemence of grief, I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

MANDANE. *(recovering)*

Where's my child?
Oh! let me ſtrain him to my heart; thy hard,
Thy cruel father ſhall not tear thee from me.

TIMURKAN.

Hear me, thou frantic mourner; dry thoſe tears;
Perhaps you ſtill may ſave your darling ſon.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Oh! quickly give the means.

TIMURKAN.

Reſign your King,
Your phantom of a King, and ſave your child.

HAMET.

No, my much honoured mother, never hear
The baſe, the dire propoſal; let me rather
Exhauſt my life blood at each guſhing vein;
Mandane then,---then you may well rejoice
To find your child; then you may truly know
The beſt delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her ſon dies with glory.

TIMURKAN.

Curſes blaſt
The ſtripling's pride---*(talks apart with Oſtar.)*

ZAMTI.

Ye pow'rs, enthron'd above!
You never meant entirely to deſtroy
This groaning land, when your benignant care
Lends us a youth like him.---Let me infold
That lovely ardor in his father's arms.---
My brave, my generous boy!---

TIMURKAN.

Doſt thou at length
Confeſs it, traitor?

ZAMTI.

Yes, I boaſt it, tyrant;

Boaſt

Boaſt it to thee, to earth, and heav'n I boaſt,
This,---this is Zamti's ſon.

HAMET.

At length the hour,
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
" When Hamet ſhall not bluſh to know his father."

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou intrepid youth, what bright reward
Can your glad ſire beſtow on ſuch deſert?
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings
Shall give the ſweeteſt retritubion.---Now,
Mandane, now my ſoul forgives thee all;
Since I have made acquaintance with my boy;
But oh! I charge thee by a huſband's right---

TIMURKAN.

A huſband's right! a traitor has no rights;
Society diſclaims him. Woman hear,
And mark my words; abjure the Mandarine;
Renounce all Hymeneal vows; reveal
This myſtery, and ſtill your ſon may live,
While juſtice whirls that traitor to his fate.

MANDANE.

Thou vile adviſer!---what betray my lord,
My honour'd huſband; turn a Scythian wife;
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my heart ne'er knew decreaſing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all-accompliſh'd mind!
No, tyrant, no; with him I'll dare to die;
With him in ruin more ſupremely bleſt,
Than guilt upon a throne triumphant.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Now,
Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy pow'r.---
Lo! here,---the father, mother and the ſon!
Try all your tortures on us;---here we ſtand,
Reſolv'd to leave a tract of bright renown
To mark our being; reſolv'd all to die,
The votaries of honour!---

TIMURKAN.

Then, by Heav'n!
Your doom is fix'd. This moment ſeize the ſlaves;
Deep in ſome balefull dungeon's midnight gloom
Let each apart be plung'd, and Etan too---
Let him forthwith be found---he too ſhall ſhare
His father's fate.---

MIRVAN.

Be it my taſk, dread Sir,
To make the rack ingenious in new pains;
Till even cruelty almoſt relent
At their keen agonizing groans.

TIMURKAN.

Be that,
Mirvan, thy care. By the immortal Lama,
I'll wreſt the ſecret from them, or once more
My rage is up in arms---'gainſt Corea's chief
I will unfurl my banners; his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their ſmoaking ramparts; o'er his verdant plains
And peacefull vales I'll drive my rapid carr,
And ne'er know reſt, ne'er ſheathe th'avenging ſword,
Till their King fall, and treaſon is no more.

[*Exit.*

OCTAR.

Mirvan, bear hence thoſe miſcreants to their fate---
Thou, Zamti, art my charge.

ZAMTI.

Willing I come.
My ſon thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.
Mandane ſummon all thy ſtrength; the gods,
Who try thy virtue, may reward it ſtill.
[*Exit with* OCTAR.

MANDANE.

Hamet! reſtor'd and loſt again!
[*Struggling with the guards.*

HAMET.

Alas!
No means to reſcue thee! inhuman villains!
And will you tear me from her?
[*He is dragged off.*

MANDANE.

Oh! my child!---
Now then, barbarians, you have ſeiz'd on all
My ſoul holds dear.---What have I now to dread?
I gave him being; in the hour of peril
I flew to reſcue him; I could no more.---
If he muſt fall, I'll emulate his virtues;
True to the ſolemn vow I've breathed to Heav'n,
True to my Sov'reign ſtill!---in honour's cauſe
The mother from her ſon ſhall learn to die.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

Scene a Priſon: HAMET *lies ſtretched on the Ground in Chains.*

Enter ZAPHIMRI *(in a Tartar dreſs) and* MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

THERE ſtretch'd at length on the dank ground he lies,
Scorning his fate: your meeting muſt be ſhort.

ZAPHIMRI.

It ſhall.

MIRVAN.

And yet I tremble for th' event.

ZAPHIMRI.

Mirvan, no more: I will hold converſe with him,
Tho' death were arm'd againſt the interview.
[*Exit* MIRVAN.

HAMET.

What wouldſt thou Tartar?

ZAPHIMRI.

Riſe, thou gen'rous youth!
No vulgar errand mine.

HAMET. *(Riſing)*

Now ſpeak thy purpoſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

To theſe lone walls, where oft the Scythian ſtabber,
With murd'rous ſtride hath come; theſe walls that oft
Have ſeen the aſſaſſin's deeds, I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright. Under this vile garb
Lo! here a ſon of China---

HAMET.

Yes thy garb
Denotes a ſon of China, and thoſe eyes
Roll with no black intent.---Say on.---

ZAPHIMRI.

Inflam'd
With admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to ſeek acquaintance with the youth,
Who for his King would die.

HAMET.

And does thy heart
Applaud the deed?

ZAPHIMRI.

It does, by Heav'n, it does.
Yes virtuous envy riſes in my ſoul.
Thy ardour charms, and even now I pant
To change conditions with thee.

HAMET.

Then my heart
Accepts thy proferr'd friendſhip---in a baſe
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And ſunk our native genius, thou retain'ſt
A ſenſe of ancient worth. But wherefore here,

To

To this ſad manſion, this abode of ſorrow
Com'ſt thou to know a wretch that ſoon muſt die?

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh, no; thou ſhall not die. By me the King,
By me Zaphimri ſays.

HAMET.

Zaphimri ſays!
Kind Heav'n! where is the King?

ZAPHIMRI.

His ſteps are ſafe,
Unſeen as is the arrow's path. By me he ſays,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.
By me he ſwears, rather than thou ſhouldſt fall,
He will emerge from dark obſcurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

HAMET.

Ha!---die for me!
For me, ignoble in the ſcale of being,
An unimportant wretch!---Whoe'er thou art,
I prithee, ſtranger, bear my anſwer back.
Oh! tell my Sovereign, that here dwells a heart
Above all pain and peril. When I fall,
A worm, an inſect dies; but in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China: then let him
Live for his people, be it mine to die.

ZAPHIMRI.

Can I hear this, juſt gods! and not diſſolve
In tears of gratitude and love. *(Aſide)*

HAMET.

Why ſtreams

That

That flood of grief? and why that ſtifled groan?
Thro' the dark miſt his ſorrow caſts around him,
He ſeems no common man. Say, gen'rous youth,
Who and what art thou?

ZAPHIMRI.

Who and what am I?
The verrieſt wretch that ever groan'd in anguiſh.
One loſt, abandon'd, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid---to tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the laſt diſtreſs,
In one accumulated term of horror,
Zaphimri!

HAMET.

Ha!---my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

That fatal wretch,
Exalted into miſery ſupreme!
Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's ſon
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and ſtrove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd fire.
But now---

HAMET.

Yes now---if thou art he---as ſure
'Tis wond'rous like,---rais'd to a ſtate, in which
A nation's happineſs on thee depends.

ZAPHIMRI.

A nation's happineſs!---there---there I bleed---
There are my pangs---for me this war began;
For me hath purple ſlaughter drench'd yon plains;
I am the cauſe of all---I forg'd thoſe chains---
For Zamti and Mandane too!---by me they fall;

Them

Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom---
Theſe are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign!
I am the tyrant; I aſcend the throne,
By baſe ingratitude, by the vile means
Of ſelfiſh cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All loſt, all murder'd, that I thus may riſe
Inglorious to a throne.

HAMET.

Alas! thy ſpirit,
Thy wild diſorder'd fancy picture's forth
Ills that are not, or being ills, not worth
A moment's pauſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not ills!---thou canſt not mean it---
The angry fates amidſt their hoards of malice
Had nought but this; they meant to render me
Peculiarly diſtreſs'd.---Tell me, thou gallant youth,
A ſoul like thine knows ev'ry fine emotion,
Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
Can prove ſuch torture, as when thus it meets
Unequall'd friendſhip, honour, truth and love,
And no return can make?

HAMET.

That pow'r will come.

ZAPHIMRI.

But when?---when thou art loſt!
When Zamti and Mandane are no more!
Oh! for a dagger's point, to plunge it deep,
Deep in this---ha!---deep in the tyrant's heart.

HAMET.

HAMET.

There your revenge ſhould point --- alas! my Sov'reign,
Why didſt thou venture to this place of danger?

ZAPHIMRI.

And canſt thou deem me then ſo baſe of ſoul,
To dwell ſecure in ignominious ſafety;
With cold inſenſibility to wait
The lingring hours, with coward patience wait them,
Deliberating on myſelf, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's houſe?---No---generous youth---
I'll not think meanly of thee---no---that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

HAMET.

Withdraw thee hence;
Nor lightly hazard thus ſo dear a life;
Think of thy anceſtors.

ZAPHIMRI.

My anceſtors!
What is to me a long deſcended line,
A race of worthies, legiſlators, heroes,
Unleſs I bring their virtues too? No more:
This very night I'll burſt thoſe guilty walls,
Rend thoſe vile mannacles and give thee freedom.

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

The time forbids delay: whilſt thou art here,
Thy fate's ſuſpended on each dreadfull moment.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

This garb will cloak me from each jealous eye;
Thou needſt not fear detection.

[*a flouriſh of trumpets.*

HAMET.

Ha! what means
That ſudden and wild harmony?

MIRVAN.

Ev'n now
The conqu'ror and his fell barbaric rout
For this day's victory indulge their joy.

ZAPHIMRI.

Joy ſoon to end in groans; for all conſpires
To forward our deſign: a band of heroes
Ev'n now are ready; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.---Thy father's care
Plann'd and inſpir'd the whole. And lo! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to Heav'n, now rarely ſeen
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe ſecure
Sinks down in deep debauch, while all awake
The genius of the land broods o'er the work
Of juſtice and revenge.

MIRVAN.

The gallant chiefs
At their appointed ſtation are conven'd;
In ſilent terror all intent they ſtand,
And wait the ſignal in each gale that blows.

HAMET.

Dream on, deluded Tartar, yes dream on;

Still unſuſpecting plunge in guilty joy,
And bury thee in riot.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance; for ere the dawn,
Deteſted ſpoiler, thy hot blood ſhall ſmoke
On the ſtain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll ſcatter to the dogs of China.

MIRVAN.

Ha!
Break off your conference:---Octar this way comes---
Beware, my Prince:---*(enter Octar)* Well, Octar,
there's your pris'ner.
[*pointing to* HAMET.

OCTAR.

Convey him hence to where Mandane's grief
Rings thro' the vaulted roof.

HAMET.

Yes, lead me hence
To ſoften anguiſh in a parent's breaſt.
[*Exit with* MIRVAN.

ZAPHIMRI.

What may this mean? I dread ſome lurking miſchief.
[*Exit.*

OCTAR. *(alone)*

When the boy clings around his mother's heart,
Then, in that tender moment, tear him from her,
And in her impotence of grief the truth
Will burſt it's way.

Enter

Enter TIMURKAN.

OCTAR.

Why from the genial banquet
Thus will my Sov'reign ſeek a dungeon's gloom?

TIMURKAN.

A more than midnight gloom involves my ſoul.
What boots the conqu'ring ſword, the plume of victory,
If ſtill this coward boy in ſecret lives;
If ſerpent-like amidſt the flow'ry garlands
He wreaths his folds, to daſh my promis'd joy,
And poiſon my delight?

OCTAR.

Then at once
To end your fears, give Zamti to the ſword,
His wife, and all, who aid him in his guilt.
'Twill cruſh the ſeeds of dark conſpiracy.

TIMURKAN.

No; Zamti's death but multiplies my fears.
With him the truth lies buried in the tomb.
Haſt thou beheld the ſtubborn Mandarine?

OCTAR.

Unconquer'd yet by words he ſtands unmov'd,
Smiling contempt, as if ſome inward joy,
Like the ſun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth at intervals a gladſome ray,
Bright'ning the face of woe.

TIMURKAN.

He muſt not die:
The ſlave ſhall linger out his days in torment.

OCTAR.

Might I adviſe, Mandane may be won.
She ſtill, Sir, may be yours: a conqu'ror's ſighs
Shall waft a thouſand wiſhes to her heart,
Till female vanity aſpire to reach
The Eaſtern throne.

TIMURKAN.

No, Octar;---'tis not mine
To melt in languiſhing deſire, and try
The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
Enur'd to rougher ſcenes, far other arts
My mind employ'd: to ſling the well-ſtor'd quiver
Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
At the fleet rain-deer ſweeping down the vale,
Or up the mountain ſtraining ev'ry nerve;
To vault the neighing ſteed, and urge his courſe
Swifter than whirlwinds;---thro' the ranks of war
Reeking with gore to drive my charriot wheels;
Theſe are my paſſions, this my only ſcience.
Rais'd from a ſoldier to imperial ſway,
I ſtill will reign in terror. Bring that traitor,
The hoary prieſt before me.

[*Exit* OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Now by Heav'n!
Their ſtubborn fortitude erects a fence
To ſhield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rfull far
Than their high boaſted wall, which long hath ſtood
The ſhock of time, of war, of ſtorms and thunder,
The wonder of the world. What art thou, virtue,
That giv'ſt theſe joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter

Enter ZAMTI *in chains.*

TIMURKAN.

Thy hated ſight once more I brook, to try
If yet the ſenſe of deeds abhorr'd as thine
Has touch'd your ſoul: while yet the hour permits,
Repent thee of thy crimes.

ZAMTI.

The crime would be
To yield to thy unjuſt commands. But know
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed,
The voice of all my Kings; forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they ſend a peal of groans to Heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long ſince gone up,
And ſtand in dread array againſt thee.

TIMURKAN.

Murders!
Ungratefull Mandarine! ſay, did not I
When civil diſcord lighted up her brand,
And ſcatter'd wide her flames; when fierce contention
Twixt Zorohamti and Zaphimri's father
Sorely convuls'd the realm, did not I then
Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order riſe?

ZAMTI.

Bid order riſe!
Haſt thou not ſmote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry ſcience
Gone out at thy fell blaſt. Art thou not come
To ſack our cities, to ſubvert our temples,
The temples of our gods, and with the worſhip,
The monſtrous worſhip of your living Lama
Profane our holy ſhrines?

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Reſolve my doubts,
Nor think with groundleſs, with ill-tim'd reproach
To talk me from my purpoſe.

ZAMTI.

Tyrant, yes;
Yes, thou haſt ſmote us with a hand of wrath,
Full twenty years haſt ſmote us; but at length
Will come the hour of Heav'n's juſt viſitation,
When thou ſhalt rue---hear me thou man of blood!---
Yes, thou ſhalt rue the day,---the day that ſaw thee
Imbrue thoſe hands accurſt in royal blood---
Now, tyrant, now---yes, tremble at my words,
The arm of the Moſt High is bar'd againſt thee;
And lo! the hand of fate deſcribes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!
Each gleam of light is periſh'd out of Heav'n,
And darkneſs ruſhes o'er the face of earth.

TIMURKAN.

And thinkſt thou, ſlave, with viſionary fears
I e'er can ſhrink appall'd? thou moonſtruck ſeer!
No more I'll bear this mockery of words.
What, Octar, ho! *(enter Octar)* lead forth that frantic woman.
Ruin involves ye all---this very hour
Shall ſee your ſon impal'd---yes, both your ſons---
Bring Etan too before us---

OCTAR.

Etan, Sir,
Is fled for ſafety.

TIMURKAN.

Thou pernicious ſlave! *(to Zamti)*

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The righteous gods protect him from thy rage.
[*Exit Octar.*

TIMURKAN.

Him too thou wouldſt withdraw from juſtice? him
Thy perfidy would ſend to Corea's realm,
To brood in ſecret o'er ſome work of treaſon.

Enter OCTAR, MANDANE, HAMET, *Guards, &c.*

TIMURKAN.

Now then, deluded fair, if fix'd in error
You ſtill perſiſt, the rack ſhall have its prey.

MANDANE.

I tell thee, homicide, my ſoul is bound
By ſolemn vows, and wouldſt thou have me break
What angels wafted on their wings to Heav'n?

TIMURKAN.

This moment ſaves your child, or dooms him dead.

MANDANE.

Goddeſs of vengeance, from your realms above
Where near the throne of the Moſt High thou ſitſt,
Inſpher'd in darkneſs, amidſt hoards of thunder
Serenely dreadfull, till dire human crimes
Provoke thee down, now on the whirlwind's wing
Deſcend, and with your flaming ſword, your bolts
Red with Allmighty wrath, let looſe your rage,
And blaſt this vile ſeducer in his guilt.

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Then ſeize her ſon, and give him to the rack.

MANDANE.

No; by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, ſeize me firſt;
Diſpatch his mother; end this wretched being.

ZAPHIMRI *(ruſhing from among the Guards.)*

Hold, murd'rers, hold; I charge you, ſlaves, forbear.

ZAMTI.

Ha! China totters on the brink of ruin. *(aſide)*

TIMURKAN.

Etan!---thou'rt wellcome to my great revenge!

ZAPHIMRI.

I come on matters of importance deep
Unto thy throne and life.

ZAMTI.

Heed not an idle boy.

TIMURKAN.

Proceed, and tell thy purpoſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Even now
Thy death is plotting.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! by whom?

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Zaphimri!---

ZAMTI.

What means my ſon?

TIMURKAN.

Reſign him to my vengeance,
And then our mercy ſhall to thee extend.

ZAPHIMRI.

Think not I come to ſave this worthleſs life.
Pity Mandane; ſave her tender frame---
Pity that youth---*(kneels)* oh! ſave that godlike man.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou diſhonour me, degrade thyſelf,
Thy native dignity, by baſely kneeling?
Quit that vile poſture---

TIMURKAN.

To appeaſe our wrath,
Bring me Zaphimri's head.

ZAPHIMRI.

Will that ſuffice?

TIMURKAN.

His blood attones for all.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Riſing)*

Then take it, tyrant;
I am Zaphimri; I your mortal foe.

ZAMTI.

Angels of light, quick on your rapid wing
Dart from your thrones above, and hover round him.

MANDANE.

Alas! all's ruin'd---China is no more.

ZAPHIMRI.

Behold me, Tartar; hear the voice of truth;
Thus on his knees Zaphimri begs to die.

TIMURKAN.

Thou early traitor! by thy guilty father
Train'd up in fraud! wouldſt thou deceive me too?

HAMET.

He would: all would deceive you: all conſpire
Againſt my claim: all wreſt my title from me:
The father's art, the mother's fond ambition
Upon my ruins to exalt their name,
And raiſe their ſon to empire.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha! forbear,
Raſh youth, forbear, nor thus inſult your King.
Mine is the crown: it's miſeries are mine:
Mine the worſt malice fortune hath in ſtore:
I claim it all, and will not bear a rival.

HAMET.

Horror! believe him not---for me the troops
From Corea's realm dar'd to approach your walls;
I led them on; I came from climes remote;

The

The captives of your ſword have own'd they fought
To ſee me ſeated on the throne of China.

ZAPHIMRI.

By Heav'n, he's innocent; the guilt is mine.
Miſguided boy! I charge thee dare no more
Uſurp a Monarch's right; reſign at once
My lawfull claim, the honours of my birth;
Give back my name; I aſk it but to die.

TIMURKAN.

Their wond'rous conflict but involves me deeper
In doubt, miſtruſt, perplexity, and fear.
Miſguided fair-one, ſay, which is your King?

MANDANE.

Behold their virtue, and reſpect them both.

TIMURKAN.

Perdition ſeize her!---Zamti mark my words---
This moment, clear each doubt, or keeneſt pangs
Shall hunt the ſecret thro' each trembling nerve.

ZAMTI.

I have already yielded up my ſon;
I gave him to your ſword; and after that,
After that conflict, thinkſt thou there is aught
Zamti has left to fear?

TIMURKAN.

Yes learn to fear
My will, my Sov'reign will, which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of ſlaves.

ZAMTI.

Thy will
The law in China: ill inſtructed man!
Now learn an awfull truth. Tho' ruffian pow'r
May for a while ſuppreſs all ſacred order,
And trample on the rights of man, the ſoul
Which gave our legiſlation life and vigour
Shall ſtill ſubſiſt, above the tyrant's reach.
The ſpirit of the laws can never die.

TIMURKAN.

Here then all parley ends: thy doom is fix'd:
This very moment drag 'em from my ſight.
[*The guards ſeize on Zamti.*

MANDANE.

Yes, lead me with him: in his arms to die
Mandane goes reſign'd. But tyrant know
The great important truth is treaſur'd here.
Thy pow'r can ne'er extort it. Yes, live on
In the worſt agony of doubt and fear.
With us the ſecret dies: that joy is ours;
With that we triumph ſtill; with that we bid thee
Fear while we live, and tremble in our fall.
[*Exit with Zamti and guards.*

HAMET.

No ſpare 'em, yet forbear; here point thy ſword,
Unſluice theſe veins, but ſpare their matchleſs lives.
[*He is carried off.*

ZAPHIMRI.

I am your victim, by the gods I am.
[*Kneeling and holding Timurkan.*

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Away, vile ſlave; go ſee them bleed; behold
How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for thee,
And all who deal in treachery like thine.

[*Exit.*

ZAPHIMRI. *(on the ground)*

Yet hear me; yet a moment! barb'rous Scythians!
Wilt thou not open, Earth, and take me down,
Down to thy caverns of eternal darkneſs?
And ſleeps Allmighty juſtice? will it not
Awaken all its terrors? arm yon band
Of ſecret heroes with avenging thunder?
By Heav'n *(riſing)* that thought lifts up my kindling ſoul
With renovated fire. My glorious friends,
Who now convene big with your country's fate,
When I am dead, oh! give me juſt revenge;
Let me not die inglorious; make my fall,
By ſome great act of yet unheard of vengeance,
Reſound throughout the world; that fartheſt Scythia
May ſtand appall'd at the huge diſtant roar
Of one vaſt ruin tumbling on the heads
Of this fell tyrant, and his hated race.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

Scene the Palace.

Enter ZAMTI *and* MANDANE, *followed by* OCTAR.

ZAMTI.

WHY doſt thou lead us to this hated manſion?
Muſt we again behold the tyrant's frown?
Thou know'ſt our hearts are fix'd.

OCTAR.

The war of words
We ſcorn again to wage. Beneath this roof
The rack is now prepar'd, and Timurkan
Anon ſhall view your pangs, and count each groan
Ev'n to the fulleſt luxury of vengeance.
Guard well that paſſage *(to the guards within)* ſee
the traitors find
No means of flight, while to the conqueror
I haſten, to receive his laſt commands.

[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman!

MANDANE.

Canſt thou, Zamti,
Still call me faithfull? by that honour'd name
Wilt thou call her, whoſe wild maternal love
Hath buried all in ruin?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yes, thou art,
Thou art my wife, whoſe virtue ev'n in bondage
Hath chear'd my ſoul; and now thy ev'ry charm
Endear'd by danger, kindled by diſtreſs
To higher luſtre, all my paſſions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love.
And muſt---oh! cruel!---muſt I ſee thee bleed?

MANDANE.

For me death wears no terror on his brow.
Full twenty years hath this afflicted breaſt
Been ſmote with theſe ſad hands; theſe haggard eyes
Have ſeen my country's ruin; ſeen my huſband,
My ſon, my king,---all in the Tartar's hands.
What then remains for me? death, only death.

ZAMTI.

Ah! can thy tenderneſs endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now prepares?
Muſt this lov'd form, this ſoft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be ſtrain'd with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?

MANDANE.

Alas! this frame,
This feeble texture never can ſuſtain it.
But this---this I can bear. *(Shews a dagger)*

ZAMTI.

Ha!

MANDANE.

Yes; this dagger!
Do thou but lodge it in this faithfull breaſt,
My heart ſhall ſpring to meet thee.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Oh!

MANDANE.

Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taughtſt me ev'ry virtue,
Afford the friendly, the laſt human office,
And teach me now to die.

ZAMTI.

It muſt not be.---
Hence let me bear this inſtrument of death.
[*Takes the dagger.*
Shall we uſurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and meaſure out the thread
Of our own being?---'tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril.
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd ſavage;
Be it the practice of the gloomy North.

MANDANE.

Muſt we then wait the haughty tyrant's nod,
The vaſſals of his will? no, let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of ſome other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring ſouls,
And hail our flight with wonder and applauſe.

ZAMTI.

Diſtreſs too exquiſite! ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can ſuperſede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare ſelf impell'd
Ruſh to your awfull preſence; 'tis not then,
When the diſtemper'd paſſions rage; when pride
Is ſtung to madneſs; when ambition falls
From her high ſcaffolding---oh! no; if aught

Can

Can juſtify the blow, it is when virtue
No more can ſtand at bay; when liberty
No longer breathes at large; 'tis with the groans
Of our lov'd country when we dare to die.

MANDANE.

Then here at once direct the friendly ſteel.

ZAMTI.

Now then prepare thee---ah! does this become
Thy huſband's love? thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that boſom-bliſs, where oft
With other looks than theſe, oh! my Mandane,
I've huſh'd my cares within thy ſhelt'ring arms?

MANDANE.

Alas! the loves, that bleſt our happier days,
Have ſpread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates ſurround us. Zamti, come;
Here lay me down in honourable reſt;
Come as thou art, all hero to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.

ZAMTI.

It muſt be ſo:
Now then prepare thee---my arm flags and droops
Conſcious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.
[*Throws down the dagger.*
By Heav'n, once more I would not raiſe the point
Againſt that hoard of ſweets, for endleſs years
Of univerſal empire.---

MANDANE.

Ha! they come;
The miniſters of vengeance come; and yet,

They ſhall not long inſult us in our woes;
Myſelf will ſtill preſerve the means of death.
[*Takes up the dagger.*

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, *and Guards.*

TIMURKAN.

Now then, deteſted pair, your hour is come.
I hate this dull delay: ſeize Zamti firſt;
Let ſtudied art with ſlow conſuming pangs
Explore the truth, nor let him know relief
In his worſt agonies, till ev'ry ſecret
Burſt forth in groans, and end my doubts and fears.

ZAMTI.

Begin your tortures; end this wretched being;
I care not now how ſoon.
[*The guards ſeize Zamti.*

MANDANE.

Stay, Zamti, ſtay;
And will you force him thus? *(he is forc'd off)* inhuman villains!
Oh! Timurkan, behold me humbled here,
Thus lowly on my knees, thus prone to earth,
And groveling at your feet. I aſk to die;
Grant my requeſt; it will not ſtain thy name
With weak humanity; deal ſtill in blood;
Oh! let me periſh in my huſband's arms;
It will be mercy to indulge my pray'r,
And murder ſhall for once be virtue in thee.

TIMURKAN.

Behold him firſt, behold the hoary traitor
Gaſping in death, and welt'ring in his gore.
Thy turn will follow---by thy treach'rous arts
The hated Orphan lives.

MAN-

MANDANE. *(Riſing)*

And if he lives,
May Heav'n protect him, till the awfull truth
In ſome dread hour of horror and revenge
Shall burſt like thunder on thee.---If by me
Zaphimri lives, then tyrant know thy duty;
Deſcend at once from a throne gain'd by murder,
And yield the crown, reſign it to your maſter.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious traitreſs! ha! what wouldſt thou Mirvan?

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Near to the Eaſtern gate, a ſlave reports,
As at his watch he ſtood, the gleam of arms
Caſt a dim luſtre through the night, and ſtrait
The ſteps of men thick ſounded in his ear.
In cloſe array they march'd.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! lurking treaſon!
What ho! my arms---ourſelf will ſally forth.

MIRVAN.

My liege, their ſcanty and raſh levied numbers
Want not a monarch's ſword: with eager zeal
Upon the inſtant I drew off the guards,
That round the palace walls: let Octar, Sir,
Who oft has led them to renown in arms,
Let him but head the ranks, his valour ſoon
Shall bring the traitors bound in chains before you.

TIMURKAN.

Well, be it ſo.---Octar, do thou go forth,
And give the rebels to the ſabre's edge.
[*Exit Octar.*

MANDANE.

Why muſt I linger thus? lo! Mirvan too
Leagu'd with the foe, a traitor to his King!

MIRVAN.

With ſure conviction we have further learn'd
The long-contended truth. Etan's their King---
The traitor Zamti counted but one ſon,
And him he ſent,---Mandane knows it all---
Far hence to Corea's realm.

TIMURKAN.

At length thy guilt
Glares to the ſight: this hour Zaphimri dies.

MIRVAN.

To Morat's care th' inſidious Mandarine
With that complotter in his dark deſigns,
Gave up their boy, while unſuſpected here
They fix'd a ſafe aſylum for their prince.

MANDANE. *(Looking at Mirvan)*

When ſhall I quit a world, where men like thee
Are only fit to dwell?---

TIMURKAN.

Let Morat ſtreight
Attend our preſence; bring the ſlave before us.

MIR-

MIRVAN.

This hour approves my loyalty and truth.

[*Exit.*

TIMURKAN.

Thanks to great Lama, treaſon is no more,
And their boy-king is found. Yes, traitreſs, now
Thou ſhalt behold the ſtripling's forfeit head.
Soon as the dawn ſhall purple yonder Eaſt,
Aloft in air all China ſhall behold it
Parch'd by the ſun, and welt'ring to the wind.

Enter MIRVAN.

TIMURKAN.

Well, Mirvan, haſt thou brought the treach'rous ſlave?

MIRVAN.

My liege, he comes obedient to your will.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, *with a Sabre.*

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

TIMURKAN.

Accurſed treaſon!---to behold thee thus
In arms before me, blaſts my acking ſight.
My blood forgets to move; each pow'r dies in me.

MANDANE.

Yes, monſter, yes; thy fated hour is come.
Deſcend, thou tyrant, from a throne uſurp'd,
And yield the crown, now yield it to thy maſter.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Well mayſt thou tremble, well may guilt like thine
Shrink back diſmay'd; for thus avenging Heav'n
In me ſends forth his miniſter of wrath
To deal deſtruction on thee.

TIMURKAN.

Coward-ſlave!
A midnight ruffian, in th' unguarded hour,
Secure thou com'ſt, thus to aſſault a warrior
Thy heart would never dare to meet in arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not meet thee Tartar!---ha!---in me thou ſee'ſt
One, on whoſe head unnumber'd wrongs thou'ſt heap'd,
Elſe could I ſcorn thee thus defenceleſs---yes,
My great revenge could bid thee try each ſhape,
Aſſume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of deſtructive guilt.
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He beckons to the ſpot, the ſacred altar
Which thy fell hand imbrued with royal blood.
Go, ſeek the temple; at that dread tribunal
Receive thy doom, and expiate thy crimes.

TIMURKAN.

By Heav'n I'll dare thee ſtill; reſign it ſlave,
Reſign the blade to nobler hands.

[*Seizes Mirvan's Sabre.*

MANDANE.

Oh! horror!
Bring inſtant help; let not the fate of China
Hang on the iſſue of a doubtfull combat.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, lawleſs ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his juſtice on thee.
[*They fight and Zaphimri drives Timurkan off.*

MANDANE.

Now, juſt gods,
Sinew his arm, and guide the blow for freedom.

MIRVAN.

See there, behold, he darts upon his prey.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

Die, bloodhound, die.

MIRVAN.

The Tartar drops his point.

MANDANE.

He falls, the victim falls.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

My father ſtrikes;
He gives the blow; and this, thou fell deſtroyer,
This for a nation's groans.

Enter HAMET.

HAMET.

Where is Zaphimri?
Direct me to him---

MANDANE.

Hamet!---oh! my ſon;

Once

Once more I claſp thee in thy mother's arms,
Lo! where the monſter quivers on the ground!
Let me ſeek Zamti with the glorious tidings,
And call him back to liberty and joy.

[*Exit with Mirvan.*

Enter ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

This reeking blade hath drunk the tyrant's blood.

HAMET.

China again is free---there lies the corſe
That breath'd deſtruction to the world.

ZAPHIMRI.

Yes there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy ſins.

Enter MORAT.

HAMET.

Oh! Morat wellcome,
Wellcome to conqueſt, freedom and revenge.

MORAT.

Revenge now ſtalks abroad: our valiant leaders
True to the deſtin'd hour at once broke forth
From ev'ry quarter, on th' aſtoniſh'd foe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Lo! Timurkan lies levell'd with the duſt.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Oppreſſion's iron rod at length is broke.
My King! my Sov'reign!

[*Kneels to Zaphimri.*

ZAPHIMRI.

Riſe: the time demands
Far other cares: where are my gallant friends?
Is the wild tumult o'er, and have they conquer'd?

MORAT.

The gates, the ramparts, and the citadel,
Each paſs is ours: the unſuſpecting foe
Hemm'd in on ev'ry ſide reſiſts in vain.
Octar is fall'n: all cover'd o'er with wounds
He met his fate, and ſtill the ſlaught'ring ſword
Invades the city ſunk in ſleep and wine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Send forth, and let Oraſming ſtrait proclaim
Zaphimri King, my ſubjects rights reſtor'd.

[*Exit Morat.*

Now where is Zamti? where my more than father?
Where is Mandane? Lead me, lead me to them.

Enter MIRVAN.

ZAPHIMRI.

What means that pale deſpair?

MIRVAN.

Oh! dire miſchance!
While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting ſlaves, whoſe trade is death,

Began their work; nor piety, nor age
Could touch their felon-hearts; they ſeiz'd on Zamti
And bound him on the wheel; a prey to villains
We found the good, the venerable man
Smiling in pangs; all frantic at the ſight
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her breaſt.
With him I liv'd, ſhe cried, with him will die.

HAMET.

Oh! Heav'n! my mother! ſummon ev'ry aid
To call her back to life.---

MIRVAN.

In th' arms of death
Ev'n now ſhe ſtruggles.

ZAPHIMRI.

Fatal raſhneſs. Say,
Is Zamti too deſtroy'd?

MIRVAN.

Life ebbs apace.
Releas'd from anguiſh, with what ſtrength remain'd,
He reach'd the couch, where loſt Mandane lies,
There threw his mangled limbs, there clinging to her
He pours his ſad lamentings, in a ſtrain
Might call each pitying angel from the ſky
To ſympathize with human woe.

The Back-ſcene opens.

ZAPHIMRI.

And ſee,
See on that mournfull bier he claſps her ſtill;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; ſtill
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguiſh.
Zamti and Mandane are brought forward on a couch.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yet live, Mandane; thou may'ſt ſtill be happy---
Thou haſt not merited an end like this.

MANDANE.

The hand of death ev'n now is heavy on me.

ZAPHIMRI.

Are theſe our triumphs? theſe our promis'd joys?

ZAMTI.

The muſick of that voice recalls my ſoul.
Riſes, and runs to embrace Zaphimri; his ſtrength fails, and he falls at his feet.
My Prince! my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

Support him; bear him up.

MANDANE.

Where is my child, my Hamet? lives he ſtill?

HAMET.

He lives, but oh! to ſee my mother thus---

MANDANE.

Oh! let me fold thee *(riſes)* ha!---it is too much---
I thank you Heav'n; theſe are a mother's joys,---
And theſe you give to chear me in my paſſage.
Soft, lay me, lay me down---

HAMET.

Her eyes are fixed;
A death like paleneſs ſpreads o'er ev'ry feature.

ZAPHIMRI *(Raiſing* ZAMTI.*)*

How fares it Zamti now?

ZAMTI.

Oh! bleſt event!
I could not hope ſuch tidings; thee, my King,
And Hamet too, I thought you both deſtroy'd.
My ſlow remains of life cannot endure
Theſe ſtrong viciſſitudes of grief and joy.
And there---there lies Mandane---lead me to her.
Mandane, look upon me; once again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes.

MANDANE.

Alas! thoſe eyes no more muſt gaze upon thee;
That dear delight is fled;---thee too, my ſon,
No more I now muſt ſee thee; ſnatch'd from death,
This day reſtor'd,---after whole years of abſence---
I leave thee now;---I leave my child for ever---
The heart-ſtring breaks---oh! that thought tears---
it cleaves---
It drowns me in my tears.

ZAMTI.

I pray ye lead me---
Conduct me to her---nearer ſtill---that both---
Alas! I faint---ſupport me---

[*Faints in their arms.*

HAMET.

Once again
Mandane ſpeak, and let me hear thy voice---

MANDANE.

Hamet,---thy hand---forgive---forgive my raſhneſs.
Could

Could I ſurvive your father? no---with him
The ſcene was clos'd---but---is the tyrant dead?

HAMET.

His debt is paid.

MANDANE.

Alas! I follow him---
I follow thither, where eternal juſtice
Exalts the juſt, and humbles the oppreſſor.
And thee, my ſon, I leave thee here in freedom.
That joy is mine---copy your father's actions---
You need no more: mankind will bleſs thee for it.
Remember all his precepts: his example
Will guide thy ſteps, and marſhal thee to glory---
I die reſign'd---and yet---and yet its hard,---
When freedom dawns,---and after all my ſufferings---
Its hard, my child, your mother now ſhould thee---
Zamti---where is he?

ZAMTI. *(Coming to himſelf)*

Bend me, bend me forward---

MANDANE.

Alas! that ſight---oh! Zamti---Hamet---oh!
[*Dies.*

ZAMTI.

She's gone, for ever, ever gone,---Mandane!
[*Sinks down by her.*
Thus do I ſee thee?---cold---alas! death-cold!
Cold is that breaſt, where virtue from above
Fix'd her delighted manſion; and thoſe lips
That utter'd heav'nly truth---pale! pale! dead---
dead!
Pray ye entomb me with her.---

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Take, ye pow'rs,
Your throne, your crown; take all your conqueſts back,
Zaphimri never can ſurvive---

ZAMTI.

I charge thee live---
A baſe deſertion of the public weal
Will ill become a King---alas! my ſon---
By that dear tender name if once again
Zamti may call thee---this is now the laſt,
The only interview we ever ſhall have---

ZAPHIMRI.

And will ye then, inexorable gods
Will ye then tear him from my acking heart?

ZAMTI.

The moral duties of the private man
Are grafted in thy ſoul. But oh! remember,
The mean immutable of happineſs,
Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
Is virtue:---each bad action of a King
Extends beyond his life, and oft renews
Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
To error mild, ſevere to guilt, protect
The helpleſs innocent; be truth thy paſſion;
Spurn the baſe flatterer, and learn to feel
The beſt delight of ſerving human kind.

HAMET.

He dies, he dies, the agony is on him---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Life haraſs'd out, purſued with barb'rous art
Thro' ev'ry trembling joint now fails at once---
Zaphimri---oh! farewell---I ſhall not ſee
The glories of thy reign---my ſon---my Hamet---
Thou good young man, farewell---Mandane, yes,
My ſoul with pleaſure wings her flight, that thus
Faithfull in death I leave theſe cold remains
Near thy dear honour'd clay.

[*Dies.*

ZAPHIMRI.

And art thou dead,
Thou beſt of men? then muſt Zaphimri pine
In ever-during grief, ſince thou art loſt,
Since that firm patriot, whoſe parental care
Should raiſe, ſhould guide, ſhould animate my virtues,
Lies there a breathleſs corſe.

HAMET.

My liege, forbear;
Live for your people; madneſs and deſpair
Belong to woes like mine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Thy woes, indeed,
Are great, thou pious youth; yes I will live
To ſoften thy afflictions; to aſſuage
A nation's grief when ſuch a pair expires.
Come to my heart; in thee another Zamti
Shall bleſs the realm---now let me hence to hail
My people with the ſound of peace; that done,
To theſe a gratefull monument ſhall riſe,
With all ſepulchral honour; frequent there

We'll

We'll offer incence; there each weeping muſe
Shall grave the tributary verſe; with tears
Embalm their memories, and teach mankind
Howe'er oppreſſion ſtalk the groaning earth,
Yet Heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief,
Can blaſt the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the Orphan's guardian to the laſt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

THROUGH five long acts I've wore my ſighing face,
Confin'd by critic laws to time and place:
Releas'd at length, I ramble as I pleaſe;
Back to dear London whiſk o'er land and ſeas;
Ladies excuſe my dreſs; 'tis true Chineze.

And now, no huſband to torment my brain,
Eſcap'd from daggers, and from tragic ſtrain,
Let us enjoy our dear ſmall talk again.

How could this bard ſucceſsfull hope to prove;
So many heroes, and not one in love!
No ſuitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
To ſay the civil thing---"your eyes ſo kill"---
No raviſher, to force one---to one's will.
That Timurkan!---an odious, horrid brute!
Whom only wars, and blood and horror ſuit.
If in the guards he firſt had learn'd his trade,
Gam'd at the Tilt-yard, loung'd on the Parade;
At Play and Opera blaz'd an am'rous ſpark,
And ſhone the MACCARONI *of the Park;*
Had he march'd boldly to the Tow'r for fame,
And at St. James's felt the tender flame;
Think ye, for Zamti I had died a martyr?
The man, in that caſe, would have caught a TARTAR.

You've ſeen their Eaſtern virtues, patriot paſſions;
But now for ſomething of their taſte and faſhions.

" Oh! Lord! that's charming," cries my Lady Fidget,
" I long to know it; do the creatures viſit?
" Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us---well, how is it?"

Firſt as to beauty, ſet your hearts at reſt;
They've all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at beſt.
And then they lead ſuch ſtrange, ſuch formal lives;
A little more at home than Engliſh wives!
Leſt the poor things ſhould roam, and prove untrue,
They all are crippled in the tiny ſhoe.
A hopefull ſcheme to keep a wife from madding!
We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
Then they've no cards; no routs; ne'er take their fling;
And pin-money is an unheard of thing.
And how d'ye think they write?---you'll ne'er divine;
From top to bottom down in one ſtraight line.
We, ladies, when our flames we cannot ſmother,
Write letters---from one corner down to t'other.

One mode there is in which both climes agree;
I ſcarce can tell---'mongſt friends then let it be;
The creatures love to cheat as well as we.

But bleſs my wits! I've quite forgot the bard;
A civil ſoul!---by me he ſends this card.
" PRESENTS RESPECTS"---*to ev'ry lady here;*
" HOPES FOR THE HONOUR"---*of a ſingle tear.*
The critics then will throw their dirt in vain;
Tears from thoſe eyes will waſh out ev'ry ſtain;
Your tears true verdure to the laurel give;
The ſcene, that moves your hearts, deſerves to live;
All elſe is labour'd rant, and fuſtian rage;
Each drop, you fall, embalms the poet's page.

TO

TO

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

A LETTER to you from an Engliſh author may carry with it the appearance of correſponding with the enemy, not only as the two nations are at preſent involved in a difficult and important war, but alſo becauſe in many of your late writings you ſeem determined to live in a ſtate of hoſtility with the Britiſh nation. Whenever we come in your way, "we are ferocious; we are iſlanders; "we are the people whom your country has taught; we "fall behind other nations in point of taſte and elegance "of compoſition; the ſame cauſe that has witheld from "us a genius for painting and muſic, has alſo deprived us "of the true ſpirit of Tragedy; and, in ſhort, barbariſm "ſtill prevails among us."

Of theſe high-toned deciſions, as boldly hazarded, as they are feebly ſupported, it ſhall be my buſineſs to addreſs my ſentiments to you upon ſome future occaſion. The enquiry will lead to a wide field of diſcuſſion: relying upon the great name, eſtabliſhed by two or three writers of the laſt century, writers indeed of great value, and juſtly admired throughout Europe, you have aſſumed in favour of France, the prize of dramatic excellence: the claim is roundly aſſerted, and ſhould it hereafter appear to have no foundation in truth, you are ſure at leaſt of proving yourſelf a good citizen, though not the beſt of critics *. The national vanity, which has given riſe to many reflections upon the theatric genius of the Engliſh nation, may be excuſable; but the fallacy, with which a great deal of miſrepreſentation has been artfully coloured, to aſſiſt your favourite hypotheſis, deſerves to be minutely examined. The intereſts of the drama and the cauſe of truth ſeem to require it. For the purpoſe of the preſent letter it will be ſufficient to ſay, notwithſtanding the vein of prejudice, which has diſcoloured moſt of your *fugitive* pieces, that there ſtill breathes throughout your writings ſuch a general

* Dum patriam laudat, damnat dum poggius hoſtam,
Nec malus eſt civis, nec bonus hiſtoricus.

ſpirit of humanity and zeal for the honour of the Republic of Letters, that I am inclined to imagine the author of the Engliſh Orphan of China (an obſcure iſlander) may ſtill addreſs you upon terms of amity and literary benevolence.

I have attempted a Tragedy upon a ſubject that has exerciſed your excellent talents: I have dared to try my ſtrength in the Bow of ULYSSES; I hold myſelf therefore, in ſome ſort accountable to M. De VOLTAIRE for the departure I have made from his plan, and the ſubſtitution of a new fable of my own.

My firſt propenſity to this ſtory was occaſioned by the remarks of an admirable critic * of our own, upon the ORPHAN OF THE HOUSE OF CHAU, preſerved to us by the induſtrious and ſenſible P. DU HALDE.

The Chineze piece, as our learned commentator obſerves, amidſt great wildneſs and irregularity, has ſome traces of reſemblance to the beautiful models of antiquity. In my reflections upon it, I imagined I ſaw a blemiſh in the manner of ſaving the Orphan, by the tame reſignation of another infant in his place; eſpecially when the ſubject afforded a fair opportunity to delineate the ſtrugglings of a parent, on ſo trying an occaſion. It therefore occurred to me, that if a fable could be framed, in which the Father and the two Young Men might be interwoven with probability and perſpicuity, without being embarraſſed with all the perplexities of a riddle, as, you know, is the caſe of the HERACLIUS of CORNEILLE, many ſituations might ariſe, in which ſome of the neareſt affections of the heart might be awakened: but even then I was too conſcious that this muſt be executed in its full force, by a genius very different from myſelf.

In this ſtate of mind, ſir, I heard with pleaſure that M. De VOLTAIRE had produced at Paris his L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE: I ardently longed for a peruſal of the piece, expecting that ſuch a writer would certainly ſeize all the ſtriking incidents which might naturally grow out of ſo pregnant a ſtory, and that he would leave no ſource of paſſion unopened. I was in ſome ſort, but not wholly diſappointed: I ſaw M. De VOLTAIRE ruſhing into the midſt of things at once; opening his ſubject in an alarming manner; and, after the narrative relating to GENGISKAN is over, working up his firſt act like a poet indeed.

* Mr. Hurd, in his Commentary upon Horace.

Meum

Meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Ut Magus.

In the beginning of the second act, he again touches our affections with a master-hand; but, like a rower who has put forth all his strength, and suddenly slackens his exertion, I saw, or imagined I saw, him give way all at once: the great tumult of the passions is over; the interest wears away; Gengiskan talks politics; the tenderness of a mother, flying with all the strong impulses of nature to the relief of her child, is thrown into cold unimpassioned narrative; the *role pour l'amoureux* must have its place, and the rough conqueror of a whole people becomes *Le Chevalier* Gengiskan, as errant a lover as ever sighed in the Thuilleries at Paris. Your own words, sir, strongly expressive of that manly and sensible taste, which distinguishes you throughout Europe, occurred to me upon this occasion: "Quelle place pour la galanterie que le parricide & l'inceste, qui désolent une famille, & la contagion qui ravage un pais? Et quel exemple plus frapant du ridicule de notre theatre, & du pouvoir de l'habitude, que Corneille d'un côté, qui fait dire à Théfée.----

"Quelque ravage affreux qu'étale ici la Peste;
"L'absence aux vrais amans est encore plus funeste.

"Et moi, qui, soixante ans apres lui, viens faire parler une vielle Jocaste d'un viel amour: & tout cela pour complaire au goût le plus fade & le plus faux qui ait jamais corrompu la literature." Indeed, sir, Gengiskan, in the very moment of overwhelming a whole nation, usurping a crown, and massacring the royal family, except one infant, whom he is in quest of, appeared to me exactly like the amorous Theseus in the midst of a destructive plague. "Nunc non erat his locus."----How would that noble performance, that *Chef d'œuvre* of your country, the Athalie of Racine, have been defaced by the gallantry of an intrigue, if a tyrant had been introduced under the soft and gentle influence of a tender passion for the wife of the high-priest? or if Joad, entertaining a secret affection for Athalie, and being asked what orders he would give relating to the delivery of his country, should answer, "aucune," none at all.----And yet this is the language of a northern conqueror, whining for a Mandarine's wife, who had no power of resisting, and having no relation to the royal family, could not, by an intermarriage, strengthen his interest in the crown. But to you, who have told us

that

that Love ſhould reign a very tyrant in Tragedy, or not appear there at all, being unfit for the ſecond place; to you, who have ſaid that NERO ſhould not hide himſelf behind a tapeſtry to overhear the converſation of his miſtreſs and his rival; to you, ſir, what need I urge theſe remarks?---To fill up the long career of a tragedy with this epiſodic love muſt certainly have been the motive that led you into this error: an error I take the liberty to call it, becauſe I have obſerved it to be the hackneyed and ineffectual ſtratagem of many modern writers as well in England as in France. Within the compaſs of my reading, there is hardly a bad man in any play, but he is in love with ſome very good woman: the ſcenes that paſs between them, I have always remarked, are found dull and unawakening by the audience, even though adorned with all the graces of compoſition ſuch as yours, of which it is but juſtice to ſay, that it beſtows embelliſhments upon every ſubject.

For me, ſir, who only draw in crayons, who have no reſource to thoſe laſting colours of imagination with which you ſet off every thing; a writer ſuch as I am, ſir, could not preſume to ſupport that duplicity of paſſion which runs through your piece. I could not pretend, by the powers of ſtyle, to ſuborn an audience in favour of thoſe ſecondary paſſages, from which their attention naturally revolts. A plainer and more ſimple method lay before me. I was obliged to keep the main object as much as poſſible before the eye; and therefore it was that I took a ſurvey of my ſubject, in order to catch at every thing that ſeemed to me to reſult with order and propriety from it. A ſcantineſs of intereſting buſineſs ſeemed to me a primary defect in the conſtruction of the French ORPHAN OF CHINA, and that defect I imagined had its ſource in the early date of your play. By beginning "gemino ab ovo," by making the Orphan and the Mandarine's ſon children in their cradles, it appeared to me that you had ſtripped yourſelf of two characters, which might be produced in an amiable light, ſo as to engage the affections of their auditors, not only for themſelves, but conſequentially for thoſe alſo to whom they ſtand in any degree of relation. From this conduct I propoſed a further advantage, that of effacing the very obvious reſemblance to the ANDROMACHE, which now ſtrikes every body in your plan. This laſt remark I do not urge againſt accidental and diſtant coincidencies of ſentiment, diction, or fable. Many of the Greek plays, we know, had a family-

likeneſs,

likeneſs, ſuch as an Œdipus, an Electra, an Iphigenia in Tauris, in Aulis, a Merope, &c. But what is a beauty in Racine, ſeems in his great ſucceſſor to be a blemiſh. In the former, nothing depends on the life of Astyanax but what was very natural, the happineſs of the mother: in the latter, the fate of a kingdom is grafted upon the fortunes of an infant; and I aſk your own feelings, (for no body knows the human heart better) whether an audience is likely to take any conſiderable intereſt in the deſtiny of a babe, who, when your Zamti has ſaved him, cannot produce any change, any revolution in the affairs of China? No, ſir; the conquered remain in the ſame abject ſtate of vaſſalage, and the preſervation of the infant king becomes therefore almoſt unintereſting, certainly unimportant: whereas when the Orphan is grown up to maturity, when he is a moral agent in the piece, when he has a plan for revenging himſelf on the deſtroyers of his family, it then becomes a more preſſing motive in the Mandarine's mind; nay, it is almoſt his duty, in ſuch a caſe, to ſacrifice even his own offspring for the good of his country. In your ſtory, ſir, give me leave to ſay, I do not ſee what end can be anſwered by Zamti's loyalty: his proſpect of any real ſervice to his country is ſo diſtant, that it becomes almoſt chimerical. For this reaſon, and becauſe hiſtory warrants an expulſion of the Tartars; becauſe it was not upon the firſt inroad, but in proceſs of time and experience, that they learned to incorporate themſelves with the conquered, by adopting their laws and cuſtoms, I had recourſe to my own preconceived notions. Whether I was partially attached to them, or whether my reaſonings upon your fable were juſt, you, ſir, and the public, will determine.

You will perceive, ſir, in the Engliſh Orphan a few occaſional inſertions of ſentiment from your elegant performance. To uſe the expreſſion of Mr. Dryden, when he talks of Ben Johnson's imitation of the ancients, you *will often track me in your ſnow*. For this I ſhall make no apology, either to the public or to you: none to the public, becauſe they have applauded ſome ſtrokes for which I am indebted to you; and none certainly to you, becauſe you are well aware I have in this inſtance followed the example of many admired writers; Boileau, Corneille, and Racine, in France; and in England, Milton, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope. It was finely ſaid by you, (I have read the ſtory, and take it upon truſt) when it was objected

to

to the celebrated METASTASIO, as a reproach, that he had frequent transfuſions of thought from your writings, "Ah! le cher voleur! il m'a bien embelli." This talent of embelliſhing I do not pretend to; to avail myſelf of my reading, and to improve my own productions, is all I can pretend to; and this I flatter myſelf I have done, not only by tranſplanting from you, but alſo from many of the writers of antiquity. If the authorities I have above mentioned were not ſufficient, I could add another very bright example, the example of M. De VOLTAIRE, whom I have often tracked, to uſe the ſame expreſſion again, in the *ſnow of Shakeſpear*. The ſnow of SHAKESPEAR is but a cold expreſſion; but perhaps it will be more agreeable to you, than a word of greater energy, ſtrong enough to convey a full idea of the aſtoniſhing powers of that great man; for we iſlanders have remarked of late, that M. De VOLTAIRE has a particular ſatisfaction in deſcanting on the faults of that wonderfull genius, the greateſt perhaps, that ever exiſted ſince the æra of HOMER. In this treatment of SHAKESPEAR, we obſerve, ſir, a ſpecies of ingratitude; for in many of your plays we perceive you under obligations to that SAVAGE, as you are pleaſed to call him, for ſome of the ſtriking beauties both of your fable and the ſentiment. Of what is here advanced, it is not now the time to give the particular inſtances. The number of thoſe inſtances is, however, very conſiderable; inſomuch, that an ingenious and excellent perſon tells me, whenever you ſpeak, in your *avant propos*, in terms degrading of the great Engliſh bard, he always deems it a ſure prognoſtic that your play is the better for him.

If the great ſcenes of SHAKESPEAR, ſir; if his boundleſs view of all nature, the lawn, the wilderneſs, the blaſted heath, mountains, and craggy rocks, with thunder and lightning on their brows; if theſe cannot ſtrike the imagination of Mr. De VOLTAIRE, how can I expect that the ſtudied regularity of my little ſhrubbery ſhould afford him any kind of pleaſure? To drop the metaphor, if the following tragedy does not appear to you a MONSTROUS FARCE, it is all I can reaſonably expect. But whatever may be your opinion of it, I muſt beg that you will not make it the criterion by which you would decide concerning the taſte of the Engliſh nation, or the preſent ſtate of literature among us. What you have humbly ſaid of yourſelf, in order to do honour to your nation, I can aſſert with truth

truth of the author of the Engliſh ORPHAN, that he is one of the worſt poets now in this country. It is true, indeed, that the play has been received with uncommon applauſe; that ſo elegant a writer as the author of CREUSA and THE ROMAN FATHER was my critic and my friend; and that a great deal of very particular honour has been done me by many perſons of the firſt diſtinction. But, give me leave to ſay, they all know the faults of the piece as well as if it had been diſcuſſed by the academy of *Belles Lettres*. We are a generous nation, ſir; and even the fainteſt approaches to merit, always meet here the warmeſt encouragement. Permit me further to aſſure you, in caſe you ſhould diſcover any traces of barbariſm in the ſtyle or fable, that if you had been preſent at the repreſentation, you would have ſeen a theatrical ſplendor conducted with a *bienſeance* unknown to the *ſcene Francoiſe*. The performers of ZAPHIMRI and HAMET, by their intereſting manner, would have made you regret that you had not enriched your piece with two characters, to which a colouriſt, like you, would have given the moſt beautiful touches of the pencil, had the idea ſtruck your fancy; and, though a weak ſtate of health deprived the play of ſo fine an actreſs as Mrs. CIBBER, you would have beheld in MANDANE a figure that would adorn any ſtage in Europe, and you would have acknowledged that her Acting promiſes to equal the elegance of her perſon: moreover, you would have ſeen a ZAMTI, whoſe exquiſite powers are capable of adding Pathos and Harmony even to our great SHAKESPEAR; and let me add, ſir, that the genius of this performer has been in MAHOMET, in MEROPE, and ZARA, the chief ſupport of your own ſcenes upon the Engliſh ſtage.

Upon the whole, I beg you will not imagine that I have written this Tragedy in the fond hope of eclipſing ſo celebrated a writer as M. De VOLTAIRE: I had an humbler motive; *propter amorem quod te imitari aveo*. Could I do that in any diſtant degree, it would very amply gratify the ambition of,

Sir, your real admirer,

and moſt humble ſervant,

London, April 30, 1759.

The AUTHOR of
The ORPHAN of CHINA.

ZENOBIA:

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

---------- ut atrum
Corpore combiberet Venenum;
Deliberatâ morte ferocior.

HOR.

ZENOBIA;

A

TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

OF old,---when Greece in a declining age
Of lawleſs pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,
This was the tyrant's art:---He gave a prize
To him, who a new pleaſure ſhould deviſe.
Ye tyrants of the Pit, whoſe cold diſdain
Rejects and nauſeates the repeated ſtrain;
Who call for rarities to quicken ſenſe,
Say, do you always the reward diſpenſe?
Ye bards, to whom French wit gives kind relief,
Are ye not oft the firſt---to cry STOP THIEF!
Say, to a brother do you e're allow
One little ſprig, one leaf to deck his brow?
No; fierce invective ſtuns the play-wright's ears,
Wits, Poets corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers?
'Tis ſaid, the Tartar, e're he pierce the heart,
Inſcribes his name upon his poiſon'd dart.
That ſcheme's rejected by each ſcribbling ſpark;
Our Chriſtian ſyſtem---ſtabs you in the dark.
And yet the deſp'rate author of to-night
Dares on the muſes wing another flight;
Once more, a dupe to Fame, forſakes his eaſe,
And feels th' ambition here again to pleaſe.
He brings a tale from a far diſtant age,
Ennobled by the grave hiſtoric page! *
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each poliſh'd ſtate;
The brighteſt eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,
And ſung a dirge to her lamented ſhade.
Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.

* Tacitus Ann. Lib. 12. Sect. 44, to the end of 51.

NOT

NOT *to tranſlate our bard his pen doth dip;*
He takes a play, as Britons take a ſhip;
They heave her down;---with many a ſturdy ſtroke,
Repair her well, and build with heart of oak.
To ev'ry breeze ſet Britain's ſtreamers free,
NEW-MAN *her, and away again to ſea.*
This is our author's aim;---and if his art
Waken to ſentiment the feeling heart;
If in his ſcenes alternate paſſion burn,
And friendſhip, love, guilt, virtue take their turn;
If innocence oppreſs'd lie bleeding here,
You'll give---'tis all he aſks---one VIRTUOUS TEAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PHARASMANES,	Mr. AICKIN.
RHADAMISTUS,	Mr. BARRY.
TERIBAZUS,	Mr. HOLLAND.
ZOPIRON,	Mr. PACKER.
TIGRANES,	Mr. HURST.
MEGISTUS,	Mr. HAVARD.
ZENOBIA,	Mrs. BARRY.
ZELMIRA,	Mrs. W. BARRY.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharaſmanes' Camp, on the Banks of the Araxes.

ZENOBIA.

ACT the FIRST.

ZELMIRA.

THRO' the wide camp 'tis awful ſolitude!
On ev'ry tent, which at the morning's dawn
Rung with the din of arms, deep ſilence ſits
Adding new terrors to the dreadful ſcene!
My heart dies in me!---hark!---with hideous roar
The turbulent Araxes foams along,
And rolls his torrent thro' yon depth of woods!
'Tis terrible to hear!---who's there?---Zopiron!
My lord, my huſband, help me, lend your aid.

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

Why didſt thou leave thy tent?---why thus afflict
Thy anxious breaſt?---ere yonder ſun ſhall viſit
The weſtern ſky, all will be huſh'd to peace.

ZELMIRA.

The interval is horrid; big with woe,
With conſternation, peril and diſmay!
And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations
Suſpended hangs upon the doubtful ſword,
If here the trembling heart thus ſhrink with horror,
Here in theſe tents, in this unpeopled camp,
Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death

Where

Where numbers ſoon in purple heaps ſhall bleed,
What feelings there muſt throb in ev'ry breaſt?
How long, ambition, wilt thou ſtalk the earth
And thus lay waſte mankind!----

ZOPIRON.

This day at length
The warlike king, victorious Pharaſmanes
Cloſes the ſcene of war. The Roman bands
But ill can cope with the embattled numbers
Aſia pours forth, a firm undaunted hoſt!
A nation under arms! and every boſom
To deeds of glory fir'd!---Iberia then----

ZELMIRA.

Periſh Iberia! may the ſons of Rome
Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,
That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,
May ſee his vaſſals over-whelm'd in ruin,
May from yon field be led in ſullen chains,
To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,
And from th' aſſembled ſenate humbly learn
The dictates of humanity and juſtice!

ZOPIRON.

Thy generous zeal, thy ev'ry ſentiment
Charms my delighted ſoul. But thou be cautious,
And check the riſing ardor that inflames thee.
The tyrant ſpares nor ſex, nor innocence.

ZELMIRA.

Indignant of controul, he ſpurns each law,
Each holy ſanction, that reſtrains the nations,
And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

This is the tyger's den; with human gore
For ever floats the pavement; with the ſhrieks
Of matrons weeping o'er their ſlaughter'd ſons,
The cries of virgins to the brutal arms
Of violation dragg'd, with ceaſeleſs groans
Of varied miſery for ever rings
The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

ZELMIRA.

To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,
Th' afflicted Ariana---ſhe---for her,
For that fair excellence my boſom bleeds!
She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,
When next the glowing hour of riot comes,
Shall fall a victim to his baſe deſires.

ZOPIRON.

The bounteous gods may ſuccour virtue ſtill!
In this day's battle, which perhaps e're now
The charging hoſts have join'd, ſhould Roman valour
Prevail o'er Aſia's numbers---

ZELMIRA.

That event
Is all our hope.---And lo! on yonder rampart
Trembling with wild anxiety ſhe ſtands,
Invokes each god, and bids her ſtraining eye
Explore the diſtant field.

ZOPIRON.

Yes, there ſhe's fix'd
A ſtatue of deſpair!---That tender boſom
Heaves with no common grief: I've mark'd her oft,
And if I read aright, ſome mighty cauſe
Of hoarded anguiſh, ſome peculiar woe

Preys on her mind unſeen!---But, ha! behold,
She faints;---her fears too pow'rful for her fame
Sink that frail beauty drooping to the earth.
[*Exit haſtily.*

ZELMIRA.

Haſte, fly, Zopiron, fly with inſtant ſuccour;
Aſſuage the ſorrows of that gentle ſpirit!
Her flutt'ring ſenſe returns;---and now this way
The virgins lead her.---May the avenging gods!
In pity of the woes ſuch virtue feels,
In pity of the wrongs a world endures,
With pow'r reſiſtleſs arm the Roman legions,
That they may hurl in one collected blow
Aſſur'd deſtruction on the tyrant's head!

Enter ZENOBIA, *leaning on two attendants.*

ZENOBIA.

A little onward, ſtill a little onward
Support my ſteps---

ZELMIRA.

How fares it, madam, now?

ZENOBIA.

My ſtrength returns; I thank ye, gen'rous maids,
And would I could requite you: fruitleſs thanks
Are all a wretch can give.

Firſt attendant.

The gentle office
Of mild benevolence our nature prompts;
Your merit too commands: on Ariana
We tend with willing, with delighted care,
And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Your cares for me denote a heart that feels
For others woes. Methinks with ſtrength renew'd
I could adventure forth again.

Second attendant.

'Twere beſt
Repoſe your wearied ſpirits. We will ſeek
Yon riſing ground, and bring the ſwifteſt tidings
Of all the mingled tumult.

ZENOBIA.

Go, my virgins;
Watch well each movement of the marſhall'd field;
Each turn of fortune; let me know it all;
Each varying circumſtance.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZELMIRA.

And will you thus,
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus
A willing prey to viſionary ills,
The ſelf-conſuming votariſt of care?

ZENOBIA.

Alas! I'm doom'd to weep; the wrath of heav'n
With inexhauſted vengeance follows ſtill,
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

ZELMIRA.

Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharaſmanes,
With all a lover's fondneſs---

ZENOBIA.

Name him not!
Name not a monſter horrible with blood,
The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears!

ZELMIRA.

Yet ſavage as he is, at ſight of thee
Each fiercer paſſion ſoftens into love.
To you he bends; the monarch of the eaſt
Dejected droops beneath your cold diſdain,
And all the tyranny of female pride.

ZENOBIA.

That pride is virtue; virtue that abhors
The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder!
Oh! Mithridates! ever honour'd ſhade!
Peaceful he reign'd, diſpenſing good around him,
In the mild eye of honourable days!
Thro' all her peopled realm Armenia felt
His equal ſway; the ſunſet of his pow'r
With fainter beams, but undiminiſh'd glory,
Still ſhone ſerene, while ev'ry conſcious ſubject
With tears of praiſe beheld his calm decline,
And bleſs'd the parting ray! yet then, Zelmira,
Oh! fact accurs'd! yes Pharaſmanes then,
Deteſted perfidy! nor ties of blood,
Nor ſacred laws, nor the juſt gods reſtrain him;
In the dead midnight hour the fell aſſaſſin
Ruſh'd on the ſlumber of the virtuous man;
His life blood guſh'd; the venerable king
Wak'd, ſaw a brother arm'd againſt his life,
Forgave him and expir'd!

ZELMIRA.

Yet wherefore open
Afreſh the wounds, which time long ſince hath clos'd?
This day confirms his ſcepter in his hand.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Confirms his ſceptre!---his!---indignant gods,
Will no red vengeance from your ſtores of wrath
Burſt down to cruſh the tyrant in his guilt?
His ſceptre, ſaidſt thou? urge that word no more;
The ſceptre of his ſon! the ſolemn right
Of Rhadamiſtus! Mithridates' choice,
That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,
Approv'd him lineal heir; conſenting nobles,
The public will, the ſanction of the laws,
All ratified his claim; yet curs'd ambition,
Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,
Nor ſatisfied to fill Iberia's throne,
Made war, unnatural war, againſt a ſon,
Uſurp'd his crown, and with remorſeleſs rage
Purſued his life.

ZELMIRA.

Can Ariana plead
For ſuch a ſon? means ſhe to varniſh o'er
The guilt of Rhadamiſtus?

ZENOBIA.

Guilt, Zelmira!

ZELMIRA.

Guilt that ſhoots horror thro' my aching heart!
Poor loſt Zenobia!

ZENOBIA.

And do her misfortunes
Awaken tender pity in your breaſt?

ZELMIRA.

Ill-fated princeſs! in her vernal bloom

By

By a falſe huſband murder'd! from the ſtem
A Roſe-bud torn, and in ſome deſert cave
Thrown by to moulder into ſilent duſt!

ZENOBIA.

You knew not Rhadamiſtus! Pharaſmanes
Knew not the early virtues of his ſon.
As yet an infant, in his tend'reſt years
His father ſent him to Armenia's court,
That Mithridates' care might form his mind
To arts, to wiſdom, and to manners worthy
Armenia's ſceptre, and Zenobia's love.
The world delighted ſaw each dawning virtue,
Each nameleſs grace to full perfection riſing!
Oh! he was all the fondeſt maid could wiſh,
All truth, all honour, tenderneſs and love!
Yet from his empire thrown! with mercileſs fury
His father following, ſlaughter raging round,
What could the hero in that dire extreme?

ZELMIRA.

Thoſe ſtrong impaſſion'd looks! ſome fatal ſecret
Works in her heart, and melts her into tears. [*Aſide.*

ZENOBIA.

Driv'n to the margin of Araxes' flood,
No means of flight, aghaſt he look'd around:
Wild throbb'd his boſom with conflicting paſſions,
And muſt I then? tears guſh'd and choak'd his voice,
And muſt I leave thee then Zenobia? muſt
Thy beauteous form---he paus'd, then aim'd a poniard
At his great heart---but oh! I ruſh'd upon him,
And with theſe arms cloſe-wreathing round his neck,
With all the vehemence of pray'rs and ſhrieks,
Implor'd the only boon he then could grant
To periſh with him in a fond embrace.

The

The foe drew near; time preſs'd, no way was left;
He claſp'd me to his heart; together both,
Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once,
And fought a requiem in the roaring flood.

ZELMIRA.

This wondrous tale, this ſudden burſt of paſſion,

ZENOBIA.

Ha!---whither has my frenzy led me?---hark!
That ſound of triumph! loſt, for ever loſt!
Ruin'd Armenia! oh! devoted race!
A flouriſh of trumpets.

Enter TIGRANES, Soldiers, *and ſome* Priſoners.

ZENOBIA.

Thy looks, Tigranes, indicate thy purpoſe!
The armies met, and Pharaſmanes conquer'd;
Is it not ſo?

TIGRANES.

As yet with pent up fury
The ſoldier pants to let deſtruction looſe.
With eager ſpeed we urg'd our rapid march,
To where the Romans tented in the vale
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.
At our approach their ſcanty numbers form'd
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

ZENOBIA.

And wherefore, when thy ſword demands its ſhare
Of havock in that ſcene of blood and horror,
Wherefore return'ſt thou to this lonely camp?

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With cautious eye as I explor'd the foreſt,
Which riſes thick near yonder ridge of mountains,
And ſtretches o'er th' interminable plain,
I ſaw theſe captives in the gloomy wood
Seeking with ſilent march the Roman legions.
Here in this camp 'tis Pharaſmanes' will
They wait their death in miſery of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Unhappy men! and muſt they---ha!---that face,
That aged mien! that venerable form!
Immortal pow'rs!---is it my more than father?
Is that Megiſtus?

MEGISTUS.

Ariana here!
Gods! could I ever hope to ſee her more?
Thou virtuous maid! thou darling of my age!

ZENOBIA.

It is---it is Megiſtus!---once again
Thus let me fall and claſp his rev'rend knee,
Print the warm kiſs of gratitude and love
Upon his trembling hand, and pour the tears,
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.

MEGISTUS.

Riſe, Ariana, riſe: allmighty gods!
The tide of joy and tranſport pours too faſt
Along theſe wither'd veins: it is too much
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief
And palſied age, it is too much to bear!
Oh! Ariana, daughter of affliction,
Have I then found thee? do I thus behold thee!
Now I can die content!

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Thou beſt of men!
Theſe joys our tears and looks can only ſpeak,

MEGISTUS.

Yet they are cruel joys: myſterious Heav'n!
You bid the ſtorm o'ercaſt our darkſome ways;
You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;
Then comes a breath from you, and all is vaniſh'd!

ZENOBIA.

Wherefore dejected thus?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! to meet thee
But for a moment, and then part for ever!
To add to thy afflictions, wound that boſom
Where mild affection, where each virtue dwells,
Juſt to behold thee, and then cloſe my eyes
In endleſs night, while you ſurvey my pangs
In the approaching agony of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Talk not of agony; 'tis rapture all!
And who has pow'r to tear thee from my heart?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! the charge of vile imputed guilt---

ZENOBIA.

I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind,
Thy ſenſe of noble deeds---imputed guilt!
Oh! none will dare---haſt thou Tigranes?---what,

What is his crime?---bluſh, foul traducer, bluſh!
Oh! *(to Megiſtus)* the wide world muſt own thy ev'ry virtue.

TIGRANES.

If in the conſcious foreſt I beheld
Their dark complottings---

ZENOBIA.

Peace, vile ſland'rer, peace!
Thou know'ſt who captivates a monarch's heart.
'Tis I protect him; Ariana does it!
Thou, venerable man! in my pavillion
I'll lodge thee ſafe from danger. Oh! this joy,
This beſt ſupreme delight the gods have ſent,
In pity for whole years of countleſs woe.
[*Exit with* Megiſtus.

ZELMIRA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With what wild fury her conflicting paſſions
Riſe to a ſtorm, a tempeſt of the ſoul!
I know the latent cauſe: her heart revolts,
And leagues in ſecret with the Roman arms.

ZELMIRA.

Beware Tigranes; that exceſs of joy,
Thoſe quick, thoſe varied paſſions ſtrongly ſpeak
The ſtranger has an int'reſt in her heart.
Beſides, thou know'ſt o'er Pharaſmanes' will
She holds ſupreme dominion.

TIGRANES.

True, ſhe rules him
With boundleſs ſway.

ZEL-

ZELMIRA.

Nay, more to wake thy fears,
The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus
In ſecret ſighs, and feels the ray of beauty
Through ev'ry ſenſe ſoft-thrilling to his heart.
He too becomes thy foe.

TIGRANES.

Unguarded man!
Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,
As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,
And lets each paſſion ſtand confeſs'd to view;
Such too is Ariana; bold and open
She kindly gives inſtructions to her foe,
To marr her beſt deſigns.

ZELMIRA.

Her foe, Tigranes!
That lovely form inſhrines the gentleſt virtues,
Softeſt compaſſion, unaffected wiſdom,
To outward beauty lending higher charms
Adorning and adorn'd! the gen'rous prince,
He too, full well thou know'ſt him---he unites
In the heroic mould of manly firmneſs,
Each mild attractive art---oh! ſurely none
Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

TIGRANES.

None ſhould Zelmira! ha! thoſe warlike notes!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Each weary ſoldier reſt upon his arms,
And wait the King's return. Zelmira ſay,

In theſe dark moments of impending horror,
How fares thy beauteous friend? her tender ſpirit
But ill ſupports the fierce alarms of war.

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Where is he? let me fly! oh! Pharaſmanes,---
Methought thoſe ſounds beſpoke the King's approach.
Oh! Teribazus, tell me, have the fates---
This horrible ſuſpenſe.

TERIBAZUS.

I came, bright maid,
To huſh the wild emotions of thy heart.
Devouring ſlaughter for a while ſuſpends
His ruthleſs rage; as either hoſt advanc'd
In dread array, and from the burniſh'd arms
Of Aſia's ranks redoubled ſunbeams play'd,
Burning with bright diverſities of day,
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp
With proferr'd terms: my father deign'd for once
To yield to mild perſuaſion: in his tent
Th' ambaſſador of Rome will ſoon attend him
To ſheathe the ſword, and give the nations peace.

ZENOBIA.

But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir!
The wretched heir of miſery! but now
A more than father found,---yet cruel men
Would tear him from me---gen'rous, gen'rous prince,
Spare an old man, whoſe head is white with age,
Nor let 'em wound me with the ſharpeſt pang
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Ariſe my fair; let not a ſtorm of grief

Thus

Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;
Soon ſhall they all revive---

ZENOBIA.

They brought him fetter'd,
Bound like a murderer!---Tigranes,---he,
This is the author of the horrid charge:
He threatens inſtant death: but oh! protect,
Protect an innocent, a good old man,
Or ſtretch me with him on the mournful bier.

TERIBAZUS.

By Heav'n, whoe'er he is, ſince dear to you,
He ſhall not ſuffer. Quick, direct me to him;
My guards ſhall ſafe incloſe him.

ZENOBIA.

In my pavillion
He waits his doom.

TERIBAZUS.

Myſelf will bear the tidings
Of life, of joy, and liberty reſtor'd.
And thou artificer of ill, thou falſe,
Thou vile defamer! leave thy treach'rous arts,
Nor dare accuſe whom Ariana loves.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZENOBIA.

Zelmira, this is happineſs ſupreme!
Oh! to have met with unexampl'd goodneſs
To owe my all, my very life itſelf,
To an unknown but hoſpitable hand,
And thus enabled by the bounteous gods,
To pay the vaſt, vaſt debt! 'tis ecſtacy

That

That ſwells above all bounds, till the fond heart
Ache with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

ZELMIRA.

What muſt Zelmira think? at firſt your tongue
Grew laviſh in the praiſe of Rhadamiſtus,
With hints obſcure touching your high deſcent;
And now this hoary ſage---is he your father?
My mind is loſt in wonder and in doubt.

ZENOBIA.

Then to diſpel thy doubts, and tell at once
What deep reſerve has hid within my heart,
I am Zenobia! I that ill-ſtarr'd wretch!
The daughter of a ſcepter'd anceſtry,
And now the ſlave of Mithridates' brother!

ZELMIRA.

Long loſt Zenobia, and reſtor'd at length!
I am your ſubject; oh! my queen! my ſov'reign!

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous friend! riſe, my Zelmira, riſe.
That good old man!---oh! it was he beheld me
Borne far away from Rhadamiſtus' arms,
Juſt periſhing, juſt loſt!---
He daſh'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,
And brought me back to life. My op'ning eyes
Juſt ſaw the light, and clos'd again to ſhun it.
Each vital pow'r was ſunk, but he, well ſkill'd
In potent herbs, recall'd my flutt'ring ſoul.

ZELMIRA.

May the propitious gods reward his care.

ZENOBIA.

With me he ſav'd a dear, a precious boy,
Then in the womb conceal'd; he ſav'd my child
To trace his father's lov'd reſemblance to me,
The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

ZELMIRA.

Oh! bleſſings on him, bleſſings on his head!

ZENOBIA.

Reſign'd and patient I ſince dwelt with him,
Far in the mazes of a winding wood,
Midſt hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.
But oh! the fond idea of my lord
Purſued me ſtill, or in the cavern'd rock,
The mountain's brow, and pendent foreſt's gloom.
The ſun look'd joyleſs down; each lonely night
Heard my griefs ecchoing thro' the woodland ſhade.
My infant Rhadamiſtus!---he is loſt,
He too is wreſted from me!---'midſt the rage
And the wide waſte of war, the hell-hound troops
Of Pharaſmanes ſought my lone retreat,
And from the violated ſhades, from all
My ſoul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,
And never ſhall the wretched mother ſee
Her child again!

ZELMIRA.

Heav'n may reſtore him ſtill;
May ſtill reſtore your royal huſband too.
Who knows but ſome protecting god---

ZENOBIA.

No god,
No guardian pow'r was preſent. He is loſt!
Oh! Rhadamiſtus!---oh! my honour'd lord!

No

No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;
The rolling flood devour'd thee! thou haſt found
A watry grave, and the laſt diſmal accents
That trembled on thy tongue, came bubbling up,
And murmur'd loſt Zenobia!

ZELMIRA.

Yet be calm.
The gods may bring redreſs: even now they give
To miſery like thine, the heartfelt joy
Of ſhielding injur'd virtue.

ZENOBIA.

Yes, Zelmira,
That pure delight is mine, a ray from Heav'n
That bids affliction ſmile---All gracious pow'rs!
Make me your agent here to ſave Megiſtus,
I'll bear the load of life, bear all its ills
Till you ſhall bid this ſad world-weary ſpirit
To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,
And ſeek my lord in the dark realms of night;
Seek his dear ſhade in ev'ry penſive grove,
And bear him all my conſtancy and love.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

TIGRANES.

A Falſe accuſer deem'd! artificer of fraud!
Thoſe words intemp'rate boy; thy phrenzy too,
Deluded fair! ſhall coſt you dear atonement.
[*Grand warlike muſic.*

A Military Proceſſion: Enter PHARASMANES, *&c.*.

PHARASMANES.

At length the fame of Pharaſmanes' arms
Hath aw'd the nations round: Rome ſhrinks aghaſt
With pale diſmay, recalls her trembling legions,
And deprecates the war. Oh! what a ſcene
Of glorious havoc had yon field beheld,
If peaceful counſels had not check'd my fury!
Valiant Tigranes, thoſe rebellious ſlaves,
Thy care detected, have they ſuffer'd death?

TIGRANES.

Your pardon, Sir: I would not utter aught
Should injure Teribazus.

PHARASMANES.

Ha!---proceed,
And give me all the truth.

TIGRANES.

By his command---
His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour,
To urge their ſentence.

PHARASMANES.

Vain aſpiring boy !
Tell Teribazus, [*Enter* ZENOBIA]
---tell th' unthinking prince,
Theſe practices of popular demeanour,
Are treaſon to his father : let him know
Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm
My will is fate : the ſlaves ſhall meet their doom.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! mighty King,---thus bending lowly down,
An humble ſuppliant---

PHARASMANES.

Ariana here !
Thou beauteous mourner, let no care moleſt
Thy tender boſom ; riſe and bid thy charms
Beam forth thy gentleſt luſtre, to adorn
The glories of my triumph.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! a wretch like me
It beſt befits thus groveling on the earth
To bathe your feet with tears.

PHARASMANES.

It muſt not be : [*He raiſes her.*
By Heav'n renown in arms in vain attends me,
If the lov'd graces of thy matchleſs form
Are thus depreſs'd and languiſh in affliction,
Like flow'rs that droop and hang their pining heads
Beneath the rigour of relentleſs ſkies.

ZENOBIA.

If thou would'ſt raiſe me from the depths of woe,
For-

Forgive thoſe captives, whom thy fatal anger
Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-tim'd reſentment
Fall on the prince your ſon. 'Twas I---my tears,
My piercing lamentations won his heart
To arreſt their doom.

PHARASMANES.

For traitors to my crown
Does Ariana plead?

ZENOBIA.

For mild humanity
My ſuppliant voice is rais'd. I point the means
To add new glory to your fame in arms.
In nought ſo near can men approach the gods
As the dear act of giving life to others.
In feats of war the glory is divided,
To all imparted, to each common man,
And fortune too ſhall vindicate her ſhare.
But of ſweet mercy, the vaſt, vaſt renown
Is all your own; nor officer nor ſoldier
Can claim a part: the praiſe, the honour'd praiſe,
Adorns the victor, nor is the eccho loſt
'Midſt ſhouts of armies, and the trumpet's ſound.
He conquers even victory itſelf,
Than hero more---a bleſſing to the world!

PHARASMANES.

Ha! wherefore urgent thus?---amidſt the band
Is there who claims thy ſoft ſolicitude?

ZENOBIA.

A hoary ſage---alas! a more than father,
The beſt of men, preſerver of my being,
A blameleſs ſhepherd! rude of fraud and guilt,
Innoxious thro' his life---oh! mighty King,
Spare an old man, a venerable ſire!

Nought has your fortune greater than the pow'r
To ſerve humanity !---ſhew that your heart
Has the ſweet grace, the gen'rous virtue too !

PHARASMANES.

My ſoul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,
Thy violence of pray'r : releaſe him ſtreight :
My brighteſt honours wait him ; honours fit
For him who gave thee birth ; for him whoſe virtue
Thy gen'rous ſoul deems worthy its eſteem.

ZENOBIA.

Our humble ſtation ſeeks nor pomp nor ſplendor :
We only aſk, unenvied and obſcure,
To live in blameleſs innocence ; to ſeek
Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

PHARASMANES.

That cold diſdain, which ſhuns admiring eyes,
Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm.
No more of humble birth ; thy matchleſs beauty,
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their luſtre,
Was form'd to dignify the eaſtern throne.
My ſceptre, that ſtrikes terror to each heart,
Grac'd by thy decent hand ſhall make each ſubject
Adore thy ſofter ſway : The glorious æra
Of Pharaſmanes' love, his date of empire
With Ariana ſhar'd, henceforth begins,
And leads the laughing hours. But firſt the ſtorm
Of war and wild commotion muſt be huſh'd.
That mighty care now calls me to my throne,
To give the Roman audience ; audience fit
To ſtrike a citizen of Rome with awe,
When he beholds the majeſty of Kings. [*going.*

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Dread Sir, the Roman embaſſy approaches.
From yonder rampart, that inveſts your camp,
I heard their horſes hoofs with eager ſpeed
Beat the reſounding ſoil.

PHARASMANES.

Let 'em approach.
And thou, whoſe arrogance---but I forbear
When Ariana pardons, my reſentment
Yields to her ſmiles, and looks away its rage.
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,
And the red thunder quivers in his hand;
The queen of love his vengeance can diſarm
With the ſoft eloquence of every charm;
Controul his paſſions with reſiſtleſs ſway,
And the impending ſtorm ſmile to ſereneſt day.
[*Exit with his train.*

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

And may I then once more, thou bright perfection,
May Teribazus once again approach thee,
While thus my father, my ambitious father,
At ſight of thee forgets his cruel nature,
And wonders how he feels thy beauty's pow'r?
Oh! may I---but I'm too importunate;
Your looks rebuke me from you, and I ſee
How hateful I am grown.

ZENOBIA.

Miſtake me not,
Nor raſhly thus arraign the looks of one,
Whoſe heart lies bleeding here---thy gen'rous worth
Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.

But

But oh! for me, for wretched Ariana,
The god of love long ſince hath quench'd his torch,
And ev'ry ſource of joy lies dead within me.

TERIBAZUS.

That cold averted look!---but I am us'd
To bear your ſcorn; your ſcorn that wounds the deeper,
Maſk'd as it is with pity and eſteem.
Yet love incurable, relentleſs love
Burns here a conſtant flame; it riſes ſtill,
And will to madneſs kindle, ſhould I ſee
That hoard of ſweets, that treaſury of charms
Yield to another, to a barb'rous rival
Who perſecutes a ſon to his undoing.

ZENOBIA.

If Ariana's happineſs would wound thee,
Thou'lt ne'er have cauſe to murmur or repine.
Nought can divorce me from the black deſpair
To which I've long been wedded.---

TERIBAZUS.

Calm diſdain,
I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair
Whom Pharaſmanes deſtines for his throne.
But oh! in pity to this breaking heart,
Give me, in mercy give ſome other rival,
Whom I may ſtab, without remorſe may ſtab,
'Midſt his delight, in all his heav'n of bliſs,
And ſpurn him from the joys, that ſcorpion-like
Shoot anguiſh here, here thro' my very ſoul.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! too gen'rous prince, the gods long ſince
Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou Ariana?--ha! beware,
Nor urge me to deſtraction---love like mine,
Fierce, gen'rous, wild, with diſappointment wild,
May rouſe my deſp'rate rage to do a deed
Will make all nature ſhudder. Love deſpis'd
Not always can reſpect the ties of nature!
Driven to extremes the tend'reſt paſſion ſcorn'd
May hate at length the object it adores,
And ſtung to madneſs---no!---inhuman fair,
You ſtill muſt be,---in all viciſſitudes,
In all the ſcenes misfortune has in ſtore,
You ſtill muſt be the ſov'reign of my ſoul.
But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,
By heav'n, whoe'er he be, deſpair and phrenzy
May ſtrike the blow, and daſh him from your arms
A ſacrifice to violated love.

ZENOBIA.

Why thus diſtract yourſelf with vain ſuſpicions?
You have no rival, whom your rage can murder;
None in the pow'r of fate---oh! Teribazus,
The wretched Ariana, long, long ſince---
My heart ſwells o'er---I cannot ſpeak---a duty,
A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept
Thy proferr'd love; a duty, which, if known,
Would in eternal ſilence ſeal thy vows,
Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!
Bid thee reſpect calamities like mine. [*Exit.*

TERIBAZUS.

Yet Ariana ſtay, turn, turn and hear me:
She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!
And leaves me thus to miſery of ſoul.

Enter

Enter ZOPIRON.

Flamminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,
And bears the olive-branch: the King your father
Aſſembles all his nobles.

TERIBAZUS.

Say, Zopiron,
Does Rome yield up Armenia?

ZOPIRON.

Rome is ſtill
The ſcourge of lawleſs pow'r: a people's rights
The conſcript fathers have reſolv'd to ſhield,
And to the lineal heir aſſert the crown.

TERIBAZUS.

May the ſtern god of battles aid their arms,
And fight with the deliverers of mankind!
Unnatural father! that would ſeize my ſcepter,
Mine as my brother's heir, and raviſh with it
The idol of my ſoul! but now no more
His tyranny prevails; to empire rais'd,
'Twill be the pride of my exulting heart,
To lay my crown at Ariana's feet.

[*Exit.*

ZOPIRON.

Unhappy prince! ſhould Pharaſmanes know
His ardent paſſion for the captive maid,
I dread th' event: may Rome's ambaſſador,
Oh! may he come with concord in his train,
And far avert the ills my heart forbodes!
But lo! Flamminius.

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

ZOPIRON.

Welcome to theſe tents
The harbinger of peace!

RHADAMISTUS.

Does your King know
Flamminius waits his leiſure?

ZOPIRON.

He prepares
To hear you, Roman!

RHADAMISTUS.

As I tread his camp
There is I know not what of horror ſhoots
Thro' all my frame, and diſconcerted reaſon
Suſpends her function. A black train of crimes,
Murders, and luſt, and rapine, cities ſack'd,
Nations laid waſte by the deſtructive ſword,
A thouſand ruthleſs deeds all riſe to view,
And ſhake my inmoſt ſoul, as I approach
The author of calamity and ruin.

ZOPIRON.

Then from a Roman, from a ſon of freedom
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,
The ſtrong reſiſtleſs ſtrain, which liberty
Breathes in her Capitol, till his proud heart
Shudder with inward horror at itſelf.

RHADAMISTUS.

In Pharaſmanes' camp that honeſt ſtile!

Thy viſage bears the characters of virtue.
Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

ZOPIRON.

In me you ſee Zopiron! deem me not
A vile abettor of the tyrant's guilt.
To me Armenia truſts her ſacred rights;
Hither her choſen delegate ſhe ſends me,
At the tribunal of Iberia's King,
To plead her cauſe, an injur'd people's cauſe!
Oh! never, never ſhall my native land
Yield to a vile uſurper.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome has heard
Thy patriot toil for freedom: Rhadamiſtus
Has heard thy gen'rous ardor in his cauſe,
And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

ZOPIRON.

Oh! name not Rhadamiſtus; now no more
The god-like youth ſhall bleſs Armenia's realm.
The fates juſt ſhew'd him to the wond'ring world,
And then untimely ſnatch'd him from our ſight!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didſt thou know the prince?

ZOPIRON.

My lot ſevere
Denied that tranſport; but the voice of fame
Endears his memory.

RHADAMISTUS.

A time may come
When you may meet, and both in friendſhip burn.
Still Rhadamiſtus lives!--

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Said'ſt thou Flamminius!---
Lives he?

RHADAMISTUS.

Still he ſurvives; from death and peril
Sav'd by a miracle! and now for him
Rome claims Armenia.

ZOPIRON.

Claims Armenia for him!
For Rhadamiſtus claims!---and will ye, gods!
Still will ye give him to a nation's pray'rs?

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! he lives;---heart-broken, deſolate,
In ſorrow plung'd, abandon'd to deſpair!

ZOPIRON.

The righteous gods will vindicate his cauſe,
His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,
That ev'ry excellence, does ſhe too live?
Have the indulgent pow'rs watch'd o'er her fate,
And ſav'd her for her people?

RHADAMISTUS.

There, Zopiron,
There lies the wound that pierces to his ſoul,
The ſharpeſt pang, that rends, that cleaves his heart.
Oh! never more ſhall lovely loſt Zenobia,
That angel form, that pattern of all goodneſs,
No, never more---ſhe's gone, for ever gone!
Thou would'ſt not think---her barb'rous, cruel huſ-
band---
With his own hand---the recollected tale

Of horror ſhakes my frame to diſſolution!
Oh!---loſt Zenobia---oh!--- [*Falls into a ſwoon.*

ZOPIRON.

He faints; he falls!
Can Roman ſtoiciſm thus diſſolve
In tender pity? riſe, Flamminius, riſe;
He ſtirs; he breathes; and life begins to wander
O'er his pale trembling cheek. Reſume thy ſtrength,
And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears.

RHADAMISTUS.

I'll not be forc'd back to a wretched world.
No;---let me,---let me die.

ZOPIRON.

His eyes reject
The cheerful light---what can this anguiſh mean?

RHADAMISTUS.

You do but waſte your pains; it is in vain!
Away and leave a murd'rer to his woes.

ZOPIRON.

Why thus accuſe thyſelf? I'll not believe it.
Thus let me raiſe thee from the earth

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! *(riſing)*---
Deſpair weighs heavy on me.

ZOPIRON.

Still I muſt
Controul this ſudden phrenzy.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh!---Zopiron,
Here,---here it lies.

ZOPIRON.

Unburthen all, and eaſe
Your loaded heart---it cannot be; thou never wert
A murd'rer!---

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes!---the horror of the world!
A murd'rous wretch! the fatal Rhadamiſtus!
'Twas I---theſe felon hands!---with treach'rous love
I claſp'd her in this curs'd embrace; I bore her
In theſe deteſted arms, and gave that beauty,
That tender form to the devouring waves.
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire;
Here fix,---fix all your vultures in my heart!
And lo! they ruſh upon me *(ſtarts up)* ſee! ſee there!
With racks and wheels they come;---they tear me
piece-meal---
'Tis juſt Zenobia!---I deſerve it all---
[*Falls upon* Zopiron.

ZOPIRON.

Aſſiſt him guardian pow'rs! your own high will
Guides theſe events! revive, my prince, revive!

RHADAMISTUS.

Why thus recall me to deſpair and horror?
To bid me hate the light, deteſt myſelf,
Traitor to nature, traitor to my love!
And yet, Zopiron,---yet I am not plung'd
So far in guilt, but thou may'ſt pity me!
Heav'n, I atteſt, yes you can witneſs gods!

I meant

I meant to periſh with her; but the fates
Denied that comfort; from her circling arms
The torrent bore me far: expiring, ſenſeleſs,
Gaſping in death, the overflowing tide
Impetuous drove me on th' unwiſh'd for ſhore.
There ſoon deſerted by the mercileſs ſtream
A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontier
They rang'd the country round, deſcried me ſtretch'd
Pale and inanimate; with barb'rous pity
They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack
Of inauſpicious life!

ZOPIRON.

For wond'rous ends
Myſterious Providence has ſtill reſerv'd you,
To circulate the happineſs of millions,
A patriot prince!

RHADAMISTUS.

Would they had let me periſh!
What has a wretch like me to do in life,
When my Zenobia's loſt? 'tis true, my friend,
She begg'd to die; but that pathetic look,
Her tears, embraces, and thoſe ſtreaming eyes
Still beauteous in diſtreſs! each winning grace,
Her ev'ry charm ſhould have forbid the deed,
And pleaded for her life!

ZOPIRON.

And yet, my prince,
When ſelf-acquitting conſcience---

RHADAMISTUS.

Self-condemn'd
My ſoul is rack'd, is tortur'd! not her child,
Her unborn infant, the firſt fruit of love,
Not ev'n her babe could with the voice of nature
Plead

Plead for itſelf, or for its wretched mother.
They periſh'd both, ſhe and her little one,
And I ſurvive to tell it.

ZOPIRON.

Let not grief
O'erwhelm your reaſon thus. What, when your father,
Your cruel father, reeking from the blood
Of Mithridates---

RHADAMISTUS.

Nought but death was left,
Yet ev'n that laſt, ſad refuge was debarr'd me!
E'er ſince I've liv'd in miſery; my days
Were colour'd all with anguiſh and deſpair!
Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.
At length reveal'd me to a choſen friend;
Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full ſenate
Told all the diſmal ſtory of my woes.
The conſcript fathers heard, and dropt a tear:
Then to quick vengeance fir'd, diſpatch'd their legions
To wage the war; Paulinus leads them on,
And now to me commits this embaſſy,
With fully delegated pow'rs from Rome.

ZOPIRON.

With one united voice Armenia calls
For Mithridates' heir!---convinc'd by rumour
That thou ar't loſt, the gen'ral cry demands
Your brother Teribazus.

RHADAMISTUS.

He, Zopiron,
Is to theſe eyes a ſtranger.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Hapleſs prince!
A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head.
A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;
Her name is Ariana; and indeed
No wonder ſhe attracts his ſoft regard,
And kindles all the vehemence of love.
The tyrant eyes her too with fierce deſire,
And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n it ſhall not be---alas! I know
The pang of loſing whom the heart adores.
I'll yield him up Armenia: what are crowns
But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd,
The dear partaker of my throne is loſt?

Enter TIGRANES.

ZOPIRON.

What would Tigranes?

TIGRANES.

Pharaſmanes calls
Flamminius to his preſence.

RHADAMISTUS.

I attend him;
So tell your King.

TIGRANES.

Inſtant he waits thee Roman. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Then ſummon all your ſtrength: the lapſe of time
From early youth, when Pharaſmanes ſaw you,
Affliction's inward ſtroke, that Roman garb,
All will protect, and cloak you from detection!

RHADAMISTUS.

Zopiron yes; in this important criſis,
When violated laws, and injur'd men,
When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,
The great occaſion calls for firmeſt vigour.
Yes, in this interview I will maintain
A Roman's part; in Pharaſmanes' ſoul
I'll wake the furies of deteſted guilt,
And pour the rapid energy of truth
Till ev'n to himſelf his crimes are known,
And the uſurper tremble on his throne.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

PHARASMANES, *on his Throne:* TIGRANES, ZOPIRON, Officers, *&c.*

PHARASMANES.

WHERE is this bold republican from Rome?
This enemy of Kings? Tigranes, thou
Bid the plebeian enter. Pharaſmanes
Vouchſafes him audience.

Enter FLAMMINIUS.

PHARASMANES.

Now, Flamminius, ſay
What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,
To wage this ſlow, this philoſophic war?

RHADAMISTUS.

By me, unworthy of th' important charge,
By me, unequal to the arduous theme,
The conſcript fathers here explain their conduct,
And juſtify the ways of Rome to Kings.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou may'ſt declaim with all thy pomp
Of gaudy eloquence.

RHADAMISTUS.

No pow'r of words,
No graceful periods of harmonious ſpeech
Dwell on my lip: the only art I boaſt

Is

Is honeſt truth, unpoliſh'd, unadorn'd!
Truth that muſt ſtrike conviction to your heart,
Truth that informs you, to uſurp a crown,
For dire ambition to unpeople realms,
Are violations of each ſacred law,
That bid the Roman eagle wing'd with vengeance
To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,
To tell deſtruction it ſhall rage no more.

PHARASMANES.

And dares Paulinus' ſoldier, dar'ſt thou, Roman,
Thus offer vile indignity, and mouthe
The language of your forum to a King?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's King,
But not Armenia's.

PHARASMANES.

Ha!---

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' aſſembled ſenate
Acknowledges your vaſt renown in arms,
And honours the unſhaken fortitude
Ev'n of a foe. But, Sir, the fortitude,
Whoſe brutal rage lays nations deſolate,
It is the glory of imperial Rome
To humble and ſubdue; to fix the bounds
Of the fell tyrant's pow'r; to trace the circle
From which he muſt not move: theſe are the arts,
The bright prerogative of Rome; of Rome,
The miſtreſs of the world, whoſe conqu'ring banners
O'er Aſia's realms ſo oft have wav'd in triumph,
And made ev'n Kings her ſubjects.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Ha! thou boaſter!

RHADAMISTUS.

Made Oriental Kings, ſhort by the knee
Accept their crown, with tears of joy accept it,
And be the Viceroys of a Roman ſenate.

PHARASMANES.

And this to Pharaſmanes? has not yet
A train of conqueſts taught you to revere
This good right arm in war? This arm the Parthians
Have felt with fatal overthrow. No ſpoil,
No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;
No friends of mine were harneſs'd to their chariots;
No captive chief, like your own mangled Craſſus,
There roams a ſullen ghoſt, and calls for vengeance,
For vengeance ſtill unpaid, and calls in vain
For the ſad funeral rites. Would Rome preſume
To wreſt Armenia from me? Lo! my banners
From froſty Caucaſus to Phaſis' banks
Wave high in air, and ſhadow all the land.
Call your embattled legions: or does Rome,
All conqu'ring Rome, that miſtreſs of the world,
Does ſhe at length by her ambaſſadors
Negotiate thus the war?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome, Sir, commands
The ſubject world, for ſhe adores the gods;
And their all-pow'rful aid---

PHARASMANES.

Would'ſt thou diſpute
My lawful claim? Arm thee with ſword and fire,
Not with vain ſubtleties, and idle maxims.

Armenia's

Armenia's crown is mine, deriv'd to me,
Heir to a brother, and a ſon deceas'd.

RHADAMISTUS.

And can a murd'rer, can the midnight ruffian
Prove himſelf heir, by the aſſaſſin's ſtab?

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe reviler!
[*Comes forward and draws his ſabre.*

TIGRANES.

Moderate your fury; [*Holding him.*
It were unjuſt---

ZOPIRON.

The character he bears,
The laws of nations---

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe inſolent!
Who dar'ſt to wound the ear of ſacred Kings
With a black crime, that's horrible to nature!

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes horrible to nature! yet the world
Has heard it all: thou art the man of blood!
A brother's blood yet ſmokes upon thy hand.
Not his white age, his venerable looks,
Not ev'n his godlike virtues could withhold thee!
Gaſh'd o'er with wounds he falls; he bleeds, he dies,
Without a groan he dies!---that is thy work,
Thine, murd'rer, thine!

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

No more---the hand of Heav'n
Shook from the blaſted tree the wither'd fruit---

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear the impious ſtrain: it is the ſtile
Ambition ſpeaks, when for a crown it ſtabs,
Then dares, with execrable mock'ry dares,
Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

PHARASMANES.

He harrows up my ſoul! and do'ſt thou think
A madman's ravings---

RHADAMISTUS.

Since that hour accurſt
Haſt thou not plung'd thee deeper ſtill in guilt?
Your ſon---your blameleſs ſon---

PHARASMANES.

His crimes provok'd
A father's wrath; his and Zenobia's crimes!

RHADAMISTUS.

She too---untimely loſt---unbidden tears
Forbear to ſtream, nor quite unman me thus.

PHARASMANES.

In tears!---By Heav'n, thou woman-hearted ſlave,
Thoſe coward ſymptoms have ſome latent ſpring
That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

RHADAMISTUS.

They are the tears humanity lets fall

When

When ſoft ey'd beauty dies untimely ſlain.
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror
The Roman legions---

PHARASMANES.

Lead 'em to the charge.
Thou quit my camp: if when yon ſun deſcends
Thou linger'ſt here, the title of ambaſſador
Shall nought avail to ſave thee from my fury.

RHADAMISTUS.

E'er that reſign Armenia: till the cloſe
Of day, I give thee leiſure to revolve
The vengeance Rome prepares. Thou know'ſt
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy ſons
Lift the avenging ſpear. Be timely wiſe,
Nor dare provoke your fate.

[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Roman farewell!
Do thou, Tigranes, iſſue forth my orders
From tent to tent, that each man ſtand prepar'd
For the dead midnight hour. With ſilent march
Then will I pour with ruinous aſſault
Upon th' aſtoniſh'd foe, my horſes hoofs
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's ſun
A ſpectacle of horror and deſtruction.

[*He aſcends his throne, and the back ſcene cloſes.*

Enter ZENOBIA *and* MEGISTUS.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! tell me all Megiſtus; let me hear
All that concerns my child, my blooming boy,
My little Rhadamiſtus---is he ſafe?

Give

Give me the truth; do not deceive a mother
Who doats upon her babe---is my child safe?

MEGISTUS.

Nay dry those tears; I cannot bear to see thee
Afflicted thus; your infant hero's safe;
You may believe your faithful old Megistus.

ZENOBIA.

I do believe thee---but excuse my weakness---
My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me
By ruffians seiz'd, and as he sees the knife
Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring
For me by name, and begging my assistance,
While far, far off his miserable mother
No aid can give, nor snatch him to her heart.

MEGISTUS.

I never yet deceiv'd you: by yon Heav'n
Your boy still lives. When I regain'd my cottage
After the toils of many a weary day,
I found him there; but griev'd and wond'ring much
Where his dear mother was.

ZENOBIA.

Megistus tell me,
Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,
All his apt questions, his enchanting words;
For I could hear of him for ever---lovely youth!
His father's image blooming in his boy!
Thro' sev'n revolving years my only comfort!
When from my eyes the sudden sorrows gush'd,
How would he look, and ask his wretched mother
What meant those falling tears?---Alas! ev'n now
I see him here before me---did my child
Think his poor mother lost?

ME-

MEGISTUS.

At firſt he ſeem'd
To pine in thought at your long weary abſence,
And many a look he caſt, that plainly ſpoke
His little boſom heav'd with various paſſions.
Still would he ſeek you in each well known haunt,
Each bow'r, each cavern, like the tender fawn
That thro' the woodland ſeeks its mother loſt,
Exploring all around with anxious eye,
And looking ſtill unutterable grief,
Lonely and ſad, and ſtung with keen regret.

ZENOBIA.

My dear, dear little-one!

MEGISTUS.

With ſoothing tales
I labour'd to beguile him from his ſorrow;
I promis'd your return; a gentle ſmile
Brighten'd his anxious look; he ſigh'd content,
And then I led him to a ſafer dwelling
Among the ſhepherds of the Syrian vale,
Who all have ſworn to guard him as their own,
And in apt ſeaſon lead him to the Romans.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! may thoſe ſhepherds know the kindeſt influence
Of the indulgent Heav'ns! yet why not ſtay
To guard him? But I'll not complain: on me
Your cares were fix'd---oh! tell me how the gods
Watch'd ov'r all thy ways, and brought thee to me?
Where haſt thou liv'd theſe many, many days?

MEGISTUS.

In bitterneſs of ſoul I've liv'd, thy fate
Thy tender form deep imag'd in my breaſt!

I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,
But bring, alas! no tidings of your lord.
Heart-broken, wearied out, I meaſur'd back
My feeble ſteps; but thou wer't raviſh'd thence;
For thee I travers'd hills and foreſts drear;
Thee I invok'd, that ev'ry cavern'd rock,
Each vale, each mountain eccho'd with thy name.

ZENOBIA.

And here at length you find me, here encompaſs'd
With all the worſt of ills: hence let us fly
To the bleſs'd Syrian valley, where my child
Wins with his early manhood ev'ry heart,
And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

MEGISTUS.

Vain the attempt: one only way is left.
Reveal thee to th' ambaſſador of Rome.
Safe in his train thou may'ſt eſcape this place,
And gain Paulinus' camp. Zenobia known
Will meet protection there.

ZENOBIA.

The gods inſpire
The happy counſel---ha!---Tigranes comes!
Retire Megiſtus, *(he goes out)* a gay dawn of hope
Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

ZENOBIA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Hail princeſs, deſtin'd to imperial ſway,
To grace with beauty Pharaſmanes' throne!
By me the impatient King requeſts you'll fix
The happy nuptial hour.

ZENOBIA.

Thou might'ſt as well
Command me wed the forked lightning's blaze
That gilds the ſtorm, and be in love with horror.

TIGRANES.

Take heed, raſh fair! an eaſtern monarch's love,
Ardent as his, muſt not be made the ſport
Of tyrant beauty: when a rival dares
Oppoſe his ſov'reign's wiſh---

ZENOBIA.

Does Pharaſmanes,
Say,---does your King permit his ſpies of ſtate,
That curſe of human kind, to breathe their whiſpers
In his deluded ear?

TIGRANES.

Full well 'tis known
That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,
And draws your heart's allegiance from your King.

ZENOBIA.

Thou vile accuſer! if the prince's virtues
Have touch'd my boſom, what haſt thou to urge?
What if a former Hymeneal vow
Has bound my ſoul? what if a father, Sir,
A father dear as my heart's purple drops,
Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to ſhare
The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

TIGRANES.

Madam, thoſe words---

ZENOBIA.

Thou inſtrument of ill!
Who ſtill ar't ready with a tale ſuborn'd,
And if thou ar't not perjur'd, dar'ſt betray;
Away; and let thy conſcience tell the reſt.

[*Exit.*

TIGRANES, *alone.*

Vain haughty fair!---thou haſt provok'd my rage
By wrongs unnumber'd: but for all thoſe wrongs
Soon ſhall inevitable ruin ſeize thee.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Perhaps ere this your King's tumultuous paſſions
Sink to a calm, and reaſon takes her turn.
Then ſeek him, Sir, and bear a Roman's meſſage,
The terms of peace humanity ſuggeſts.
Tell him Flamminius wiſhes to prevent
The rage of ſlaughter, and the ſtreams of blood
Which elſe ſhall deluge yonder crimſon plains.

TIGRANES.

Already, Roman, his reſolve is fix'd,
War, horrid war impends.

RHADAMISTUS.

And yet in pity
To human kind, to the unhappy millions
Who ſoon ſhall die, and with their ſcatter'd bones
Whiten the plains of Aſia, it were beſt
To ſheathe the ſword, and join in Rome's alliance.
Wilt thou convey my meſſage?

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

I obey. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

May ſome propitious pow'r inſpire his heart,
And touch the ſprings of human kindneſs in him,
Elſe againſt whom amidſt the charging hoſts
Muſt Rhadamiſtus' ſword be levell'd?---Ha!---
Spite of his crimes he is my father ſtill.
And muſt this arm againſt the ſource of life,
Nay more,---perhaps againſt a brother too,
A brother ſtill unknown!---he too may die
By this unconſcious hand!---this hand already
Inur'd to murder whom my heart adores!
My brother then may bleed! and when in death
Gaſping he lies, and pours his vital ſtream,
Then in that moment ſhall the gen'rous youth
Extend his arms, and with a piteous look
Tell me, a brother doth forgive his murderer?
Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackeſt woe,
To be a wretch abhorr'd, author of crimes
From which my tortur'd breaſt revolts with horror!
Who's there?---a youth comes forward---now be firm,
Be firm my heart, and guard thy fatal ſecret!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Illuſtrious Roman, if misfortune's ſon
A wretched, ruin'd, miſerable prince
May claim attention---

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!---can this be he!
The graces of his youth, each feeling here,
Here at my heartſtrings tell me 'tis my brother!
[*Aſide.*

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

I ſee you're mov'd, and I intrude too far.

RHADAMISTUS.

Purſue your purpoſe: warmeſt friendſhip for you
Glows in this breaſt.

TERIBAZUS.

Tho' Pharaſmanes' fury
Maintains a fix'd hoſtility with Rome,
Blend not the ſon with all a father's crimes,

RHADAMISTUS.

Go on---I pant to hear---

TERIBAZUS.

My father's cruelty
Each day breaks out in ſome new act of horror,
Nor lets the ſword grow cool from human blood.
Firſt in his brother's breaſt he plung'd it; then
Inflam'd to fiercer rage 'gainſt his own ſon,
Oh! Rhadamiſtus! thou much injur'd prince!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didſt thou love that brother?

TERIBAZUS.

Gen'rous Roman,
He liv'd far hence remote, I ne'er beheld him,
But the wide world reſounded with his fame.

RHADAMISTUS.

Hold, hold my tears!---oh! they will burſt their way
At this his virtuous tenderneſs and love! [*Aſide.*

TE-

TERIBAZUS.

And doſt thou weep too Roman?

RHADAMISTUS.

From ſuch horror,
And ſo much cruelty my nature ſhrinks.
Whatever purpoſe rolls within thy breaſt,
Boldly confide it---ſhall I arm'd with vengeance
Aſſault the purple tyrant in his camp?
Or wilt thou join my ſteps;---then in the front
Of a brave vet'ran legion head the war,
Seek the uſurper 'midſt his plumed troops,
And thus avenge mankind?

TERIBAZUS.

No; far from me,
Far be the guilt of meditating aught
Againſt the life from whence my being ſprung.
Let him oppreſs me,---he's a parent ſtill!---

RHADAMISTUS.

He rives my heart!---oh! what a lot is mine! [*Aſide.*

TERIBAZUS.

Not for myſelf I fear; but oh! Flamminius,
A lovely captive,---'tis for her I tremble;
For Ariana,---for that ſweet perfection;
She is her ſex's boaſt! her gentle boſom
Fraught with each excellence! her form and feature
Touch'd by the hand of elegance; adorn'd
By ev'ry grace, and caſt in beauty's mould!
Her Pharaſmanes means to raviſh from me.
But thou convey her hence---'tis all I aſk.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n I will---do thou too join our flight,

Armenia

Armenia ſhall be thine, and that ſweet maid
Reward thy goodneſs with connubial love,
Adorn thy throne, and make a nation bleſs'd!

TERIBAZUS.

Make Ariana happy; bear her hence
And ſave thoſe bright unviolated charms
From Pharaſmanes' power---when wiſh'd for peace
Settles a jarring world, Flamminius then,
Then will I ſeek thee.---Wilt thou then reſign her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes then, as pure as the unſullied ſnow
That never felt a ſunbeam; then I'll give her
Back to thy faithful love.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou gen'rous Roman,
In gratitude I bow---ſhe's here at hand;
A moment brings her to you: at due diſtance
I'll watch each avenue, each winding path,
That none intrude upon your privacy.

[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

At length I've ſeen my brother; know how much
He differs from his father! he ſhall ſeek
The Roman tents; I'll there diſcloſe myſelf;
There will embrace him with a brother's love.
Oh! how the tender tranſport heaves and ſwells,
Till thus the fond exceſs diſſolve in tears!

Enter MEGISTUS, *leading* ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! my heart forebodes I know not what---

ME-

MEGISTUS.

Diſpel each doubt; this is your only refuge.

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous Roman,---if diſtreſs like mine;
If an unhappy captive may approach thee---

RHADAMISTUS.

To me affliction's voice---ye pow'rs of Heav'n!
That air!---thoſe features! that remember'd glance!

ZENOBIA.

If thus a wretch's preſence can alarm you---

RHADAMISTUS.

The muſic of that voice?---ſuch once ſhe look'd!
And if I had not plung'd her in the ſtream,
I could perſuade myſelf---

ZENOBIA.

Thoſe well known accents!
Thoſe tender ſoft regards!---nay mock me not!
I could not hope to ſee thee---tell me---ar't thou
That once ador'd! *(faints into* Megiſtus' *arms.)*

MEGISTUS.

Ah! ſee; her ſtrength forſakes her;
Support her Heav'n! *(catches her in his arms.)*

RHADAMISTUS.

Ye wonder-working gods!
Is this illuſion all? or does your goodneſs
Indeed reſtore her?---if I do not dream,

If this be true,---oh! let thoſe angel-eyes
Open to life, to love, and Rhadamiſtus.

MEGISTUS.

What further miracles doth Heav'n prepare?

ZENOBIA.

Forgive my weakneſs---the air-painted image
Of my lov'd lord---and ſee!---again it's preſent!---
That look that ſpeaks the fond impaſſion'd ſoul!
Yes, ſuch he was!---oh! ar't thou---tell me---ſay---
Ar't thou reſtor'd? and ar't thou Rhadamiſtus?---

RHADAMISTUS.

I have not murder'd her!---benignant gods!
I am not guilty---my Zenobia lives!

ZENOBIA.

It is my lord---oh! I can hold no longer,
But thus delighted ſpring to his embrace,
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kiſſes,
And thus, and thus,---ſpeak my enraptur'd ſoul.

RHADAMISTUS.

She lives! ſhe lives! what kind protecting god,
Long loſt, and long lamented, gives thee back,
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice
With joy to ecſtacy, with tears to rapture?

ZENOBIA.

This good old man---'twas he preſerv'd me for you.

MEGISTUS.

Oh! day of charms!---oh! unexpected hour!
I have not liv'd in vain---theſe guſhing eyes
Have ſeen their mutual tranſports!

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Gen'rous friend,
Come to my heart,---Zenobia's ſecond father!---

ZENOBIA.

Thou art indebted more than thou can'ſt pay him;
Indebted for our infant babe preſerv'd,
The bloſſom of our joys!---thou can'ſt not think
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! mighty gods!---it is too much of bliſs,
Too exquiſite to bear!---theſe barb'rous hands
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child!
Wilt thou forgive me---oh! my beſt delight,
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?
Wilt thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Will I, gracious Heav'n?
Thou ſource of all my comfort!

MEGISTUS.

Ha! beware,
Beware my prince!---but now with haſty ſtep
I ſaw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' ambaſſador of Rome he ſeeks, on bus'neſs
Of import high---I will prevent his ſpeed.
And muſt I then ſo ſoon depart Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Hence, quickly hence; anon we'll meet again.

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes, we will meet; the gods have giv'n thee to me,
And they will finiſh their own holy work.
[*Exit.*

MEGISTUS.

My pray'rs are heard at length---Zenobia ſtill
Shall be Armenia's queen.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! good Megiſtus,
Heav'n has been bounteous, and reſtor'd my lord.
With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,
And thou, Megiſtus, thou ſhal't join our flight;
Plac'd near his throne thy gen'rous zeal ſhall ſhare
The bright reward of all thy toil and care;
While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms,
Forget my woes in Rhadamiſtus' arms.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, *and* TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

THOU ar't a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!
The beſt of friends, to ſave ſuch innocence,
That lovely virgin bloom! the pious act
Shall to remoteſt time tranſmit thy name,
Ennobled by humanity and virtue.

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! no praiſe I merit; 'tis a deed
That loſes virtue's name.

TERIBAZUS.

Flamminius, no!
Thou ſhalt not derogate from worth like thine.
But oh! beware, my friend, and ſteel thy heart
Againſt the ſweet illapſe of gentler paſſions.
To love her were ſuch treachery!---by Heav'n!
It were a fraud of a more damned hue---
A fraud to ſacred friendſhip!---but my ſoul
Rejects the mean ſuſpicion---thou ar't juſt,
And Ariana ſhall be mine again!

RHADAMISTUS.

If when the tumult of the war is paſs'd,
You then perſiſt to claim her---

TERIBAZUS.

Then perſiſt!
When I do not perſiſt, whene'er my heart

Forgets

Forgets the fond idea---ha!---take heed;
Your colour dies by fits; and now again
It flushes o'er your cheek: if beauty's pow'r
Can waken soft desire,---and sure such beauty
May warm the breast of stoic apathy,
If thou can'st love,---resign the trust at once.
For oh! to lose her, to behold those charms,
That all-perfection yielded to another,
Were the worst agony, the keenest stab
That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.
The thought,---the very thought inflames to madness!

RHADAMISTUS. *(Aside)*

Not till the fever of his mind subsides,
Must I reveal me; the disclosure now
Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,
And bury all in ruin---let her then,
Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid
Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,
Since you will have it so, since weak mistrust
Can taint a noble spirit, let her here
Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,
Its various graces; bid those radiant eyes
Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,
Inflame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

TERIBAZUS.

Madness and horror!---no!---haste, fly, begone,
And give her hence safe conduct: I can trust
To Roman continence; your Scipio's praise
Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip!

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou too attend her steps; watch all her ways;
When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,
Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear,

The

The web which fate has wove---beware my friend---
Tigranes comes---what would'ſt thou Sir?

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

The King
Grants you one parley more: ev'n now this way
He bends his ſteps; remote from all he means
To hold a private conf'rence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome's ambaſſador
Attends his pleaſure.

[*Exit* Tigranes.

TERIBAZUS.

I muſt hence, Flamminius.
Farewell!---yet e're thou go'ſt,---I ſtill muſt crave
Another interview---farewell! remember,
My love, my life, my all depend on thee.

[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Ah! luckleſs prince! how loſt in error's maze
Blindly he wanders, and love's ſweet deluſion
Infuſes it's enchantment through his heart!
But when remov'd from Pharaſmanes' pow'r
He learns my prior claim, his gen'rous friendſhip
Will bound with tranſport at a brother's joys,
And with a warmth of ſympathy partake 'em.
But ha!---my father!---grant me ſtrength, ye pow'rs!
To meet the dread encounter.

Enter

Enter PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Once again
E're you depart, if Pharaſmanes deign
To treat, and thus expoſtulate with Rome,
'Tis to thy pray'rs I grant it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome had rather
Perſuade than conquer: her well-ballanc'd juſtice---

PHARASMANES.

No more of Roman juſtice: blazon not
Virtues you ne'er have practis'd: with the name,
The ſpecious name of love for human kind
You ſanctify th' inſatiate rage of conqueſt,
And when the ſword has made a ſolitude,
That you ploclaim a peace. Ev'n now your views
Stand manifeſt to ſight: to thee 'tis known
That Rhadamiſtus lives!

RHADAMISTUS.

How Sir!---can he---
Does that unhappy prince---

PHARASMANES.

Thou falſe diſſembler!
Yes in thy heart the fatal ſecret's lodg'd!
From certain fugitives I've learn'd it all:
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
To war againſt his father ſtill he lives!
Why doſt thou droop dejected?---ſomething lurks
Beneath that burning bluſh.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

That burning bluſh
Glows on my cheek for thee: I know your ſon,
And know him unſuſceptible of guilt.

PHARASMANES.

Then, Roman, mark my words: would'ſt thou prevent
The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains?
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms
With him, who brings me Rhadamiſtus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

Your own ſon's head!

PHARASMANES.

Why doſt thou gaze ſo earneſt?
Why thoſe emotions ſtruggling for a vent?

RHADAMISTUS.

Amazement checks my voice, and loſt in wonder
I view the unnatural father, who would bathe
His hand in blood, in a ſon's blood, a ſon
Who pants, with ardor pants, on terms of peace
To ſheathe the ſword, and with a filial hand
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n 'tis falſe: has he not dar'd to league
With my determin'd foes? ev'n to the ſenate,
To ev'ry region, where his voice could pierce,
Has he not fled with the deluſive ſtory?
With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world?
And even now, does not the ſtripling come
To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

RHADAMISTUS.

Tho' urg'd by dire conſtraint, yet Heav'n can witneſs
His ſtrong reluctance.

PHARASMANES.

Let the rebel know
He never ſhall aſcend Armenia's throne.

RHADAMISTUS.

And ſhall deſtruction with her horrid train
Stalk o'er the land?

PHARASMANES.

Yes; let deſtruction looſe:
'Tis Pharaſmanes' glory.

RHADAMISTUS.

Can the rage,
And the wild tumult of deſtructive havoc
Adminiſter delight?---alas! the day
That deluges the land with human blood,
Is that a day of glory?----
I, Sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,
Where war had ſpent its rage: had'ſt thou beheld
That ſcene of horror, where unnumber'd wretches
In mangled heaps lay welt'ring in their gore;
Where the fond father in the gaſp of death
Wept for his children; where the lover ſigh'd
For her, whom never more his eyes could view;
Where various miſery ſent forth its groans;
Had'ſt thou beheld that ſcene, the touch of nature
Had ſtirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity guſh'd unbidden from thy eye.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Enervate ſlave! here ends all further parley.
Go tell your gen'ral, tell your Roman chiefs,
The father claims his ſon. Have we not heard
How your own Brutus to the lictor's ſword
Condemn'd his children? and would Rome diſpute
A King's paternal pow'r? let 'em yield up
The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms
Shall Pharaſmanes overwhelm their legions,
Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs
Give to the vultur's beak.

RHADAMISTUS,

And yet reflect---

PHARASMANES,

Roman no more.

RHADAMISTUS.

Unwilling I withdraw;
A father's ſtern reſolve the ſon ſhall mourn,
And with a pang of nature ſhall behold
The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee. [*Exit*,

PHARASMANES, *alone*.

Away, and leave me ſlave!---to-morrow's ſun
Shall ſee my great revenge: mean time I give
The gentle hours to love and Ariana.
What ho! Tigranes!

Enter TIGRANES.

PHARASMANES,

Does the ſtubborn fair
Yield to my ardent vows?

TIGRANES.

She mocks your paſſion,
And gives to Teribazus all her ſmiles.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n! ev'n love itſelf ſhall be my ſlave!
Yet love like mine requires her ſoft conſent,
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms.
Quick, bring her father to me.

TIGRANES.

By your orders
At hand Megiſtus waits your ſov'reign will.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Bring him before us: wiſe and prudent age
Will plead my cauſe, and ſecond my deſires.

Enter MEGISTUS.

MEGISTUS.

Dread Sir---a blameleſs, a diſtreſs'd old man,
Of guilt unconſcious---

PHARASMANES.

Whatſoe'er thy guilt,
A ſmile from Ariana expiates all.

MEGISTUS.

Believe me, Sir, I never have offended.
She was my ſole delight; my age's comfort;
For her I felt more than a parent's love.
But 'midſt the troubles that diſtract the land

I loſt

I loſt her; in deſpair, with yearning heart
I rang'd the country round in fond purſuit.
This is my crime: ſure 'tis no crime to love
Such blooming innocence!

PHARASMANES.

Diſpel thy fears.
Thy love for Ariana ſpeaks thy virtue.
That graceful form, that ſymmetry of ſhape,
That bloom, thoſe features, thoſe love-darting eyes,
All, all attract, that there each fond admirer
Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

MEGISTUS.

Alas! whate'er the ſymmetry of ſhape,
Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,
Glows in her bloom, or ſparkles in her eye,
They all are tranſient beauties, ſoon to fade,
And leave inanimate that decent form.
Inward affliction ſaps the vital frame,
Incurable affliction! fix'd in woe
Her eyes for ever motionleſs and dim
Gaze on the fancied image of her huſband.

PHARASMANES.

Her huſband!

MEGISTUS.

Yes; a huſband ſever'd from her
By fatal chance! him ſhe for ever ſees
With fancy's guſhing eye, and ſeeks him ſtill
In fond excurſions of deluſive thought.
She pines each hour, and ev'n in blooming dies,
As drooping roſes, while the worm unſeen
Preys on their fragrant ſweets, ſtill beauteous look,
And waſte their aromatic lives in air.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

The roſe tranſplanted to a warmer ſky
Shall raiſe its languid head, and all be well.

MEGISTUS.

Her huſband ſtill ſurvives, and far remote
He wanders in Armenia's realm.

PHARASMANES.

No more
To call her his: do thou ſtreight ſeek thy daughter,
My lovelieſt Ariana: in her ear
Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice,
And reconcile her heart to love and me.

MEGISTUS.

Your pardon, Sir; it were not fit my voice
Should teach her to betray her holy vows.

PHARASMANES.

When Pharaſmanes ſpeaks----

MEGISTUS.

My life is his,
And when he wills it, 'tis devoted to him.
But, Sir, tho' poor, my honour ſtill is mine:
'Tis all that Heav'n has giv'n me, and that gift
The gods expect I never ſhould reſign.

PHARASMANES.

And do'ſt thou heſitate? what, when a crown
Invites thy daughter to imperial ſplendor?

ME-

MEGISTUS.

Oh! not for me ſuch ſplendor! I have liv'd
My humble days in virtuous poverty.
To tend my flock, to watch each riſing flow'r,
Each herb, each plant that drinks the morning dew,
And lift my praiſe to the juſt gods on high!
Theſe were my habits, theſe my only cares:
Theſe hands ſuffic'd to anſwer my deſires,
And having nought, yet nought was wanting to me.

PHARASMANES.

Away, thou ſlave! I would not quite deſpiſe thee.
Or yield your daughter, or my ſwifteſt vengeance
Falls on thy hoary head: a monarch's love
Shall ſeize her trembling to his eager arms,
Then ſpurn her back a prey to wan deſpair,
Till bitter anguiſh blaſt each wither'd charm,
And rave in vain for love and empire ſcorn'd!
[*Exit.*

MEGISTUS, *alone.*

Fell monſter go! inexorable tyrant!
Perhaps I ſhould have ſooth'd his lion rage
With feign'd compliance---ha!---why ſudden thus---

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Th' important hour, Megiſtus, now approaches.
Lo! the laſt bluſhes of departing day
But feebly ſtreak yon dim horizon's verge.
My Rhadamiſtus comes to guide my ſteps.
Thro' devious paths ſeek thou Zopiron's tent;
And thus we lull ſuſpicion.

ME-

MEGISTUS.

I obey;---
May guardian angels ſpread their wings around thee!
[*Exit.*

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Yes, the bleſs'd gods, who thro' the maze of fate
Have led us once again to meet in life,
Will prove the friends of virtue to the laſt.
Ha!---Teribazus comes!

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

And is it giv'n
Once more to ſee thee here?---do'ſt thou avoid me?
Do'ſt thou deſpiſe me in this tender moment
When my ſoul bleeds with anguiſh at the thought
Of parting with thee?---Ariana!

ZENOBIA.

Oh!
Unhappy prince! oh! fly me; ſhun me; death
And ruin follow: one ſhort moment's ſtay
Will rouze your father's rage.

TERIBAZUS.

My father's rage
Already has undone me---ah! in tears!
And do they fall for me? does that ſoft ſigh
Heave for the loſt, afflicted Teribazus?

ZENOBIA.

Yes the tear falls, and the ſigh heaves for thee.
Thy elegance of mind, the various graces

That

That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero,
All plead your cauſe, and bid me tremble for thee.
And yet,---ſad recompenſe for all thy friendſhip,
To warn thee hence, and bid thee ſhun my ways,
Is all the gratitude I now can offer.

TERIBAZUS.

Thus muſt we part?

ZENOBIA.

A rival is at hand,
Here in the camp, an unexpected rival,
Sent by the gods, the idol of my ſoul!

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou, Ariana? has another
Uſurp'd thy heart? unkind, relentleſs maid!
Since firſt thy beauty dawn'd upon my ſight,
How have I lov'd, repented, yet lov'd on!
Ev'n againſt you, againſt myſelf I ſtruggled:
Preſent I fled you, abſent I ador'd!
I fled for refuge to the foreſt's gloom,
But in the foreſt's gloom thy image met me!
The ſhades of night, the luſtre of the day,
All, all retrac'd my Ariana's form.
Thy form purſued me in the battle's rage,
'Midſt ſhouts, and all the clangor of the war.
It ſtole me from myſelf! my lonely tent
Re-ecchoes with my groans, and in the ranks
The wond'ring ſoldier hears my voice no more.

ZENOBIA.

Yet leave me Teribazus---gen'rous youth!
Remembrance oft ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

TERIBAZUS.

Another's claim!---why wilt thou torture thus
A fond deſpairing wretch?---oh! not for me
Thoſe ſorrows fall; they are another's tears;
Another claims them from me---name this rival,
That my ſwift fury---tell me has Flamminius,
Has the baſe Roman broke his promis'd faith?
Will not the barb'rous man afford you ſhelter?

ZENOBIA.

Why wilt thou force me ſpeak? the fate of all,
Thine Teribazus, mine, the fate of one,
Whom, were he known, thy heart holds ever dear,
Is now concern'd: Flamminius claims my love:
Long ſince he won my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Vindictive gods!
Flamminius claims thy love! not Cæſar's ſelf
Shall dare to wreſt thee from me---Ariana!
Thus on my knees,---would I could periſh here,
That ev'n in death I ſtill might gaze upon thee,
Till the laſt pang divide thee from my heart.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

It was the voice of anguiſh and deſpair!
Why thus illuſtrious prince----

TERIBAZUS. *(Starting up)*

Thou treachrous Roman!
Who com'ſt to violate each ſacred tie,
The laws of honour, and the laws of love!
Who com'ſt beneath the maſk of public faith
To do a robber's work!

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

When to your camp
I bring a heart that longs to ſerve you, Prince,
Why this intemp'rate rage?

TERIBAZUS.

To do the work
Of perfidy and fraud! but firſt by rapine,
By violated maids your city grew;
And do you come to emulate your ſires?
Unwilling to degenerate in vice!

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſtaken youth! oh! if you did but know me!
If you but knew the juſtice Rome intends---

TERIBAZUS.

Juſtice and Rome! and doſt thou dare to join
Two names ſo oppoſite? have we not heard
Of frugal conſuls, and of ſtoic chiefs,
Who ſoon forgetting here their Sabine farms,
Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome
Rich with the plunder of the rifled eaſt?
Again ſome new Lucullus leads them on,
Fir'd with the love of rapine.

RHADAMISTUS.

Fir'd with zeal
To break a nation's chains---would'ſt thou but hear me----
It is a friend implores----

ZENOBIA.

A gen'rous friend!

Then liſten to him: let theſe ſtreaming eyes,
Theſe earneſt pray'rs, this ſupplicating form---

TERIBAZUS.

Leagu'd with my foe behold her!---mighty gods!
Have I deſerv'd it of her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yet be calm;
Yet liſten to me---Oh! I could unfold---
Yet ſtay; I'll prove myſelf a brother to thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Roman expect me in the battle's front.
Inſtant depart, but leave thy prey behind;
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, tempt her hence;
To-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee me cloath'd in terror
Purſue thy ſteps thro' all the ranks of war,
Till my ſpear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground.
[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTSUS, ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Yet, Rhadamiſtus, call him; let him know---

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou lovely trembler! baniſh ev'ry fear.
The time now bids us hence; and lo! the moon
Streams her mild radiance on the ruſtling grove.
I will conduct thee---ha! Zopiron----

Enter ZOPIRON.

RHADAMISTUS.

Come
Thou beſt of men, let me once more embrace thee.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Oh! ſpeed thee hence; each moment's big with death.

RHADAMISTUS.

Farewell! farewell! when I've eſcap'd your camp
Seek thou my brother; ſoothe his troubled ſpirit;
Explain theſe wonders; tell him Rhadamiſtus
Eſteems and loves, and honours all his virtues.
Farewell Zopiron! in Armenia's court
Thy King ſhall thank thy goodneſs. My Zenobia,
Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger
To life, to love, to liberty and joy.
[*Exit with* Zenobia.

ZOPIRON.

Lo! the Heav'ns ſmile with gentleſt aſpect on them!
This calm ſerene that ev'ry planet ſheds
To light their ſteps, this glad ætherial mildneſs
Is ſure the token of incircling gods,
That hover anxious o'er the ſolemn ſcene!

Enter PHARASMANES, TIGRANES *following.*

PHARASMANES.

Let Teribazus ſtreight attend our preſence.

TIGRANES.

But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour
He enter'd yonder tent.

PHARASMANES.

Bid him approach us.
Then do thou round the midnight watch, and ſee
That Rome's ambaſſador has left my camp.
[*Exit* Tigranes.
This

This war, Zopiron, ſhall be ſoon extinguiſh'd
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

ZOPIRON.

Armenia, Sir, ſtill obſtinately mourns
Loſt Mithridates, father of his people.
Her hardy ſons with one conſenting voice
Demand a King from Rome; all leagu'd and ſworn
Never to crouch beneath the conqu'ror's yoke.

PHARASMANES.

But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,
They'll ſhrink aghaſt, and own my ſov'reign ſway.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe confed'rate with thy father's foes!

TERIBAZUS.

The accuſation, Sir, if proof ſupport it,
Gives you my forfeit life, and I reſign it,
Freely reſign it. Deſtitute of proof,
It is a ſtab to honour, and the charge
Should not be lightly urg'd.

PHARASMANES.

This arrogance
That dictates to a father----

TERIBAZUS.

'Tis the ſpirit
Of injur'd innocence: if Pharaſmanes
Suſpect my truth, ſend me where danger calls;
Bid me this moment carry death and ſlaughter
To rage in yonder camp; yes, then your ſon
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Haſt thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'reſt paſſion,
And to ſeduce my Ariana's love?

TERIBAZUS.

And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,
'Tis paſt; the charm is o'er; no longer now
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph!
In vain ſhe now may call forth all her graces,
Inſtruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,
And practice all the wonders of her face.
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Th' ambaſſador of Rome, and that old traitor
The falſe Megiſtus---

PHARASMANES.

Speak; unfold thy purpoſe.

TIGRANES.

Together left the camp, and in their train
Bear Ariana with them.

TERIBAZUS.

Ariana!
Have the ſlaves dar'd---deteſted treachery!
Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

PHARASMANES.

Haſte, fly, purſue her; bring the trait'reſs back!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

My rapid vengeance ſhall o'ertake their flight;
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Do thou, Tigranes, with a choſen band
Circle yon hills, and intercept their march.
And thou, Zopiron, ſend my ſwifteſt horſe
To range the wood, and ſweep along the vale.
[*Exit* Tigranes.

ZOPIRON.

Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Has the perfidious, yet ador'd deceiver,
Thus has ſhe left me? from a monarch's ſmile
Fled with a lawleſs ravager from Rome?
Oh! give me vengeance; give Flamminius to me,
That he may die in agony unheard of.
The trait'reſs then, ſpite of each winning art,---
Spite of her guilt, ſhe triumphs in my heart.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

PHARASMANES.

NOT yet return'd! I'm tortur'd on the rack.
By Heav'n to-morrow's dawn----diſtracting thought!
Ere that the Roman ravager enjoys
Her Heav'n of bliſs, and riots in delight.
My ſoul's on fire; this night I'll ſtorm his camp,
And bury all in ruin. Ha!---what means
This new alarm?

[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

Enter TERIBAZUS, Soldiers, *&c.*

TERIBAZUS.

The treach'rous ſlave is taken!
My ſpeed outſtripp'd him, and this arm that ſeiz'd
Hath well ſecur'd the traitor.

PHARASMANES.

Great revenge,
The meaſure of thy joys is full!

TERIBAZUS.

At firſt
They made a feeble ſtand; but hemm'd around
And cloſe incircled by the ſons of Aſia,
They ſaw death threat'ning at each javelin's point.
I ruſh'd upon Flamminius: much he courted
A ſecret parley, but my ſoul diſdain'd
All further conf'rence: he and his complotter
The baſe Megiſtus, with the fair deſerter
Remeaſure back their ſteps, and clank their chains
In bitterneſs of heart.

PHARASMANES.

A father's thanks,
Shall well requite thee. Lo! the traitors come.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA, MEGISTUS, *in Chains.*

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe perfidious! thou Italian plunderer!

RHADAMISTUS.

I do not mean to wage a war of words.
Repent thee of this inſult, of theſe chains
On him who repreſents a people here.

PHARASMANES.

Anon thou'lt ſee how I reſpect that people.
My juſt revenge ſhall tell thee; on thy head,
And thine, Megiſtus, ſudden vengeance falls.

MEGISTUS.

Alas! worn out with age and miſery
I long to lay me in the ſhroud of death.

PHARASMANES.

I grant thy wiſh: what words, fair fugitive,
Can colour thy deceit?

ZENOBIA.

The heart reſolv'd
Wants no excuſe, no colouring of words.
I found my huſband, flew to his embrace;
This,---this is he!---the lord of my deſires;
With him content I'll traverſe o'er the world.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Do'ſt thou avow it too?---

ZENOBIA.

Do I avow it?
I glory in it.---Tyrant, can'ſt thou deem me
So poor of ſoul, ſo falſe to honour's cauſe
As to apologize for being faithful?

TERIBAZUS.

I ſee Flamminius has already ſchool'd her
In Roman maxims.

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſerable prince!
I will not anſwer thee: too ſoon thy heart
For this laſt feat will bitterly reproach thee!

TERIBAZUS.

Away with thy deluſive arts: if ever
I form alliance with that haughty people,
Thoſe ravagers of earth, if e'er again
I hold communion with thee, may the gods---
May Pharaſmanes,---but it cannot be---
My heart high beating in my country's cauſe,
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Thee, Pharaſmanes, thee my voice addreſſes.
Thou know'ſt my title to her; Hymen's rites
Long ſince united both; then looſe theſe chains;
'Tis in the name of Rome I now demand it.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou know'ſt thy title is extinct.

Captivity diſſolves her former ties,
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

ZENOBIA.

And are there laws to change the human heart?
To alter the affections of the ſoul?
Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.
This is my huſband! ſource of all my comfort!
With him I'll live; with him will dare to die!

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n ſome myſtery---thou treach'rous fair!
Mark well my words: unfold thy birth and rank;
My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture.
Who and what art thou? Vain is ev'ry gueſs:
Reſolve my doubts, or elſe the Roman's doom
This moment is determin'd.

ZENOBIA.

My reſolve,
Tyrant, is fix'd to ſhare my huſband's fate.
That I unfold, that ſentiment reveal,
To Heav'n and Earth reveal it: for the reſt
Gueſs if you can, determine if you dare.

PHARASMANES.

Quick, drag Flamminius hence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Slaves, hold your hands:
My character protects me here.

PHARASMANES.

Diſpatch,
Inſtant diſpatch, and ſeize Megiſtus too.

[Megiſtus *is led off.*

ZENO-

ZENOBIA.

Horror!---call back the word; it ſhall not be;
Here will I hold him---barb'rous ruffians hold.
Murder!---my life! my lord! my huſband! oh!
[Rhadamiſtus *is dragg'd off.*

PHARASMANES.

Give him the torture; let your keeneſt pangs
Extort each ſecret from him.

ZENOBIA.

Pharaſmanes!
Thus lowly humbled, proſtrate in the duſt,
Waſhing your feet with tears---have mercy!---this
Will be the blackeſt, worſt of all your murders.

PHARASMANES.

There's but one way to mitigate his doom.

ZENOBIA.

Give me to know it; ſpare him; ſpare his life.

PHARASMANES.

Abjure the ſlave, and by connubial vows
This inſtant make thee partner of my throne.

ZENOBIA.

My faith, my love, my very life is his;
My child is his: oh! think thou ſee'ſt my infant
Lifting his little hands---

PHARASMANES.

I'll hear no more:
Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.
[*Exit* Pharaſmanes.

ZENO-

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Inhuman tyrant!---madneſs ſeize my brain---
Swallow me earth---here ſhall theſe deſp'rate hands
Strike on thy flinty boſom; here my voice
Pierce to the center, till with pity touch'd
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch
From hated men, from miſery like this.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Afflicted mourner, raiſe thee from the earth.

ZENOBIA.

What voice is that? I know thee well---thou ar't
That fiend accurſt, the murd'rous Teribazus!
Yes, thou art welcome! *(riſing)* thou delight'ſt in blood:
I am your willing victim; plunge your ſword
Deep in my heart; I'll thank thee for thee ſtroke,
Since thou haſt murder'd all my ſoul held dear.

TERIBAZUS.

Aſſauge this ſtorm of grief, nor blame a lover
That doats like me. Could I behold that form
Snatch'd from my arms?

ZENOBIA.

You know not what you've done!
Your blameleſs brother---

TERIBAZUS.

How!

ZENOBIA.

You've murder'd him:
Your brother Rhadamiſtus!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

Rhadamiſtus!

ZENOBIA.

By thee he dies! that is your ſplendid deed!

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou?---he my brother---urge me not
To inſtant madneſs---is he---tell me---ſay---
Ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, that fatal wretch!---

TERIBAZUS.

If this be ſo---what have I done, ye pow'rs!
To merit this extremity of grief?
Why did'ſt thou hide the awful ſecret from me?

ZENOBIA.

Could I betray him? Could I truſt your father,
Whoſe fell ambition, whoſe relentleſs rage,
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads?

TERIBAZUS.

Then ſhall this hated being---no!---I'll live
To ſave a brother ſtill: he ſhall not die.
Oh! let me ſeek him, throw me at his feet,
Implore forgiveneſs, and protract his days.
[*Exit* Teribazus.

ZENOBIA.

It is in vain; he's loſt; we both muſt periſh.
And then my child---who then ſhall guard his youth?
No more theſe eyes ſhall ſee him: my ſweet boy
Will break his heart, and unregarded die.

Enter

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

All's loſt! all ruin'd! to the cave of death
Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamiſtus forth.

ZENOBIA.

Thou ſee'ſt the ſad reverſe!---immortal ſpirits,
Ye winged virtues, that with pitying eye
Watch the afflicted, will ye not inſpire
In this ſad hour, one great, one glorious thought,
Above the vulgar flight of common ſouls,
To ſave at once my huſband and my child?
The inſpiration comes! the bright idea
Expands my heart, and fills my glowing ſoul.

ZOPIRON.

My gracious queen, let not a blind deſpair---

ZENOBIA.

Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inſpires!
The god! the god!---my heart receives him all!
My lord, my Rhadamiſtus ſtill ſhall live. [*Exit.*

ZOPIRON.

Yet, I conjure thee, hear thy faithful ſlave.
[*Follows her out.*

Enter RHADAMISTUS *and* Guards.

RHADAMISTUS.

Say, whither do you lead me? does your tyrant
Repent his horrid outrage?

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Guards withdraw
To a remoter ground. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſtaken prince!
My heart bleeds for thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! too well I know
The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me,
I cannot look upon thee----

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! my brother,
Then let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Do'ſt thou forgive me? could I e'er have thought
To ſee thee here? my raſhneſs has undone thee!

RHADAMISTUS.

No, thou art innocent: the guilt is mine,
The guilt of mean, ungenerous policy,
Of ſelfiſh wiſdom, diſingenuous art,
That from a friend kept back the fatal ſecret,
When with the ardor of unbounded confidence,
I ſhould have ruſh'd with tranſport to thy arms,
Unboſom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Alas! I've heap'd theſe horrors on thy head.

I've ſeal'd thy doom; that is a brother's gift;
The firſt eſſay of Teribazus' friendſhip!
But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,
Of men and gods abhorr'd! doom'd like my father
To drench theſe murd'rous hands in brother's blood!

RHADAMISTUS.

Imbitter not the pangs that rive my ſoul.
Where is Zenobia? Unrelenting pow'rs
Was it for this your perſecuting wrath
Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-ſweetneſs
To theſe delighted eyes, theſe eager arms?

TERIBAZUS.

I'll give thee freedom ſtill; by Heav'n I will.

RHADAMISTUS.

Was ſhe but giv'n me to afflict her more?
To wake in that dear breaſt a gleam of joy,
A mockery of joy; joy ſcarce, ye pow'rs!
Divided by the moment of delight
From black deſpair, from agony and death?

TERIBAZUS.

I will protect her, will reſtore her to thee,
Or do a deed ſhall ſtrike mankind with horror!
Not ev'n a father ſhall retard my ſword;
In his own blood I'll drench it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!----

TERIBAZUS.

This hand,
E're thou ſhalt fall a victim to his fury,

Shall

Shall to the heart, th' inhuman heart of him,
Who dares----

RHADAMISTUS.

No more of that---can I consent,
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,
For ev'ry virtue fam'd, shall thus debase
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,
And perpetrate a dark insidious deed?
Oh! I should well deserve the worst of ills;
I then should justify a father's cruelty!

TERIBAZUS.

He has undone thee; has undone us all!
But yet thou shalt not die: by Heav'n I swear---
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart
Thy blackest purpose; nerve my lifted arm
To dash him headlong from his glitt'ring throne
A terrible example to the world.

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear, forbear, my brother; yet reflect;
You would strike vice with terror: tell me then,
Will not the act of rash impetuous zeal,
Will not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?
Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardor;
But oh! my brother, let it ne'er be said
That virtue held the base assassin's knife!

TERIBAZUS.

Gods! have I ruin'd such unheard of goodness?
Swift I'll dispatch a message to Paulinus,
And call his legions to assault the camp,

Enter TIGRANES, *and* Guards.

TIGRANES.

Guards, ſeize your pris'ner; in a dungeon's gloom
Plunge him ſequeſter'd from the light of Heav'n,
'Tis Pharaſmanes' will.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou meddling fiend!
I will attend his ſteps; will ſtill protect him
From men like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Should Pharaſmanes dare
To violate the rights of public law,
Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.
[*Exit with* Teribazus.

TIGRANES.

My thirſt of vengeance ſhall be ſated firſt.
Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin ſure!
Thy Ariana too, while fate is buſy,
Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory
All ſmooth and level to ambition's wiſh.

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

'Gainſt Rome's ambaſſador the King, Tigranes,
Suſpends his ſentence till his further orders.
The Queen commands it too.

TIGRANES.

The Queen! what Queen?

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

The beauteous Ariana; now your ſovereign.

TIGRANES.

Has ſhe relented? is ſhe married to him?

ZOPIRON.

She is: the ſcene with various paſſions burn'd!
Her treſſes all unbound, with faded charms,
Yet lovely ev'n in ſorrow, thro' the ranks
Eager ſhe flew, with ſhrieks, with outſtretch'd arms,
Invoking ev'ry god! the wond'ring ſoldier
With ſoften'd ſinews, bent his ſword to earth
And gaz'd with mix'd emotions as ſhe paſs'd.
Prone to the ground at Pharaſmanes' feet
She fell: he rais'd her ſoon, ſhe ſmil'd conſent.
To the King's tent ſhe preſs'd with eager ſpeed.
Th' exulting monarch call'd his prieſts around him,
And ſoon with ſolemn march and feſtive ſong
In his pavillion ſought the blooming bride.

TIGRANES.

This ſudden change, Zopiron, this raſh haſte,
I like it not.

ZOPIRON,

Nor I Tigranes: doubt,
Suſpicion, fear, and wonder, and miſtruſt,
Riſe in each anxious thought.

TIGRANES,

But did'ſt thou ſee
The ceremony clos'd?

ZOPIRON.

I did: at firſt
All pale and trembling Ariana ſtood.
Then more collected, with undaunted ſtep
She to the altar bore the nuptial cup.
There reverent bow'd, and "hear ye gods," ſhe ſaid,
"Hear and record the purpoſe of my ſoul."
With trembling lips then kiſs'd the ſacred vaſe,
And as our country's ſolemn rites require,
Drank of the ſacred bev'rage: from her hand
The King receiv'd it, and with eager joy,
As to his ſoul he took the nectar'd draught,
With ſtedfaſt eye ſhe view'd him, whilſt a ſmile
Of fickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her viſage.

TIGRANES.

Well, ſhe's our Queen, the diadem is hers!

ZOPIRON.

How long to wear it, Heav'n alone can tell.

[*The back ſcene draws, and diſcovers the King's pavillion, with an altar, and fire blazing on it; ſoft muſick is play'd, and they come forward.*

PHARASMANES *and* ZENOBIA.

PHARASMANES.

At length my Ariana's ſoft compliance
Endears the preſent bliſs, and gives an earneſt
Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! fond man expiates oft in fancy,

Uncon-

Unconſcious of the fates, and oft in thought
Anticipates a bliſs he ne'er enjoys.

PHARASMANES.

Away with gloomy care; for thou ar't mine,
Thou, Ariana! all our future days
Shall ſmile with gay, with ever-young deſire,
And not a cloud o'ercaſt the bright ſerene.

ZENOBIA.

And does thy penetrating eye pervade
What time has yet in ſtore?

PHARASMANES.

Why doſt thou aſk?

ZENOBIA.

I have been us'd to grief: releaſe the Roman,
And give him hence ſafe conduct to his friends;
I then ſhall be at peace.

PHARASMANES.

Beware, beware!
Nor rouze again the pangs, that fire a ſoul,
Which fiercely doats like mine.

ZENOBIA.

Diſmiſs him hence;
Give him his life; it was your marriage vow.
Grant me one interview, one little hour.
In that poor ſpace I can crowd all that's left me
Of love, and tenderneſs, and fond concern,
Before we part for ever.

PHARASMANES.

Fond concern!

And

And love, and tenderneſs! that look betrays
The ſecret workings of a heart eſtrang'd!
And ſhall the man, who dares diſpute my love,
Shall the ſlave breathe a moment? haſte, Tigranes,
And ſee immediate execution on him.
[*Exit* Tigranes.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! ſtay Tigranes---barb'rous man, recall
The horrid mandate.

PHARASMANES.

By immortal love,
I ſee the ſlave ſtill triumphs in your heart.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! ſpare him, ſpare him; by the vital air,
By your own promis'd faith---- [*Kneels to him.*

PHARASMANES.

Since lov'd by thee,
His doom is doubly ſeal'd.

ZENOBIA.

You ſhall not fly me:
Now tear me, drag me groveling in the duſt,
Tear off theſe hands; tear, tear me piece-meal firſt.

PHARASMANES.

Nay, then ſince force muſt do it. [*Shakes her off.*

ZENOBIA.

Barb'rous tyrant! [*She lies ſtretch'd on the ground.*

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

I go to ſee the minion of your heart
Expire in pangs before me. Ha!---what means
This more than winter's froſt that chills my veins?

ZENOBIA. *(Looking up)*

That groan revives, and calls me back to life!

PHARASMANES.

I cannot move---each vital function's loſt;
The purple current of my blood is ſtopt;
I freeze; I burn; oh! 'tis the ſtroke of death.
[*Falls on the ground.*

ZENOBIA. *(Riſing)*

Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the ſtroke of death:
And I inflict it; I have done it all.

PHARASMANES.

Pernicious trait'reſs! thou!

ZENOBIA.

My vengeance did it!
Zenobia's vengeance!---'tis Zenobia ſtrikes!
Zenobia executes her juſtice on thee!

PHARASMANES.

Oh! dire, accurſt event!---ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, thou fell monſter, know me for Zenobia!
Know the ambaſſador is Rhadamiſtus!
Haſte thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him King.
[*Exit* Zopiron.

PHARASMANES.

May curſes light upon thee---oh! I die,
And racks and wheels disjoint me.

ZENOBIA.

Writhe in torment,
In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew.
But I revenge his death; I daſh'd the cup
With precious poiſon!---*(a flouriſh of trumpets)* ha!
---now tyrant wake,
And hear thoſe ſounds---my Rhadamiſtus reigns!

PHARASMANES.

What and no help!---it is too late---the fates,
The fiends ſurround me; more than Ætna's fires
Burn in my veins---yet Heav'n---no---'tis in vain;
I cannot riſe---my crimes---my tenfold crimes---
They pull, they plunge me down, down headlong---
oh! [*Dies.*

ZENOBIA.

Shade of my father view your daughter now!
Behold her ſtruggling in a righteous cauſe!
Behold her conqu'ring in the tyrant's camp!
Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the duſt!

A ſecond flouriſh of trumpets.

RHADAMISTUS. *(Within the ſcenes)*

Where is Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Rhadamiſtus, here!

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS, ZOPIRON, *&c.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! let me, let me thus, thus pour my ſoul,
Thus ſpeak my joy, thus melt within thy arms.

ZENOBIA.

My lord! my life, my Rhadamiſtus!---come,
Grow to my heart, that bounds and ſprings to meet thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Once more reviv'd and ſnatch'd again from death
Thus do I ſee thee?---theſe are ſpeechleſs joys,
And tears alone expreſs them.

ZENOBIA.

Have I ſav'd thee?
All-gracious gods! 'tis rapture in th' extreme!

RHADAMISTUS.

My ſweet deliverer! my all of bliſs!

ZENOBIA.

Oh! it is joy too exquiſite!---and yet
Grief will imbitter ecſtacy like this!
There lies your father!

RHADAMISTUS.

All his crimes
Be buried with him!---nature will have way,
And o'er his corſe thus ſheds the filial tear.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! that my tears could waſh away his ſtains!

ZENOBIA.

Wilt thou forgive his murderer?

RHADAMISTUS.

For thee,
Beſet with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wer't,
In ev'ry region fame ſhall clap her wings,
And the recording muſe applaud thy virtue.

ZENOBIA.

If thou forgiv'ſt me, I am bleſs'd indeed!
Now we ſhall part no more---Megiſtus too!
Thou good old man!---let me embrace thee---ha!

MEGISTUS.

The blood forſakes her cheek; her eyes are fix'd!---

ZENOBIA.

Support me---help me---oh! I die---I die.
[*Falls in* Megiſtus' *arms.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Revive my love; thy Rhadamiſtus thus,
Thus calls your flutt'ring ſpirit back to life.

ZENOBIA.

It will not be---the toil of life is o'er---
My Rhadamiſtus--- [*Sinks down on the ground.*

RHADAMISTUS,

Muſt I loſe thee then?

ZENOBIA.

Oh! the envenom'd cup!---the marriage rites
Requir'd

Requir'd that I ſhould drink it firſt myſelf:
There was no other way; I did it freely
To ſave thy life; to ſave thee for my child.

RHADAMISTUS.

Is there no antidote to ſtop the courſe
Of this vile poiſon?

ZENOBIA.

None---it rages now;
It rages thro' my veins; my eyes grow dim;
They're loſt in darkneſs---oh!---I cannot ſee thee.
Where art thou, Rhadamiſtus?---muſt I breathe
Longer in life, and never ſee thee more!
And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?
Oh! cruel ſtars!---muſt they not fix on thee
The laſt expiring glance?

RHADAMISTUS.

Relentleſs pow'rs!
There lies Zenobia!---round that pallid beauty
Call your ætherial hoſt, each winged virtue,
Call ev'ry angel down, bid 'em behold
That matchleſs excellence, and then refuſe
Soft pity if they can!

ZENOBIA.

Megiſtus, ſeek my child,
And bring him to his father---Rhadamiſtus,
Wilt thou protect him?---My ſweet orphan-babe
I leave thee too!---oh! train him up in virtue:
Wilt thou be fond of him? a mother's fondneſs
My child ſhould meet---oh! raiſe me, Rhadamiſtus;
Give me thy hand---my little infant---oh!---

[*Dies.*

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Tears, you do well to ſtop; your wretched drops
Are unavailing at a ſight like this!
And art thou gone?---ah! thus defac'd and pale,
Thus do I ſee thee?---is that ghaſtly form
All that is left me of thee?---give me daggers,
Give me ſome inſtant means of death, my friends,
That I may throw this load of life away,
And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

TERIBAZUS.

Live, live my brother, for your infant ſon;
Let him prevail.

RHADAMISTUS.

Inhuman that thou art!
Think you I'll ſtay impriſon'd here in life,
When there---behold her---how ſhe ſmiles in death!
When there that form---think ye I'll linger here?
Dead, dead Zenobia!---ſtill I have thee thus!
You ne'er ſhall part us---this at leaſt I'll hold,
And cling for ever to theſe pale, pale charms;
Here breathe my laſt, and faithfull ſtill in death,
Love ſhall unite us in one peaceful grave.

TERIBAZUS.

Bring ev'ry aid, all medicinal ſkill,
To give each lenient balm to woes like his.
From thee ambition, what misfortunes flow?
To thee what varied ills weak mortals owe?
'Twas this for years laid deſolate the land,
And arm'd againſt a ſon the father's hand;
To black deſpair poor loſt Zenobia drove;
The hapleſs victim of diſaſtrous love!

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(She peeps thro' the Curtain.)

HOW do you all, good folks?---In tears for certain,
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
You're all so full of tragedy, and sadness!
For me to come among ye, would be madness:
This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.
[She enters upon their clapping.
This is so good, to call me out so soon---
The COMIC MUSE *by me intreats a* BOON;
She call'd for PRITCHARD, *her first maid of honour,*
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she,---I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The COMIC MUSE, *whose ev'ry smile is grace,*
And her SAGE SISTER, *with her tragic face,*
Have had a quarrel----each has WRIT A CASE *.
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.
MELPOMENE, *complains when she appears,*
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

* Alluding to the dispute between the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, who, at that time, had printed their CASES.

To

To raise your souls, and with her raptures wing 'em,
Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em;
Some flippant hussey, like myself comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
Hey! PRESTO PASS*!---all topsy turvy see,*
And, OH! OH! OH! *is chang'd to* HE, HE, HE!
We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,
*'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for---*EPILOGUE!
O! shame upon you---for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.
What says our COMIC GODDESS *?---with reproaches,*
She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY *encroaches!*
And spite of all her virtue, and ambition,
Is known to have an am'rous disposition:
For in FALSE DELICACY*---wond'rous sly,*
Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN*---O fye!*
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.---
Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with o'ther.
What can be done?---sad work behind the scenes!
There comic females scold with tragic queens.
Each party different ways the foe assails,
These shake their daggers, those prepare their nails.
'Tis YOU *alone must calm their dire mishaps,*
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
What is your will?---I read it in your faces;
That all hereafter take their proper places,
*Shake hands, and kiss and friends, and---*BURN THEIR CASES.

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Quo non penetrat, aut quid non excogitat pietas, quæ in carcere ſervandæ genetricis novam rationem invenit? Quid enim tam inuſitatum, quid tam inauditum, quam matrem natæ uberibus alitam? Putaret aliquis hoc contra rerum naturam factum, niſi diligere parentes prima naturæ lex eſſet.

VAL. MAXIM. lib. 5. c. 4.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! muſic! muſic!----Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer---ſtop your cat-gut, pray.
Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookſeller one moment to intrude?
My name is Foolſcap:---all my troubles paſt,
Fortune hath given me a rare helping caſt.
To all my toils a wife hath put a ſtop:
A devil firſt; but now I keep a ſhop.
My maſter died, poor man! he's out of print!
His widow, ſhe had eyes and took my hint.
A prey to grief, ſhe could not bear to be,
And ſo turn'd over a new leaf with me.
I drive a trade; have authors in my pay.
Men of all work, per week, per ſheet, per day.
TRAV'LLERS, *who not one foreign country know:*
And PAST'RAL POETS, *in the ſound of Bow.*
TRANSLATORS, *from the Greek they never read;*
CANTABS *and* SOPHS, *in Covent-Garden bred.*
HISTORIANS, *who can't write; who only take*
Sciſſars and paſte; cut, vamp; a book they make.
I've treated for this play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic ſtuff;
I have a newſpaper, and there can puff.
A newſpaper does wonders! none can be
In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,
Ugly or handſome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead,
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with eaſe;
In ſhort a newſpaper does what we pleaſe.
There jealous authors at each other bark;
Till Truth leaves not one glimpſe, no, not one ſpark;
But lies meet lies; and joſtle in the dark.

Our bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
I've preſs'd him, ere he plays this deſp'rate game,
To anſwer all, and vindicate his name.
But he convinc'd that all but truth muſt die,
Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,
How he employs his pen?---his play will tell.
To that he truſts; that he ſubmits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'reſt feelings, moral, new.
The ſcenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
Scenes that come home to ev'ry boſom here.
If this will do, I'll run and buy it ſtraight;
Stay; let me ſee; I think I'd better wait:
Yes; I'll lie ſnug, till you have fix'd it's fate.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DIONYSIUS,	Mr. PALMER.
EVANDER,	Mr. BARRY.
PHILOTAS,	Mr. REDDISH.
MELANTHON,	Mr. AICKIN.
PHOCION,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
ARCAS,	Mr. HURST.
GREEK HERALD,	Mr. PACKER.
CALIPPUS,	Mr. INCHBALD.
GREEK SOLDIER,	Mr. DAVIES.
OFFICER,	Mr. WHEELER.
EUPHRASIA,	Mrs. BARRY.
ERIXENE,	Miſs PLATT.

Scene, SYRACUSE.

THE

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter MELANTHON, *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

YET, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

PHILOTAS.

No more; it muſt not be.

MELANTHON.

Obdurate man;
Thus wilt thou ſpurn me, when a King diſtreſs'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable King,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a ſequeſter'd priſoner? Oh! Philotas,
If thou haſt not renounc'd humanity;
Let me behold my ſovereign; once again
Admit me to his preſence; let me ſee
My royal maſter.

PHILOTAS.

Urge thy ſuit no further;

Thy

Thy words are fruitleſs; Dionyſius' orders
Forbid acceſs; he is our ſov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

MELANTHON.

Thou can'ſt not mean it: his to give the law!
Deteſted ſpoiler!---his! a vile uſurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionyſius,
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monſter waded thro' whole ſeas of blood.
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
Like Freedom's Genius came, and ſent the tyrant
Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile ſubſiſtence,
A wandering ſophiſt thro' the realms of Greece.

PHILOTAS.

Melanthon, yes; full clearly I remember
The ſplendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
Hail'd her deliverer.

MELANTHON.

Shall the tyrant's ſon
Deduce a title from the father's guilt?
Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodneſs;
Thou art a Greek; fair Corinth gave thee birth;
I mark'd thy growing youth; I need not tell,
With what an equal ſway Evander reign'd,
How juſt, how upright, generous and good!
From ev'ry region bards and ſages came;
Whate'er of ſcience ancient Egypt ſtor'd;
All that the Eaſt had treaſur'd; all that Greece
Of moral wiſdom taught, and Plato's voice,
Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionyſius
Extinguiſh ev'ry virtue in the land,

Bow

Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

PHILOTAS.

Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuſe
All bend the knee; his the ſupreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his ſovereign nod.

MELANTHON.

But ſoon that pow'r ſhall ceaſe: behold his walls
Now cloſe encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne uſurp'd,
And bid all Sicily reſume her rights.

PHILOTAS.

Thou wert a ſtateſman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid ſchemes which Dionyſius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder ſun,
That now declining ſeeks the Weſtern wave,
Shall to the ſhades of night reſign the world,
Thou'lt ſee the Punic ſails in yonder bay,
Whoſe waters waſh the walls of Syracuſe.

MELANTHON.

Art thou a ſtranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumſpect to ſee
All poſſible events, he ruſhes on
Reſiſtleſs in his courſe! Your boaſted maſter
Scarce ſtands at bay; each hour the ſtrong blockade
Hems him in cloſer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppreſſion's iron rod to fragments ſhiver'd!
The good Evander then----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas, Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

MELANTHON.

How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, ſpeak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers---

PHILOTAS.

As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

MELANTHON.

And yet
Thy dark half-hinted purpoſe---lead me to him;
If thou haſt murder'd him----

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n, he lives.

MELANTHON.

Then bleſs me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the ſun gone down, ſince laſt theſe eyes
Have ſeen the good old King; ſay, why is this?
Wherefore debar'd his preſence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Can'ſt grant admittance; let me, let me ſee him.

PHILOTAS.

Entreat no more; the ſoul of Dionyſius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conſcious guilt.

MELANTHON.

But when dun night----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general aſſault.
Diſpatch ſome friend, who may o'er-leap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionyſius' order,
Lock'd up from ev'ry ſuſtenance of nature,
And life, now wearied out, almoſt expires.

MELANTHON.

If any ſpark of virtue dwell within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his priſon.

PHILOTAS.

The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

MELANTHON.

Ha! mov'd him, ſay'ſt thou?

PHILOTAS.

At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the ſteep aſcent,
To where the elder Dionyſius form'd,
On the ſharp ſummit of the pointed rock,
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unſeen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguiſh,
And died obſcure, unpitied, and unknown.

MELANTHON.

Clandeſtine murderer! Yes, there's the ſcene
Of horrid maſſacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in ſleep and darkneſs huſh'd.
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely ſullen beach,

And heard the mournful ſound of many a corſe
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmurs on the ſhore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;
My timely ſuccour may protect his days;
The guard is yours----

PHILOTAS.

Forbear; thou plead'ſt in vain;
And though I feel ſoft pity throbbing here;
Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,
I muſt not yield; it were aſſur'd deſtruction;
Farewell, diſpatch a meſſage to the Greeks;
I'll to my ſtation; now thou know'ſt the worſt.
[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

Oh! loſt Evander! Loſt Euphraſia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the ſhock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the verrieſt wretch
Whom the hard hand of Miſery hath grip'd!
In vain ſhe'll rave with impotence of ſorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All's loſt; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

Where is the King?
Our troops, that ſallied to attack the foe,
Retire diſordered; to the eaſtern gate
The Greeks purſue; Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

MELANTHON.

To the citadel

Direct

Direct thy footſteps; Dionyſius there
Marſhals a choſen band.

CALIPPUS.

Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haſte, or all is loſt! [*Exit.*
[*Warlike muſic.*

MELANTHON.

Now, ye juſt Gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian ſabre tenfold edge,
And ſave a virtuous King!
[*Warlike muſic.*

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

War on, ye heroes,
Ye great aſſertors of a monarch's cauſe!
Let the wild tempeſt rage. Melanthon, ha!
Did'ſt thou not hear the vaſt tremenduous roar?
Down tumbling from it's baſe the eaſtern tow'r,
Burſt on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

MELANTHON.

Still new horrors
Increaſe each hour, and gather round our heads.

EUPHRASIA.

The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring ſoul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

MELANTHON.

Alas! that hour

Would come with joy to ev'ry honeſt heart,
Would ſhed divineſt bleſſings from its wing;
But no ſuch hour in all the round of time,
I fear, the fates averſe will e'er lead on.

EUPHRASIA.

And ſtill, Melanthon, ſtill does pale deſpair
Depreſs thy ſpirit? Lo! Timoleon comes
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the juſt,
God-like Timoleon! ardent to redreſs,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval ſhall ſet the victor
Within our gates triumphant.

MELANTHON.

Still my fears
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadſt left this place,
When hence your huſband, the brave Phocion fled,
Fled with your infant ſon!

EUPHRASIA.

In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion,
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my ſweet little one. Full well thou know'ſt
The pangs I ſuffer'd in that trying moment.
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and ſhriek,
And by the roots tear my diſhevell'd hair?
Did I not follow to the ſea-beat ſhore,
Reſolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
To truſt the winds and waves?

MELANTHON.

Deem not, Euphraſia,
I e'er can doubt thy conſtancy and love.

EU-

EUPHRASIA.

Melanthon, how I loved, the Gods who ſaw
Each ſecret image that my fancy form'd,
The Gods can witneſs how I lov'd my Phocion.
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I deſert my father? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuſe, nor ſtay
To watch his fate, to viſit his affliction,
To cheer his priſon hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage ſmile?

MELANTHON.

The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praiſe.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breaſt,
This breaſt that ſtill ſhould yield it's nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to ſome happier ſhore.
If he be ſafe, Euphraſia dies content.
Till that ſad cloſe of all, the taſk be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To ſmooth the pillow of declining age,
See him ſink gradual into mere decay,
On the laſt verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wiſh,
Catch his laſt breath, and cloſe his eyes in peace.

MELANTHON.

I would not add to my afflictions; yet
My heart miſgives; Evander's fatal period----

EUPHRASIA.

Still is far off; the Gods have ſent relief,
And once again I ſhall behold him King.

MELANTHON.

Alas! thoſe glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray
To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head,
Soon to rain ſorrow down, and plunge you deeper
In black deſpair.

EUPHRASIA.

The ſpirit-ſtirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er ſhall know deſpair,
No, I will truſt the Gods. Deſponding man!
Haſt thou not heard with what reſiſtleſs ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?
Haſt thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?
The tyrant's pent up in his laſt retreat;
Anon thou'lt ſee his battlements in duſt,
His walls, his ramparts, and his towers in ruin;
Deſtruction pouring in on ev'ry ſide,
Pride and oppreſſion at their utmoſt need,
And nought to ſave him in his hopeleſs hour.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

MELANTHON.

Ha! the fell tyrant comes---Beguile his rage,
And o'er your ſorrows caſt a dawn of gladneſs.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, OFFICERS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

The vain preſumptuous Greek! His hopes of conqueſt,
Like a gay dream, are vaniſh'd into air.

Proudly

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

EUPHRASIA.

O Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,
Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me seek
The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
I die content, if in his arms I perish.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.
The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge
That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
And backward rolls into the sea again.
All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,
I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the western sun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me soothe to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,

Indulge

Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon muſt he ſeal his eyes in endleſs night,
And with his converſe charm my ear no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou ſurvey the city round;
Station the centinels, that no ſurpriſe
Invade the unguarded works, while drowſy night
Weighs down the ſoldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thou'lt ſee Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire
His age ſequeſter him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

EUPHRASIA.

For this benignity accept my thanks.
They guſh in tears, and my heart pours it's tribute.

DIONYSIUS.

Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou diſpatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
At the north point of yonder promontory
Let ſome ſelected officer inſtruct him
To moor his ſhips, and iſſue on the land.
Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance then
Shall overwhelm his camp, purſue his bands
With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
And caſt their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
In mangled heaps upon the naked ſhore.
[*Exit* Dionyſius.

EUPHRASIA, MELANTHON.

EUPHRASIA.

What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
If Carthage comes, if her perfidious ſons
Liſt in his cauſe, the dawn of freedom's gone.

MELANTHON.

Woe, bitt'reſt woe impends; thou would'ſt not think----

EUPHRASIA.

How! ſpeak! unfold.

MELANTHON.

My tongue denies it's office.

EUPHRASIA.

How is my father? Say, Melanthon----

MELANTHON.

He,
I fear to ſhock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment.---Since Timoleon
Firſt form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock impriſon'd
He pines in bittereſt want.

EUPHRASIA.

To that abode
Of woe and horror, that laſt ſtage of life,
Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

MELANTHON.

There ſequeſter'd,
Alas! he ſoon muſt periſh.

EUPHRASIA.

Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

MELANTHON.

Enough his ſword has reek'd with public ſlaughter;
Now dark inſidious deeds muſt thin mankind.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! night, that oft haſt heard my piercing ſhrieks
Diſturb thy awful ſilence; oft has heard
Each ſtroke theſe hands in frantic ſorrow gave
From this ſad breaſt reſounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now
With buſy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmeſt patience bear it:
Reſign'd and wretched, deſperate and loſt.

MELANTHON.

Deſpair, alas! is all the ſad reſource
Our fate allows us now.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet why deſpair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?
Blood is his due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, ſhake off this feeble ſex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.

And

And thou, O filial piety, that rul'ſt
My woman's breaſt, turn to vindictive rage;
Aſſume the port of juſtice; ſhew mankind
Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuſe,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

MELANTHON.

Yet beware;
Controul this frenzy that bears down your reaſon.
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmoſt fury; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear theſe tranſports of the ſoul,
Theſe wild upbraidings.

EUPHRASIA.

Shall Euphraſia's voice
Be huſh'd to ſilence, when a father dies?
Shall not the monſter hear his deeds accurſt?
Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
Fierce in deſpair, all nature in her cauſe
Alarm'd and rouz'd with horror? Yes, Melanthon,
The man of blood ſhall hear me; yes, my voice
Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n
Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
Melanthon come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakneſs of my ſex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold ſtrength; this arm ſhall do a deed
For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at!
This arm ſhall vindicate a father's cauſe.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

A wild romantic Scene amidſt overhanging Rocks; a Cavern on one Side.

ARCAS, *with a Spear in his Hand.*

THE gloom of night ſits heavy on the world;
And o'er the ſolemn ſcene ſuch ſtillneſs reigns,
As 'twere a pauſe of nature; on the beach
No murmuring billow breaks; the Grecian tents
Lie ſunk in ſleep; no gleaming fires are ſeen;
All Syracuſe is huſh'd; no ſtir abroad,
Save ever and anon the daſhing oar,
That beats the ſullen wave. And hark!---Was that
The groan of anguiſh from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom?---It is the ſound
Of buſtling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, *from the Cavern.*

PHILOTAS.

What ho! brave Arcas! ho!

ARCAS.

Why thus deſert thy couch?

PHILOTAS.

Methought the ſound
Of diſtant uproar chas'd affrighted ſleep.

AR-

ARCAS.

At intervals the oar's reſounding ſtroke
Comes ecchoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like ſilence through the wide expanſe
Broods o'er the dreary coaſt.

PHILOTAS.

Do thou retire,
And ſeek repoſe; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy poſt.

ARCAS.

How fares
Your royal pris'ner?

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, ſhall I own
A ſecret weakneſs? My heart inward melts
To ſee that ſuffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital ſpirit,
He welcomes death, and ſmiles himſelf to reſt.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repoſe; and now
The watch is mine.

ARCAS.

May no alarm diſturb thee.

[*Exit.*

PHILOTAS.

Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At cloſe of day the ſullen ſky held forth
Unerring ſignals. With diſaſtrous glare
The moon's full orb roſe crimſon'd o'er with blood;

And

And lo! athwart the gloom a falling ſtar
Trails a long tract of fire!---What daring ſtep
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'ſt advance. Unfold thy purpoſe:
Who and what art thou?

Enter EUPHRASIA, *with a Lanthorn in her Hand.*

EUPHRASIA.

Mine no hoſtile ſtep;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
It is a friend approaches.

PHILOTAS.

Ha! what mean
Thoſe plaintive notes?

EUPHRASIA.

Here is no ambuſh'd Greek,
No warrior to ſurprize thee on the watch.
An humble ſuppliant comes---Alas my ſtrength
Exhauſted quite forſakes this weary frame.

PHILOTAS.

What voice thus piercing thro' the gloom of night---
What art thou? what thy errand? quickly ſay
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour---
Wherefore alarm'ſt thou thus our peaceful watch?

EUPHRASIA.

Let no miſtruſt affright thee---Lo! a wretch,
The verieſt wretch that ever groan'd in anguiſh,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her ſad, ſad tale, implore thy aid,
For ſure the pow'r is thine, thou canſt relieve
My bleeding heart, and ſoften all my woes.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Ha! ſure thoſe accents--- *(takes the light from her.*

EUPHRASIA.

Deign to liſten to me.

PHILOTAS.

Euphraſia !------

EUPHRASIA.

Yes; the loſt, undone Euphraſia;
Supreme in wretchedneſs; to th' inmoſt ſenſe,
Here in the quickeſt fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to deſtraction.

PHILOTAS.

Why, princeſs, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still ſleep and ſilence wrap the weary world;
The ſtars in mid career uſurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are huſh'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Reſt in oblivious ſlumber from their cares.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, all; all reſt: the very murd'rer ſleeps;
Guilt is at reſt: I only wake to miſery.

PHILOTAS.

How didſt thou gain the ſummit of the rock?

EUPHRASIA.

Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;---in the fond purſuit
All pain and peril vaniſh; love and duty
Inſpir'd the thought; deſpair itſelf gave courage;
I climb'd

I climb'd the hard aſcent; with painful toil
Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
What will not miſery attempt?---If ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breaſt,
Admit me to Evander; in theſe caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable ſuccour to a father.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! Euphraſia, would I dare comply.

EUPHRASIA.

It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:---Oh! by our common parent---
Nay ſtay; thou ſhalt not fly; Philotas ſtay;
You have a father too; think were his lot
Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with ſlow conſuming pangs
He felt ſharp want, and with an aſking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,
Would'ſt thou not burſt thro' adamantine gates,
Thro' walls and rocks, to ſave him? Think, Philotas,
Of thy own aged ſire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

PHILOTAS.

'Twere beſt withdraw thee, princeſs; thy aſſiſtance
Evander wants not; it is fruitleſs all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---thou haſt murder'd him; he is no more;
I underſtand thee;---butchers, you have ſhed
The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,
Let me behold him; let a daughter cloſe

With

With duteous hand a father's beamleſs eyes;
Print her laſt kiſſes on his honour'd hand,
And lay him decent in the ſhroud of death.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.
Retire, and ſeek the couch of balmy ſleep,
In this dead hour, this ſeaſon of repoſe.

EUPHRASIA.

And doſt thou then, inhuman that thou art!
Adviſe a wretch like me to know repoſe?
This is my laſt abode: theſe caves, theſe rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphraſia's wrongs;
All Sicily ſhall hear me; yonder deep
Shall eccho back an injur'd daughter's cauſe;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and ſhriek, and give
Theſe ſcatter'd locks to all the paſſing winds;
Call on Evander loſt; and, pouring curſes,
And cruel gods, and cruel ſtars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madneſs and deſpair.

PHILOTAS.

Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphraſia,
With what ſevere enforcement Dionyſius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found----

EUPHRASIA.

Here is Euphraſia's manſion, *(falls on the ground.)*
Her fix'd eternal home;---inhuman ſavages,
Here ſtretch me with a father's murder'd corſe;
Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
It will be kindneſs in you; I ſhall reſt
Intomb'd within a parent's arms.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n,
My heart in pity bleeds.

EUPHRASIA.

Talk'ſt thou of pity?
Yield to the gen'rous inſtinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their laſt upon him,
And ſhew you have ſome ſenſe of human woe.

PHILOTAS.

Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honeſt heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare----

EUPHRASIA.

And if you dare!---Is that
The voice of manhood? Honeſt, if you dare!
'Tis the ſlave's virtue! 'tis the utmoſt limit
Of the baſe coward's honour.---Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, ſilence intereſt, extinguiſh fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more; will dare to all
That honour prompts.----How doſt thou dare to murder?----
Reſpect the gods, and know no other fear.

PHILOTAS.

No other fear aſſails this warlike breaſt.
I pity your misfortunes; yes, by Heav'n,
My heart bleeds for you. Gods! you've touch'd my ſoul!
The gen'rous impulſe is not giv'n in vain.
I feel thee Nature, and I dare obey.

Oh!

Oh! thou haſt conquer'd.---Go, Euphraſia, go
Behold thy father.

EUPHRASIA.

Raiſe me, raiſe me up;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man!

PHILOTAS.

Yet mark my words; if aught of nouriſhment
Thou would'ſt convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er conſent.

EUPHRASIA.

I will obſerve your orders:
On any terms, oh! let me, let me ſee him.

PHILOTAS.

Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.

EUPHRASIA.

My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act
Timoleon ſhall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue ſhall reward the deed.
(Goes into the cave.

PHILOTAS.

Prevailing, pow'rful virtue!---Thou ſubdueſt
The ſtubborn heart, and mould'ſt it to thy purpoſe.
Would I could ſave them!---But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to ſhelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to aſſuage its woes,
Is the beſt ſympathy, the pureſt joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus ſhe gave the ſocial gen'rous tear.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Inſide of the Cavern.

Enter ARCAS *and* EUPHRASIA.

ARCAS.

No; on my life I dare not.

EUPHRASIA.

But a ſmall,
A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhauſted drooping age.
I aſk no more.

ARCAS.

Not the ſmalleſt ſtore
Of ſcanty nouriſhment muſt paſs theſe walls.
Our lives were forfeit elſe: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.

EVANDER *(within the cell.)*

Oh! ſtruggling nature! let thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me reſt.

EUPHRASIA.

My father's voice!
It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.
I ſhall expire, and never ſee him more.

ARCAS.

Repoſe thee, princeſs, here, *(draws a couch)* here reſt thy limbs,
Till the returning blood ſhall lend thee firmneſs.

EUPHRASIA.

The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief? AR-

ARCAS.

All I can grant,
You ſhall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unlooſe the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without reſtraint.
[*Opens a cell in the back Scene.*

EUPHRASIA.

Hold, hold my heart! Oh! how ſhall I ſuſtain
The agonizing ſcene? *(riſes.)* I muſt behold him;
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that my father?

ARCAS.

Take your laſt farewell.
His vigour ſeems not yet exhauſted quite.
You muſt be brief, or ruin will enſue.
[*Exit.*

EVANDER. *(Raiſing himſelf.)*

Oh! when ſhall I get free?---Theſe ling'ring pangs---

EUPHRASIA.

Behold ye pow'rs, that ſpectacle of woe!

EVANDER.

Diſpatch me, pitying gods, and ſave my child!
I burn, I burn; alas! no place of reſt:
[*Riſes and comes out.*
A little air; once more a breath of air;
Alas! I faint; I die.

EUPHRASIA.

Heart-piercing ſight!
Let me ſupport you, Sir.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Oh! lend your arm.
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee: that kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my ſenſes---lead me forward:
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach it's ſuccour to a wretch like me?

EUPHRASIA.

Well may'ſt thou aſk it. Oh! my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.

EVANDER.

Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well;---I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

EUPHRASIA.

Do thou not know me, Sir?

EVANDER.

Methinks I know
That voice: art thou---alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object ſwims before me---No, in truth
I do not know thee.

EUPHRASIA.

Not your own Euphraſia?

EVANDER.

Art thou my daughter?

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! my honour'd Sire!

EVAN-

EVANDER.

My daughter, my Euphrasia? come to close
A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!
Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies
Are without number. [*Falls on the couch.*
This excess of bliss
O'erpow'rs; it kills; Euphrasia---could I hope it?
I die content---Art thou indeed my daughter?
Thou art; my hand is moisten'd with thy tears:
I pray you do not weep---thou art my child:
I thank you gods! in my last dying moments
You have not left me---I would pour my praise;
But oh! your goodness overcomes me quite!
You read my heart; you see what passes there.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas he faints; the gushing tide of transport
Bears down each feeble sense: restore him Heav'n!

EVANDER.

All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.
Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,
Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!
Nay dry those tears.

EUPHRASIA.

I will my father.

EVANDER.

Where,
I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

EUPHRASIA.

Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And left thee here
Expos'd and helpleſs?

EUPHRASIA.

He is all truth and honour:
He fled to ſave my child.

EVANDER.

My young Evander!
Your boy is ſafe Euphraſia?---Oh! my heart!
Alas! quite-gone; worn out with miſery;
Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

EUPHRASIA.

Inhuman wretches!
Will none relieve his want? A drop of water
Might ſave his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

EVANDER.

Theſe ſtrong emotions---Oh! that eager air---
It is too much---aſſiſt me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.

EUPHRASIA.

His eyes are fix'd!
And thoſe pale quiv'ring lips! He claſps my hand;
What, no aſſiſtance! Monſters will you thus
Let him expire in theſe weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Thoſe wild, thoſe piercing ſhrieks will give th' alarm.

EU-

EUPHRASIA.

Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I aſk.

EVANDER. *(As he is carried off.)*

O Death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt,
Thou wiſh of innocence, affliction's friend,
Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal reſt.
My child---where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,
Why doſt thou weep?---My eyes are dry---Alas!
Quite parch'd, my lips---quite parch'd, they cleave
together.

EUPHRASIA.

Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,
If e'er you view'd a ſcene of woe like this.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARCAS.

ARCAS.

The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eaſtern clouds.
'Twere time this interview ſhould end: the hour
Now warns Euphraſia hence: what man could dare,
I have indulg'd---Philotas!---ha! the cell
Left void!---Evander gone!--What may this mean?
Philotas, ſpeak.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! vile, deteſted lot
Here to obey the ſavage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold

It's executioner, and ſmile upon him.
That piteous ſight!

ARCAS.

She muſt withdraw Philotas;
Delay undoes us both. The reſtleſs main
Glows with the bluſh of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That paſs'd the night in buſy preparation,
Makes from the ſhore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty ſtreamers curling to the wind.
He ſeeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall ſoon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouze our ſlumb'ring troops. The time requires
Without or further pauſe, or vain excuſe,
That ſhe depart this moment.

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, yes;
My voice ſhall warn her of th' approaching danger.
[*Exit.*

ARCAS.

Would ſhe had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!---the wind conveys
In clearer ſound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphraſia?---Ha! what means, Philotas,
That ſudden haſte, that pale diſorder'd look?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

O! I can hold no more; at ſuch a ſight

Ev'n

Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant ſoftneſs. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodneſs; ſee
Th' expedient ſharp neceſſity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view,
A child like her.

ARCAS.

Ha!---Say what myſtery
Wakes theſe emotions?

PHILOTAS.

Wonder-working virtue!
The father foſter'd at his daughter's breaſt!
O! filial piety!---The milk deſign'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

ARCAS.

That device
Has ſhe then form'd, eluding all our care,
To miniſter relief?

PHILOTAS.

On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirſt the kind refreſhment,
And his looks ſpeak unutterable thanks,
Euphraſia views him with the tend'reſt glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;
And, ever and anon, amidſt the ſmiles
Of pure delight, of exquiſite ſenſation,
A ſilent tear ſteals down; the tear of virtue,
That ſweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs ſtill.

ARCAS.

The tale unmans my ſoul.

PHILOTAS.

Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worſt efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

ARCAS.

Philotas, for Euphraſia, in her cauſe
I now can hazard all. Let us preſerve
Her father for her.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! her lovely daring
Tranſcends all praiſe. By Heav'n he ſhall not die.

ARCAS.

And yet we muſt be wary; I'll go forth,
And firſt explore each avenue around,
Leſt the fix'd ſentinel obſtruct your purpoſe.
[*Exit.*

PHILOTAS.

I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men
Who feel for other's woes---She leads him forth,
And tremblingly ſupports his drooping age.
[*Goes to aſſiſt him.*

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA, *and* EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Euphrafia, oh! my child! returning life
Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward:
At the laft gafp preferv'd! Ha! dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I fee thee now;
I do indeed: the father fees his child.

EUPHRASIA.

I have reliev'd him---Oh! the joy's too great;
'Tis fpeechlefs rapture!

EVANDER.

Bleffings, bleffings on thee!

EUPHRASIA.

My father ftill fhall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?---Abandon him
To periſh here in mifery and famine?

PHILOTAS.

Thy tears, thou miracle of goodneſs!
Have triumph'd o'er me; theſe round guſhing drops
Atteſt your conqueſt. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence; I do releaſe him to you.

EVANDER.

What ſaid Philotas! Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my ſenſes are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he ſay releaſe me?

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Thou art my King, and now no more my pris'ner;
Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
Of filial piety to after times.
Yes, princeſs, lead him forth; I'll point the path,
Whoſe ſoft declivity will guide your ſteps
To the deep vale, which theſe o'rhanging rocks
Encompaſs round. You may convey him thence
To ſome ſafe ſhelter. Yet a moment's pauſe;
I muſt conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
Yes, I will ſave 'em---Oh! returning virtue!
How big with joy one moment in thy ſervice!
That wretched pair! I'll periſh in their cauſe.
[*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA, EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Whither, oh! whither ſhall Evander go?
I'm at the goal of life; if in the race
Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring ſtep,
But there ſits ſmiling with her laurel'd wreath,
To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
And not inglorious lay me down to reſt.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then refuſe, when thus the Gods
Afford a refuge to thee?

EVANDER.

Oh! my child,
There is no refuge for me.

EUPHRASIA.

Pardon, Sir:
Euphraſia's care has form'd a ſafe retreat;

There

There may'ſt thou dwell; it will not long be wanted.
Soon ſhall Timoleon, with reſiſtleſs force,
Burſt yon devoted walls.

EVANDER.

Timoleon!

EUPHRASIA.

Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece;
Another day ſhall make the city his.

EVANDER.

Timoleon come to vindicate my rights!
Oh! thou ſhalt reign in Sicily! my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n!
Pour down your bleſſings on this beſt of daughters;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown;
Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time tranſmit it to their boy!

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

All things are apt; the drowſy ſentinel
Lies huſh'd in ſleep; I'll marſhal thee the way
Down the ſteep rock.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! Let us quickly hence.

EVANDER.

The blood but loiters in theſe frozen veins.
Do you, whoſe youthful ſpirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpſe.

To

To me had Heav'n decree'd a longer date,
It ne'er had ſuffer'd a fell monſter's reign,
Nor let me ſee the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphraſia; in one lov'd embrace
To theſe remains pay the laſt obſequies,
And leave me here to ſink to ſilent duſt.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then, on ſelf-deſtruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor truſt your fate with me?

EVANDER.

Truſt thee! Euphraſia? Truſt in thee my child?
Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, ſince beſtow'd by thee.
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue ſoars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

Scene a Rampart near the Harbour

Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

AND lives he ſtill?

PHILOTAS.

He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the ſprings of life.

MELANTHON.

And doth he know
The glorious work the deſtinies prepare?

PHILOTAS.

He is inform'd of all.

MELANTHON.

That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell uſurper
Pants in the laſt extreme?

PHILOTAS.

The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

MELANTHON.

Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!

Your great deſign; ſecond the Grecian arms,
And whelm the ſons of Carthage in the deep.

PHILOTAS.

This hour decides their doom; and lo! Euphraſia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days ſhe ſat in penſive ſorrow fix'd,
And ſwell'd with ſtreaming tears the reſtleſs deep.
There, now with other ſentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and ſees the ſcatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

MELANTHON.

Bleſt event!
Evander, if thou mock'ſt me not, ſhall live
Once more to ſee the juſtice of the Gods.
But wilt thou ſtill protect my royal maſter?
Wilt thou admit me to his wiſh'd-for preſence?

PHILOTAS.

Let it ſuffice that no aſſaſſin's aim
Can now aſſault him: I muſt hence, Melanthon;
I now muſt mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a ſemblance of obſequious duty,
Delude ſuſpicion's eye: My friend, farewell.

[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

If he deceive me not with ſpecious hopes,
I ſhall behold the ſov'reign, in whoſe ſervice
Theſe temples felt the iron caſque of war,
And theſe white hairs have ſilver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encounter;

He

He ruſhes on; the ocean flames around
With the bright flaſh of arms; the echoing hills
Rebellow to the roar.

MELANTHON.

The Gods are with us,
And victory is ours.

EUPHRASIA.

High on the ſtern
The Grecian leaders ſtand: they ſtem the ſurge;
Launch'd from their arm the miſſive lightnings fly,
And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
And there, more, more are periſhing---Behold!
They plunge for ever loſt.

MELANTHON.

So periſh all,
Who from yon continent unfurl their ſails,
To ſhake the freedom of this ſea-girt iſle!

EUPHRASIA.

Did I not ſay, Melanthon, did I not
Preſage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
Where now are Afric's ſons? The vanquiſh'd tyrant
Shall look aghaſt; his heart ſhall ſhrink appall'd,
And dread his malefactions! Worſe than famine,
Deſpair ſhall faſten on him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

Baſe deſerters!
Curſe on their Punic faith! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ſhips averſe.

May ſtorms and tempeſts follow in their rear,
And daſh their fleet upon the Lybian ſhore!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has ſtorm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Purſues its courſe, and ſteers athwart the bay.

DIONYSIUS.

Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it muſt,
I bear a mind to meet it, undiſmay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by Fate.

CALIPPUS.

Through ev'ry ſtreet
Deſpair and terror fly. A panic ſpreads
From man to man, and ſuperſtition ſees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the Gods againſt us.

DIONYSIUS.

With ſacred rites their wrath muſt be appeas'd.
Let inſtant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incenſe roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In ſlow proceſſion to the temple bear
The image of their Gods.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---Does the tyrant
Dare with unhallow'd ſtep, with crimes and guilt,
Approach the ſacred fane?---Alas! my father,
Where now thy ſanctuary? What place ſhall hide
Thy perſecuted virtue? *(Aſide.)*

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Thou, Euphraſia,
Lead forth the pious band. This very moment
Iſſue our orders.

EUPHRASIA.

With conſenting heart
Euphraſia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n.
[*Exit.*

DIONYSIUS.

The ſolemn ſacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce ſoldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the ſacred rites.
[*Exit* CALIPPUS, *&c.*
Philotas, thou draw near: how fares your priſoner?
Has he yet breath'd his laſt?

PHILOTAS.

Life ebbs apace;
To-morrow's ſun ſees him a breathleſs corſe.

DIONYSIUS.

Curſe on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown
No more ſhall deck his brow; and if the ſand
Still loiter in the glaſs, thy hand, my friend,
May ſhake it thence.

PHILOTAS.

It ſhall, dread Sir; that taſk
Leave to thy faithful ſervant.

DIONYSIUS.

Oh! Philotas,
Thou little know'ſt the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A con-

A conqueror's breaſt, but ſerves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorſe.
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
The flatt'ring train, the ſentinel that guards me,
The ſlave that waits, all give ſome new alarm,
And from the means of ſafety dangers riſe.
Ev'n victory itſelf plants anguiſh here,
And round my laurels the fell ſerpent twines.

PHILOTAS.

Would Dionyſius abdicate his crown,
And ſue for terms of peace?

DIONYSIUS.

Deteſted thought!
No, though ambition teem with countleſs ills,
It ſtill has charms of pow'r to fire the ſoul.
Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppoſe them all. The pomp of ſacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitleſs; then let daring guilt
Be my inſpirer, and conſummate all.
Where are thoſe Greeks, the captives of my ſword,
Whoſe deſp'rate valour ruſh'd within our walls,
Fought near our perſon, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breaſt?

PHILOTAS.

In chains they wait their doom.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to ſee 'em; bring the ſlaves before me.

PHILOTAS.

What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your priſoners.

Enter

Enter MELANTHON, *with* Greek Officers *and* Soldiers.

DIONYSIUS.

Aſſaſſins and not warriors! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your ſword,
Thus do you come againſt a ſingle life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head? Did not your ſwords at once
Point at my breaſt, and thirſt for regal blood?

GREEK OFFICER.

We ſought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.
An open foe in arms I meant to ſlay
The foe of human kind. With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you ſally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall ſcale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like aſſault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle ſhall become our priſ'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

GREEK OFFICER.

Then wilt thou ſee
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have ſworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;
Ours the firſt lot; we've fail'd; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Vile ſlave, no more. Melanthon drag 'em hence
To die in miſery. Impal'd alive
The winds ſhall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the reſt let one depart
A meſſenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her choſen ſons, her firſt adventurers met.
[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

Unhappy men! how ſhall my care protect
Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that receſs,
Midſt the wild tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell:
That officer will guide your ſteps.
[*All follow* PHILOTAS, *except* PHOCION.

PHOCION.

Diſguis'd
Thus in a ſoldier's garb he knows me not.
Melanthon!

MELANTHON.

Ha!---Thoſe accents!---Phocion here?

PHOCION.

Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, ſay
How fares Euphraſia?

MELANTHON.

Ha! beware;---Philotas,
Conduct thoſe pris'ners hence; this ſoldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Oh! ſatisfy my doubts; how fares Euphraſia?

MELANTHON.

Euphraſia lives, and fills the anxious moments
With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
Why with raſh valour penetrate our gates?

PHOCION.

Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuſe
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear ſake, all danger ſinks before me;
For her I burſt the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a paſſage.
A hundred choſen Greeks purſu'd my ſteps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls ſuperior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We ruſh'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwiſe. Melanthon, ſay,
I fear to aſk it, lives Evander ſtill?

MELANTHON.

Alas, he lives impriſon'd in the rock.
Thou muſt withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his ſlumb'ring rage;
Aſſail the walls; thou with thy phalanx ſeek
The ſubterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in deſtruction
To the great work of vengeance.

PHOCION.

Would'ſt thou have me
Baſely retreat, while my Euphraſia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpitied, undiſtinguiſh'd
Amidſt the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap?
No; I will ſeek her in theſe walls accurſt,
Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; ſave that life,
My only ſource of joy, that life, whoſe loſs
Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,
And damn a righteous cauſe.

MELANTHON.

Yet hear the voice
Of ſober age. Should Dionyſius' ſpies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:
'Twere beſt retire, and ſeek Timoleon's tents;
Tell him, diſmay and terror fill the city;
Ev'n now in Syracuſe the tyrant's will
Ordains with pomp oblations to the Gods.
His deadly hand ſtill hot with recent blood,
The monſter dares approach the ſacred altar:
Thy voice may rouſe Timoleon to th' aſſault,
And bid him ſtorm the works.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n I will;
My breath ſhall wake his rage; this very night,
When ſleep ſits heavy on the ſlumb'ring city,
Then Greece unſheaths her ſword, and great revenge
Shall ſtalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of ſlaughter'd troops, a ſacrifice to freedom!
But firſt let me behold Euphraſia.

ME-

MELANTHON.

Hush
Thy pent-up valour: to a ſecret haunt
I'll guide thy ſteps: there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphraſia to thy longing arms.

PHOCION.

Wilt thou?

MELANTHON.

By Heav'n I will; another act
Of deſperate fury might endanger all.
The tyrant's buſy guards are poſted round;
In ſilence follow; thou ſhalt ſee Euphraſia.

PHOCION.

Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve ſhall bid me graſp the javelin,
Shall bid my ſword with more than lightning's ſwiftneſs
Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene a Temple, with a Monument in the Middle.

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and other Female Attendants.*

EUPHRASIA.

This way, my virgins, this way bend your ſteps.
Lo! the ſad ſepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof reſounds,

There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's aſhes.

ERIXENE.

Forbear, Euphraſia, to renew your ſorrows.

EUPHRASIA.

My tears have dry'd their ſource; then let me here
Pay this ſad viſit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. Theſe ſacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's ſhade,
And ſprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.
[*She goes into the tomb.*

ERIXENE.

Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that virtue,
And heal the pangs that deſolate her ſoul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your ſcatter'd garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appeaſe with ſacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining ſeer
Had gor'd his kniſe. The brazen ſtatues tremble,
And from the marble, drops of blood diſtill.

ERIXENE.

Now, ye juſt Gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Amidſt the throng
A matron labours with th' inſpiring God;
She ſtares, ſhe raves, and with no mortal ſound
Proclaims around, " Where Phœbus am I borne?
" I ſee their glitt'ring ſpears; I ſee them charge;
" Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
" Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
" I know it well; Oh! cloſe the dreadful ſcene;
" Relieve me Phœbus, I have ſeen too much."

ERIXENE.

Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:
Avert the omen, Gods, and guard his life.

Enter EUPHRASIA *from the Tomb.*

EUPHRASIA.

Virgins, I thank you---Oh! more lightly now
My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

PHILOTAS.

He flies the altar; leaves th' unfiniſh'd rites.
No God there ſmiles propitious on his cauſe.
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling ſcale.

EUPHRASIA.

Deſpair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, diſorder'd ſtep---He ruſhes forth;
Some new alarm demands him!---Ev'n now
He iſſues at yon portal!---Lo! ſee there,
The ſuppliant crowd diſperſes; wild with fear,

Diſtraction

Diſtraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates---Do you retire,
Retire Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of ſuſpended fate
To pious worſhip and to filial love.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! I fear to yield:---awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.
[*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

Now then, Euphraſia, now thou may'ſt indulge
The pureſt ecſtacy of ſoul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue.

Enter EVANDER *from the Monument.*

EVANDER.

And does the grave thus caſt me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

EUPHRASIA.

How fares my father now?

EVANDER.

Thy aid, Euphraſia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital ſtream
Deriv'ſt thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou haſt repaid it to thy native ſource.

EUPHRASIA.

Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodneſs dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Joy and wonder riſe
In mix'd emotions!---Though departing hence,
After the ſtorms of a tempeſtuous life,
Tho' I was entering the wiſh'd-for port,
Where all is peace, all bliſs, and endleſs joy,
Yet here contented I can linger ſtill
To view thy goodneſs, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life!---Did ever parent
Thus call his child before?---My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er; it akes with joy.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;
Nature and duty call'd me---Oh! my father,
How didſt thou bear thy long, long ſuff'rings? How
Endure their barb'rous rage?

EVANDER.

My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand muſt do.
In the worſt hour of pain, a voice ſtill whiſper'd me,
"Rouze thee, Evander; ſelf-acquitting conſcience
"Declares thee blameleſs, and the gods behold thee."
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal ſpirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in bliſs
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
But thou recall'ſt me; thou!

EUPHRASIA.

Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And does he ſtill
Urge on the ſiege?

EUPHRASIA.

His active genius comes
To ſcourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half loſt is ſwallow'd by the roaring ſea.
The ſhatter'd refuſe ſeek the Lybian ſhore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

EVANDER.

Theſe are thy wonders Heaven! Abroad thy ſpirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vaniſh'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---hark!---what noiſe is that! It comes this way.
Some buſy footſtep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! Sir, retire---Ye Pow'rs!---Philotas!---ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

For thee, Euphraſia, Dionyſius calls.
Some new ſuſpicion goads him. At yon gate
I ſtopt Calippus, as with eager haſte
He bent this way to ſeek thee.---Oh! my Sovereign,
My King, my injur'd maſter, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? *(kneels to* Evander.*)*

EVANDER.

Virtue ſuch as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added luſtre.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waſte.
You muſt withdraw; truſt to your faithful friends.
Paſs but another day, and Dionyſius
Falls from a throne uſurp'd.

EVANDER.

But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what ſtreams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waſte of nature---I'll go forth,
And to my people ſhew their rightful King.

EUPHRASIA.

Baniſh that thought; forbear; the raſh attempt
Were fatal to our hopes; oppreſs'd, diſmay'd,
The people look aghaſt, and wan with fear
None will eſpouſe your cauſe.

EVANDER.

Yes all will dare
To act like men;---their King, I gave myſelf
To a whole people. I made no reſerve;
My life was their's; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cauſe; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the ſubject's leſs?
If they are all debas'd, and willing ſlaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old ſinking to ignoble graves,
Of ſuch a race no matter who is King.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will truſt their valour.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet ſtay; yet be adviſ'd.

PHILOTAS.

As yet my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted meaſure.
The fates are buſy: wait the vaſt event.
Truſt to my truth and honour. Witneſs, Gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas ſwears----

EVANDER.

Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the beſt emotions of the heart,
Truth, reaſon, juſtice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by thoſe laws, and wants no other ſanction.

EUPHRASIA.

Again, th' alarm approaches; ſure deſtruction
To thee, to all will follow:---hark! a ſound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted iſle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's loſt if thou art ſeen.

PHILOTAS.

And lo! Calippus
Darts with the light'ning's ſpeed acroſs the iſle.

EVANDER.

Thou at the Senate-houſe convene my friends.
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave aſſociates,
Will ſhew that liberty has leaders ſtill.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child farewell;
Thou ſhalt direct me now.

EUPHRASIA.

Too cruel fate!
The tomb is all the manſion I can give;
My mother's tomb! [Evander *enters the tomb.*

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

You muſt be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry ſound
Deſtruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way
Calippus comes---Let me retard his ſpeed. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA *coming forward.*

How my diſtracted heart throbs wild with fear?
What brings Calippus? wherefore? ſave me Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This ſullen muſing in theſe drear abodes
Alarms ſuſpicion: the King knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the ſtate and him.
His ſov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his preſence.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! what means
The tyrant?---I obey (*Exit* Calippus.) and, oh! ye Pow'rs,
Ye miniſters of Heaven, defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon
Avenging juſtice ſhakes her crimſon ſteel,
Oh! be the grave at leaſt a place of reſt;
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bleſs a willing people,
And be your own juſt image here on earth.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT the FOURTH.

Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

AWAY; no more; pernicious, vile diſſembler!

PHILOTAS.

Wherefore this frantic rage?

MELANTHON.

Thou can'ſt not varniſh
With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
I fought the good old King: the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it.

PHILOTAS.

Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.

MELANTHON.

Thou haſt plung'd thee down
Far as the loweſt depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou haſt out-gone all regiſters of guilt;
Beyond all fable haſt thou ſinn'd, Philotas.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n thou wrong'ſt me: did'ſt thou know, old man----

ME-

MELANTHON.

Could not his rev'rend age, could not his virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, ſoften thee to pity?
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my King.

PHILOTAS.

Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your King ſtill lives.

MELANTHON.

Thou vile deceiver!---Lives!
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

PHILOTAS.

We have remov'd him to a ſure aſylum.

MELANTHON.

Remov'd!---Thou traitor! what dark privacy---
Why move him thence? The vile aſſaſſin's ſtab
Has clos'd his days---calm unrelenting villain!
I know it all.

PHILOTAS.

By ev'ry pow'r above
Evander lives; in ſafety lives. Laſt night,
When in his dark embrace ſleep wrapt the world,
Euphraſia came, a ſpectacle of woe;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, ſhe touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

MELANTHON.

How, Philotas!
If thou do'ſt not deceive me----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

No, by Heaven!
By ev'ry pow'r above---But hark! thoſe notes
Speak Dionyſius near: anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular; thy King
Mean while is ſafe---but lo! the tyrant comes;
With guilt like his I muſt equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to diſſemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

Away each vain alarm; the ſun goes down.
Nor yet Timoleon iſſues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
Here the vain Greek ſhall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourſelf, ſtill Dionyſius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
By Heav'n, this panting boſom hop'd to meet
His boaſted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Diſpatch his herald?---Let the ſlave approach.

Enter the HERALD.

DIONYSIUS.

Now ſpeak thy purpoſe; what doth Greece impart?

HERALD.

Timoleon, Sir, whoſe great renown in arms
Is equall'd only by the ſofter virtues
Of mild humanity that ſway his heart,
Sends me his delegate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which

The-

The fierceſt nature, though it ſpurn at juſtice,
May ſympathize with his.

DIONYSIUS.

Unfold thy myſtery;
Thou ſhalt be heard.

HERALD.

The gen'rous leader ſees,
With pity ſees, the wild deſtructive havock
Of ruthleſs war; he hath ſurvey'd around
The heaps of ſlain that cover yonder field,
And touch'd with gen'rous ſenſe of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

DIONYSIUS.

Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of thoſe ills thou ſpeak'ſt of,
Let the ambitious factor of deſtruction,
Timely retreat, and cloſe the ſcene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his ſtandard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the ſhepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blaſted hopes
Of half the year, while cloſer to her breaſt
The mother claſps her infant?

HERALD.

'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cauſe; not mine the office
To juſtify the ſtrong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only ſcope
My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pauſe of horror,
That they, whoſe bodies on the naked ſhore
Lie weltering in their blood, from either hoſt

May

May meet the laſt ſad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

DIONYSIUS.

Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
Let him, with thoſe that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of thoſe he murder'd, from my tender care
Shall meet due obſequies.

HERALD.

The hero, Sir,
Wages no war with thoſe, who bravely die.
'Tis for the dead I ſupplicate; for them
We ſue for peace; and to the living too
Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
Of a whole people have unſheath'd his ſword.
A ſingle day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's ſun may ſee both armies meet
Without hoſtility, and all in honour;
You to interr the troops, who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble ſod
To thoſe, who gain'd a footing on the iſle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Be it ſo;
I grant thy ſuit: ſoon as to-morrow's dawn
Illume the world, the rage of waſting war
In vain ſhall thirſt for blood: but mark my words;
If the next orient ſun behold you here,
That hour ſhall ſee me terrible in arms
Deluge yon plain, and let deſtruction looſe.
Thou know'ſt my laſt reſolve, and now farewell.
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[*Exit* Herald.

By Heav'n the Greek hath offered to my ſword

An

An eaſy prey; a ſacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus let each ſoldier
This night reſign his wearied limbs to reſt,
That ere the dawn, with renovated ſtrength,
On the unguarded, unſuſpecting foe,
Diſarm'd, and bent on ſuperſtitious rites,
From every quarter we may ruſh undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful ſteel,
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends haſte to your ſeveral poſts,
And let this night a calm unruffled ſpirit
Lie huſh'd in ſleep: away, my friends, diſperſe.
Philotas, waits Euphraſia as we order'd?

PHILOTAS.

She's here at hand.

DIONYSIUS.

Admit her to our preſence.
Rage and deſpair, a thouſand warring paſſions,
All riſe by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all meaſures muſt be tried,
To ſweep the Grecian ſpoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unſhaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

What ſudden cauſe requires Euphraſia's preſence?

DIONYSIUS.

Approach, fair mourner, and diſpel thy fears.
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat
Reſpect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care

To ſoothe affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

EUPHRASIA.

Vile diſſembler!
Deteſted homicide! *(Aſide)*---And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

DIONYSIUS.

Urgencies of ſtate
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his perſon
All honour hath been paid.

EUPHRASIA.

The righteous Gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Juſt retribution.

DIONYSIUS.

If to ſee your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breaſt, and dry thoſe beauteous tears,
A moment more ſhall bring him to your preſence.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years---
No, let me ſeek him rather---If ſoft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! ſend me, ſend me to him.

DIONYSIUS.

Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas ſhall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

EU-

EUPHRASIA.

Diſaſtrous fate!
Ruin impends!---This will diſcover all;
I'll periſh firſt; provoke his utmoſt rage. *(Aſide)*
Tho' much I languiſh to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit---the ſun goes down;
Night falls apace; ſoon as returning day---

DIONYSIUS.

This night, this very hour, you both muſt meet.
Together you may ſerve the ſtate and me.
Thou ſee'ſt the havock of wide waſting war;
And more, full well you know, are ſtill to bleed,
Thou may'ſt prevent their fate.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! give the means,
And I will bleſs thee for it.

DIONYSIUS.

From a Greek,
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy huſband, Phocion----

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! ſay, ſpeak of my Phocion.

DIONYSIUS.

He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the ſtates of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wreſt my crown.

EUPHRASIA.

And does my Phocion ſhare Timoleon's glory?

DIONYSIUS.

With him inveſts our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her ſtandard here.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! bleſs him Gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
Lift on his ſide; againſt the hoſtile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his ſword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conqueſt crown'd,
And his Euphraſia ſpring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

DIONYSIUS.

Ungrateful fair! Has not our ſovereign will
On thy deſcendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?

EUPHRASIA.

From thee the crown! From thee! Euphraſia's children
Shall on a nobler baſis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

DIONYSIUS.

Miſguided woman!

EUPHRASIA.

Aſk of thee protection!
The father's valour ſhall protect his boy.

DIONYSIUS.

Ruſh not on ſure deſtruction; ere to late

Accept

Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are theſe;
Inſtant ſend forth a meſſage to your huſband;
Bid him draw off his Greeks! unmoor his fleet,
And meaſure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hoſtages;
And for his treaſon both may anſwer.

EUPHRASIA.

Think'ſt thou then
So meanly of my Phocion?---Doſt thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
Oh! thou doſt little know him; know'ſt but little
Of his exalted ſoul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever honour'd bright reward,
Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flouriſh on his tomb,
For nations free'd and tyrants laid in duſt.

DIONYSIUS.

By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his laſt.

EUPHRASIA.

Better for him to ſink at once to reſt,
Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon ſcoop'd with barb'rous ſkill
Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
Of that feil malice and that black ſuſpicion
That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear
Prepar'd for innocence!---Vice liv'd ſecure,
It flouriſh'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
In that black period, to be great and good
Was a ſtate crime; the pow'rs of genius then
Were a conſtructive treaſon.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! beware,
Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

EUPHRASIA.

Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppreſſion; freeborn men
Were torn in private from their houſehold gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunſel edge, and left to pine
In bitterneſs of ſoul; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant ſat, and through a ſecret channel
Collected ev'ry ſound; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue; kept a regiſter
Of ſighs and groans by cruelty extorted;
Noted the honeſt language of the heart;
Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

DIONYSIUS.

Obdurate woman! obſtinate in ill!
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd; irrevocably fix'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Thy doom, perhaps,
May firſt be fix'd; the doom that ever waits
The fell oppreſſor, from a throne uſurp'd
Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate!
At Corinth Dionyſius!

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! this night
Evander dies; and thou, deteſted fair!
Thou ſhalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Purſues his wearied life through every nerve.

I ſcorn

I ſcorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall ſate my great revenge. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

This night perhaps
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blaſt creation.
My father, who inhabit'ſt with the dead,
Now let me ſeek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Inſide of the Temple.

Enter PHOCION *and* MELANTHON,

PHOCION.

Each ſtep I move, a grateful terror ſhakes
My frame to diſſolution.

MELANTHON.

Summon all
Thy wonted firmneſs; in that dreary vault
A living King is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my poſt, near where the pillar'd iſle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprize you in the pious act. [*Exit.*

PHOCION.

If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphraſia meets my ſearch, the fates atone
For all my ſuff'rings, all afflictions paſt.
Yes I will ſeek them---ha!---the gaping tomb
Invites my ſteps---now be propitious Heaven!
[*He enters the Tomb.*

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA.

All hail ye caves of horror!---In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the ſorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r ſupreme! whoſe all-pervading mind
Guides this great frame of things; who now behold'ſt me,
Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy ſacred ſhrine,
And ſupplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there?----Evander?----Anſwer----tell me---ſpeak----

Enter PHOCION *from the Tomb.*

PHOCION.

What voice is that?---Melanthon!

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! thoſe ſounds!---
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or loſt Euphraſia dies.

PHOCION.

Heart-ſwelling tranſport!
Art thou Euphraſia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy huſband comes.

EUPHRASIA.

Support me; reach thy hand.

PHOCION.

Once more I claſp her in this fond embrace!

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

What miracle has brought thee to me?

PHOCION.

Love
Inſpir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?
Why in this place of woe? my tender little one,
Say is he ſafe? oh? ſatisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I go wild at once.
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

PHOCION.

Your boy is ſafe, Euphraſia; lives to reign
In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care
Protects him in his camp; diſpel thy fears;
The Gods once more will give him to thy arms.

EUPHRASIA.

My father lives ſepulchred ere his time,
Here in Eudocia's tomb; let me conduct thee.

PHOCION.

I came this moment thence.

EUPHRASIA.

And ſaw Evander?

PHOCION.

Alas! I found him not.

EUPHRASIA.

Not found him there?
And have they then---Have the fell murderers---Oh!
[*faints away.*

PHOCION.

I've been too raſh; revive, my love, revive;
Thy Phocion calls; the Gods will guard Evander,
And ſave him to reward thy matchleſs virtue.

Enter EVANDER *and* MELANTHON.

EVANDER.

Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged ſteps;
Where is he? Let me ſee him.

PHOCION.

My Euphraſia;
Thy father lives;----thou venerable man!
Behold!----I cannot fly to thy embrace.

EUPHRASIA.

Theſe agonies muſt end me; ah! my father!
Again I have him; gracious Pow'rs! again
I claſp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

EVANDER.

Euphraſia! Phocion too! Yes, both are here;
Oh! let me thus, thus ſtrain you to my heart.

PHOCION.

Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphraſia ſav'd! That ſweet reflection
Exalts the bliſs to rapture.

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Why my father,
Why thus adventure forth? The ſtrong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my ſpirits.

EVANDER.

I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful ſilence round,
To throw me proſtrate at the altar's foot,
And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.
Melanthon there-----

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

Philotas! ha! what means----

PHILOTAS.

Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
Unſated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his preſence.

EVANDER.

Lead me to him:
His preſence hath no terror for Evande

EUPHRASIA.

Horror! It muſt not be.

PHILOTAS.

No; never, never:
I'll periſh rather. But the time demands

Our utmoſt vigour; with the light'ning's ſpeed
Deciſive, rapid. With the ſcorpion ſtings
Of conſcience laſh'd, deſpair and horror ſeize him,
And guilt but ſerves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's ſuſpenſe from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With baſe ſurpriſe, to ſtorm Timoleon's camp.

EVANDER.

And doth he grant a falſe inſidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

EUPHRASIA.

I know the monſter well: when ſpecious ſeeming
Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with deſtruction. Like our own mount Ætna,
When the deep ſnows inveſt his hoary head,
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
Looking tranquility; ev'n then beneath
The fuel'd entrails ſummon all their rage,
Till the affrighted ſhepherd round him ſees
The ſudden ruin, the vulcano's burſt,
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,
And all the land with deſolation cover'd.

MELANTHON.

Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends.
Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a paſsport:
Rouze him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own inſidious arts, or all is loſt.

PHOCION.

Evander thou, and thou, my beſt Euphraſia,
Both ſhall attend my flight.

ME-

MELANTHON.

It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

EUPHRASIA.

Together here
We will remain, ſafe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

EVANDER.

Oh! would the Gods roll back the ſtream of time,
And give this arm the ſinew that it boaſted
At Tauromenium, when its force reſiſtleſs
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add ſtill another laurel to my brow.

EUPHRASIA.

Enough of laurell'd victory your ſword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

EVANDER.

And ſhall my ſword,
When the great cauſe of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, ſecond youth rekindles in my veins:
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will ſhew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.---And yet---O ſhame!
It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires: I have ſurviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people and myſelf.

EUPHRASIA.

Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee.

ME-

MELANTHON.

And when th' aſſault begins, my faithful cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this ſacred dome.

PHOCION.

And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

MELANTHON.

Truſt to my care: no danger ſhall aſſail them.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n, the glorious expectation ſwells
This panting boſom! Yes, Euphraſia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.
Fell Dionyſius tremble; ere the dawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates; the rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thouſand Greeks,
Shall burſt at once; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' aſtoniſh'd world. The brazen gates
Aſunder ſhall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage
Thro' the wide city's round ſhall wade in gore,
And guilty men awake to gaſp their laſt.
Melanthon, come.

EVANDER.

Yet, ere thou go'ſt, young man,
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, juſt vengeance on it's head,
In mercy puniſh it. The rage of ſlaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Bid him not ſhed unneceſſary blood.
Conqueſt is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity enobles all.
So thinks Evander, and ſo tell Timoleon.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Farewell; the midnight hour ſhall give you free-
dom. [*Exit with* Melanthon *and* Philotas.

EUPHRASIA.

Ye guardian Deities, watch all his ways.

EVANDER.

Come, my Euphraſia, in this interval
Together we will ſeek the ſacred altar,
And thank the God, whoſe preſence fills the dome,
For the beſt gift his bounty could beſtow,
The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour
Our hearts in praiſe, in tears of adoration,
For all the wond'rous goodneſs laviſh'd on us.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS.

DIONYSIUS.

ERE the day clos'd, while yet the buſy eye
Might view their camp, their ſtations and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Did'ſt thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

CALIPPUS.

From the watch-tour I ſaw them: all things ſpoke
A foe ſecure, and diſcipline relax'd.
Their arms thrown idly by, the ſoldiers ſtray'd
To one another's tents; their ſteeds no more
Stood near at hand capariſon'd for war;
And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to ſee
The ſpot where the beſieg'd had ſallied forth,
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the ſlain
That lie in heaps upon the crimſon beach.
There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
And the friend ſought ſome veſtige of the face
Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;
Some ſlowly gain'd their tents: diſpers'd around
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

DIONYSIUS.

Their folly gives them to my ſword: are all
My orders iſſued?

CALIPPUS.

All.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repoſe?

CALIPPUS.

The city round lies huſh'd in ſleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Anon
Let each brave officer, of choſen valour,
Forſake his couch, and with delib'rate ſpirit,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at furtheſt
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to ſtorm their camp;
And whelm their men, their arms, and ſteeds and tents,
In one prodigious ruin. Haſte, Calippus,
Fly to thy poſt, and bid Euphraſia enter.
[*Exit* CALIPPUS.
Evander dies this night: Euphraſia too
Shall be diſpos'd of. Curſe on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the ſeed of future Kings were cruſh'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguiſh'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

DIONYSIUS.

Once more approach and hear me; 'tis not now
A time to waſte in the vain war of words.
A criſis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to ſpare the ſtream of blood, that ſoon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair propoſals
Thy haughty ſpirit has with ſcorn rejected.
And now, by Heav'n, here in thy very ſight,
Evander breathes his laſt.

EUPHRASIA.

The truce you've granted
Suſpends the rage of war: mean time ſend forth
The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
Timoleon, good and juſt, and ever willing
To conquer rather by perſuaſive truth,
Than by devouring ſlaughter, will agree
In friendly parley to aſſert his rights,
And compromiſe the war.

DIONYSIUS.

And muſt I ſue
For terms of peace?---To an invader ſue?
Since you, the fiend of Syracuſe and Greece,
Since you thus urge me on to deſp'rate daring,
Your father firſt---of him I'll be aſſur'd---
Your father meets his fate.

EUPHRASIA.

If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the meaſure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful liſt;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

DIONYSIUS.

Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our preſence leads Evander. All
Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---What new event?
And is Philotas falſe?---Has he betray'd him?
(Aſide.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Evander's doom is ſeal'd---What ho! Philotas;
Now ſhalt thou ſee him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

How my heart ſinks within me!

DIONYSIUS.

Where's your pris'ner?

PHILOTAS.

Evander is no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha!---Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.

PHILOTAS.

Worn out with anguiſh
I ſaw life ebb apace. With ſtudied art
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;
He heav'd a ſigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Bring me his hoary head.

PHILOTAS.

You'll pardon, Sir, my over-haſty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming ſurge
Down the ſteep rock deſpis'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Now rave and ſhriek,
And rend your ſcatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall ſway Sicilia's ſceptre.

EUPHRASIA.

Mighty Gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compaſſion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood
Have made their ſouls a ſeat of deſolation,
Of woe, deſpair and horror! Turn to them
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodneſs, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright ſtores of bliſs
You need diſpenſe: their virtue will ſupport them.

DIONYSIUS.

Now then thou feel'ſt my vengeance,

EUPHRASIA.

Glory in it;
Exult and triumph. Thy worſt ſhaft is ſped.
Yet ſtill th' unconquer'd mind with ſcorn can view thee;
With the calm ſunſhine of the breaſt can ſee
Thy pow'r unequal to ſubdue the ſoul,
Which Virtue form'd, and which the Gods protect.

DIONYSIUS.

Philotas, bear her hence; ſhe ſhall not live;
This moment bear her hence; you know the reſt;
Go, ſee our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's ſpeed attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes, whom this night ſhall lead

To

To freedom, victory, to glorious havock,
And the deſtruction of the Grecian name. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!
Theſe tears atteſt th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! ſhould Greece defer---

PHILOTAS.

Diſpel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or ſhould the tyrant
Aſſault their camp, he'll meet a marſhall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the ſilent tomb.

EUPHRASIA.

Ah! there Evander, naked and diſarm'd,
Defenceleſs quite, may meet ſome ruffian ſtroke.

PHILOTAS.

Lo! here a weapon; bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument ſhould hoſtile ſteps
Dare to approach him, they muſt enter ſingly;
This guards the paſſage; man by man they die.
There may'ſt thou dwell amidſt the wild commotion.

EUPHRASIA.

Ye pitying Gods, protect my father there!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene the CITADEL.

CALIPPUS *and ſeveral* OFFICERS.

FIRST OFFICER.

What new event thus ſummons us together?

CA-

CALIPPUS.

'Tis great occaſion calls; Timoleon's ardor
Comes ruſhing on; his works riſe high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us---Lo! the King.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS.

Ye brave aſſociates, who ſo oft have ſhar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promiſe,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace
Lo! ſleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Againſt a foe, the outcaſts of their country,
Freebooters roving in purſuit of prey,
Succeſs by war, or covert ſtratagem
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can ſteel the patriot breaſt with valour,
Expands and rouzes in the ſwelling heart.
Follow th' impulſive ardour; follow me,
Your King, your leader; in the friendly gloom
Of night aſſault their camp; your country's love,
And fame eternal, ſhall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
From the invader's pow'r their native land.

CALIPPUS.

Lead to the onſet; Greece ſhall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus I've reſolv'd: when the declining moon

Hath

Hath veil'd her orb, our ſilent march begins.
The order thus:---Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's ſons with the Numidian bands,
And line the ſhore.---Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood ſkirts the valley; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor ſtretch along the vale.
Ourſelf, with the embodied cavalry
Clad in their mail'd cuiraſs, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furtheſt line;
Unnumber'd torches there ſhall blaze at once,
The ſignal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
On every ſide let the wild uproar looſe,
Bid maſſacre and carnage ſtalk around,
Unſparing, unrelenting; drench your ſwords
In hoſtile blood, and riot in deſtruction.

Enter an OFFICER.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! ſpeak; unfold thy purpoſe.

OFFICER.

Inſtant arm;
To arms, my Liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The ſubterraneous path is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city ſunk in ſleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Treaſon's at work; deteſted, treach'rous villains!
Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
Rouze all the war; fly to your ſev'ral poſts,
And inſtant bring all Syracuſe in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike muſick.*

Enter

Enter MELANTHON.

CALIPPUS.

Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands,

MELANTHON.

Do thou purſue the King; attend his ſteps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city.

[*Exit* CALIPPUS.

Enter PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

PHILOTAS.

The Gods have ſent relief; diſmay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry ſhape,
Fill the affrighted city.

MELANTHON.

Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our poſt,
And guard that ſpot, till, like ſome God, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid ſlaughter ceaſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Why ſleep the coward ſlaves? All things conſpire;
The Gods are leagu'd; I ſee them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the ſolid rock.
Pallas directs the ſtorm; her gorgon ſhield

Glares

Glares in my view, and from the fleet ſhe calls
Her Greeks enrag'd.---In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards; ariſe, or wake no more.

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Aſſemble here.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to meet the Greek.
Our only ſafety lies in brave deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Inſide of the Temple.

A Monument in the Middle.

EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and Female Attendants.*

EUPHRASIA.

Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our ſteps? What ſacred altar
Claſp on our knees?

ERIXENE.

Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the deſtruction wide. On ev'ry ſide
The victor's ſhouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confuſion riſe. Once more deſcend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'ſt find a ſhelter.

EUPHRASIA.

Anon, Erixene, I mean to viſit,
Perhaps for the laſt time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this inſtrument of death,

Should Fortune proſper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.
[*Puts up the dagger.*
Hark! how the uproar ſwells! Alas what numbers
In Dionyſius' cauſe ſhall yield their throats
To the deſtructive ſword!---Aloft I climb'd
The temple's vaulted roof; the ſcene beneath
Is horrible to ſight; the domes and palaces
Blaze to the ſky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks enrag'd brandiſh the gleaming ſword.
From the high roofs, to ſhun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!
No pauſe, no mercy; to the edge o'th' ſword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gaſh'd with wounds
They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the ſanguine pavement.

ERIXENE.

Hark!

EUPHRASIA.

The Din
Of arms with clearer ſound advances. Hark!
That ſudden burſt! Again! They ruſh upon us!
The portal opens; lo! ſee there; behold!
War, horrid war invades the ſacred fane;
No altar gives a ſanctuary now.
[*Warlike muſic.*

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS, *with ſeveral Soldiers.*

DIONYSIUS.

Here will I mock their ſiege; here ſtand at bay,
And brave 'em to the laſt.

CA-

CALIPPUS.

Our weary foes
Deſiſt from the purſuit.

DIONYSIUS.

Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry God conſpire, I will not yield.
If I muſt fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
The manſion of the Gods combin'd againſt me
Shall firſt be cruſh'd, and lie in ruin with me.
Euphraſia here! Deteſted, treach'rous woman!
For my revenge preſerv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good ſword
Thus ſends thee to atone the bleeding victims
This night has maſſacred.

CALIPPUS. *(Holding* Dionyſius's *arm)*

My liege forbear;
Her life preſerv'd may plead your cauſe with Greece,
And mitigate your fate.

DIONYSIUS.

Preſumptuous ſlave!
My rage is up in arms; by Heav'n ſhe dies.

Enter EVANDER *from the Tomb.*

EVANDER.

Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer hold thy hand!
The Gods behold thee, horrible aſſaſſin!
Reſtrain the blow; it were a ſtab to Heav'n;
All nature ſhudders at it! Will no friend
Arm in a cauſe like this a father's hand?
Strike at this boſom rather. Lo! Evander
Proſtrate and groveling on the earth before thee;

He begs to die; exhauſt the ſcanty drops
That lag about his heart; but ſpare my child.

DIONYSIUS.

Evander!---Do my eyes once more behold him?
May the fiends ſeize Philolas! Treach'rous ſlave!
'Tis well thou liv'ſt; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine. [*Offers to ſtrike.*

EUPHRASIA.

No, tyrant, no; (*Ruſhing before* Evander.
I have provok'd your vengeance; through this boſom
Open a paſſage; firſt on me, on me
Exhauſt your fury; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to reſpect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; theſe veins are full; here's blood enough;
The purple tide will guſh to glad thy ſight.

DIONYSIUS.

Amazement blaſts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
They ſhall not live. Ha! the fierce tide of war
A flouriſh of trumpets.
This way comes ruſhing on.
(*Goes to the top of the ſtage.*

EUPHRASIA. (*Embracing* Evander)

Oh! thus, my father,
We'll periſh thus together.

DIONYSIUS.

Bar the gates;
Cloſe ev'ry paſſage, and repel their force.

EVANDER.

And muſt I ſee thee bleed? Oh! for a ſword!
Bring, bring me daggers!

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!

DIONYSIUS. *(Advancing)*

Guards ſeize the ſlave,
And give him to my rage.

EVANDER. *(Seiz'd by the Guards)*

Oh! ſpare her, ſpare her.
Inhuman villains!

EUPHRASIA.

Now one glorious effort!

DIONYSIUS.

Let me diſpatch; thou traitor, thus my arm----

EUPHRASIA.

A daughter's arm, fell monſter, ſtrikes the blow.
Yes, firſt ſhe ſtrikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. *(He falls.*

DIONYSIUS.

Deteſted fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cauſe
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her ſex.

DIONYSIUS.

May curſes blaſt thy arm! May Ætna's fires
Convulſe the land; to its foundation ſhake
The groaning iſle! May civil diſcord bear

Her

Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.
(Dies.

EUPHRASIA.

Behold, all Sicily behold!---The point
Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye ſlaves, *(to the guards)* look there;
Kneel to your rightful King: the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men! And oh! my father,
My ever honour'd ſire, it gives thee life.

EVANDER.

My child; my daughter; ſav'd again by thee!
(He embraces her.

A flouriſh of trumpets.

Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, *&c.*

PHOCION.

Now let the monſter yield. My beſt Euphraſia!

EUPHRASIA.

My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.
Lo! there the wonders of Euphraſia's arm!

PHOCION.

And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn ſhall ſee him
A ſpectacle for public view. Euphraſia!
Evander too! Thus to behold you both-----

EVANDER.

To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praiſe,
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,
Oh! ſhe has us'd it for the nobleſt ends!

To

To fill each duty; make her father feel
The pureſt joy, the heart-diſſolving bliſs
To have a grateful child. But has the rage
Of ſlaughter ceas'd?

PHOCION.

It has.

EVANDER.

Where is Timoleon?

PHOCION.

He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! once again, my father,
Thy ſway ſhall bleſs the land. Not for himſelf
Timoleon conquers; to redreſs the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His juſtice ſhall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whoſe ſympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of ſoft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brighteſt honours, ſhall be laviſh'd on thee.
Evander too will place you near his throne;
And ſhew mankind, ev'n on this ſhore of being,
That virtue ſtill ſhall meet its ſure reward.

PHILOTAS.

I am rewarded: feelings ſuch as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

EVANDER.

Come, let us ſeek Timoleon; to his care

I will

I will commend ye both: for now, alas!
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphraſia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And oh! ye Pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide
The goodneſs you inſpir'd; that ſhe may prove,
If e'er diſtreſs like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people; ſtretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

EPILOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's *compliments to all;*
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.
A father rais'd from death! a nation sav'd!
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd!
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton Zephyrs wake the sleeping rose?
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?
Shall she to MACCARONIES *life restore,*
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?
Dismiss 'em smirking to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others the cauldron go about---about!
And RUIN *enters, as the* FATES *run out.*

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And betts are double!

Double, double!
Toil and trouble,
Paſſions burn,
And all is bubble.

But jeſt apart, for ſcandal forms theſe tales;
Falſehood be mute; let juſtice hold the ſcales.
Britons were ne'er enſlav'd by evil pow'rs:
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.
From ſlumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em:
Who make *the laws, were never known to* break *'em.*

'Tis falſe, ye fair, whatever ſpleen may ſay,
That you down folly's tide are borne away.
You never wiſh at deep diſtreſs to ſneer;
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, *are* BRIGHTER *through a* TEAR.

Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wiſe, and great:
Let Genius *rouze, the friend of humankind,*
To break thoſe ſpells which charm, and ſink the mind:
Let Comedy, *with pointed ridicule,*
Pierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool:
Let Tragedy---*a warning to the times,*
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes;
Drive from the heart each baſe, unmanly paſſion,
Till Virtue *triumph in deſpight of* Faſhion.

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

——— Si quis ſinus abditus ultra,
Si qua foret Tellus fulvum quæ mitteret aurum,
Hoſtis erat; fatiſque in triſtia Bella paratis,
Quærebantur opes.

Petron. Arb.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE precept, which directs a poet to keep his piece nine years, has been fully observed in regard to the following *Tragedy*; but the *Author* will not claim the merit of voluntary submission to critical authority. The delay he acknowledges, did not arise from choice: It was rather the consequence of difficulties that stood in his way, and prevented an earlier access to the public.

The Play was written in the year 1762, at the point of time when the British forces were actually doing at the HAVANNAH, what ALZUMA prays for, with a prophetic spirit of revenge, in the third act. The subject appeared of the first importance to the interests of humanity. In perusing the history of the Spanish conquests in AMERICA, the AUTHOR found, amongst unenlightened savages, such instances of generosity, truth, justice, courage, and even clemency, as would have done honour to those who profess'd in that part of the world to spread the light of truth and civilization. The behaviour of ATA-HUALPA, (called by English writers ATABALIPA) the last INCA of PERU, in his intercourse with FRYAR VINCENT, appeared particularly striking. He heard the SPANISH MISSIONER with calm attention, and replied, *that it was absurd on the part of the* POPE *to grant away a territory which did not belong to him: he would still continue to venerate the gods of his ancestors; and if the christians worshipped a god that died, he adored the sun that never died.* He viewed the prayer-book, which the fryar had put into his hands; he applied it to his ear, expecting to hear articulate sounds; and finding that it conveyed to him no information, he threw it down with a smile. By this honest simplicity, which would have gained the affections of a generous

nerous mind, FATHER VINCENT, enraged to a degree of phrenzy, gave the word of command, crying out, "*Kill the dogs, who trample under foot the word of God.*" An incident like this could not fail to excite indignation: that indignation roſe ſtill higher, when it appeared that articles of high treaſon were in form exhibited againſt ATAHUALPA. Pizarro, with other aſſociates, ſat in judgement, and, after that execrable farce of ſtate, the prince of a world juſt diſcovered ſuffered as a rebel to the Emperor Charles the V.—When GUATIMOZIN, who was raiſed, ſoon after the death of MONTEZUMA, to the throne of MEXICO, lies ſtretched upon the rack, and, hearing the groans of his fellow-ſufferer, aſks him in perfect tranquility, *Am I upon a bed of roſes?* The heart, that does not melt with tenderneſs for the American prince, muſt be as hard as FRYAR VINCENT'S. Not to multiply inſtances, the ſtory of a people maſſacred becauſe they abounded in gold-mines, and had not heard in another hemiſphere the important truths of the chriſtian religion, ſeemed of all others the fitteſt for the Engliſh ſtage, tending in a ſtrong degree to that pathetic diſtreſs, and that vigour of ſentiment, which conſtitute the eſſential beauty of tragedy.

The author regretted that ſuch a genius as DRYDEN had not left a play, free from the jingle of rhyme, and of a more legitimate kind than either his INDIAN QUEEN, or *Indian Emperor*. In that caſe the preſent attempt would have been ſuperſeded. From DRYDEN'S time, the poets of this nation ſeem to have abandoned the poor Americans to their fate. That FRANCE is in poſſeſſion of a beautiful play, founded upon the ſubject of the Spaniſh ravages in America, is well known to all, who are converſant with the Drama: but the taſte of LONDON and PARIS being very different, the late Mr.

AARON

AARON HILL's tranſlation of that piece, appeared upon the Engliſh ſtage and vaniſhed.

The preſent writer was of opinion that ſo intereſting a ſubject ought not to be neglected. His firſt deſign was to new mould the ALZIRE of VOLTAIRE, not in a vain preſumption that he could excel a writer ſo juſtly admired throughout Europe, but with an idea that he could in ſome inſtances work up the ſcenes to the reliſh of an Engliſh audience. That plan, however, was ſoon deſerted: it occurred, that if a play were formed upon the model of MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE, the words, FRENCH TRANSLATOR, UNBLUSHING PLAGIARY, would fill the columns of every news-paper. To civilities of this kind the author has been uſed. If the perſons who have been ſo liberal, feel themſelves diſpoſed to laviſh their favours on the preſent occaſion, they will perhaps be glad of a hint, that may ſupply ample materials. Let them look into the plays of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES: they will there perceive (if they can perceive) in what ſchool the writer of ALZUMA has ſtudied the art of conſtructing a fable.

Aſpice ut exuvias veterumque inſignia nobis
Aptemus———————

VIDA POETIC.

There was another reaſon for not adhering to the plan of VOLTAIRE: In a country like this, it was thought that our ſcene ought not to ſtand indebted to a foreign writer for a play, which involves the firſt great point of human liberty, namely, the right of man to think for himſelf. Add to this, VOLTAIRE did not, COLUMBUS-like, explore this new region of the Tragic Muſe: DRYDEN had brought treaſure enough from thence to ſhew that there were rich

viens in that part of the world; and OROONOKO, from ſome ſtriking points of ſituation, and ſome features of character, may not unfairly be ſuppoſed to have furniſhed the GREAT POET of FRANCE with many uſeful hints. ALZUMA was, therefore, formed upon a new fable, and (except a few minute corrections which occurred to the author in the courſe of the rehearſals) was, in its preſent form, ready for the ſtage above ten years ago.

There were, indeed, at that time certain reaſons, which made the writer of the following play unwilling to precipitate himſelf into a dealing with managers. Thoſe reaſons ſubſiſted till Nov. 1767, when this tragedy was put into the hands of Mr. GARRICK. It was copied out by the prompter of Drury-Lane theatre, but remained in ſuſpence till Sept. 1770, when the Author found it upon his table, without a letter, or even a card. The play, it is true, was not pronounced unworthy of repreſentation, but certainly was treated as a piece that did not deſerve the leaſt diſpatch. Delay was ſtudied, and the reaſons for that delay exiſted no where but in Mr. GARRICK's imagination. A certain political ſociety, he was ſure, would damn any production known to come from the pen of the preſent writer. Time, however has ſhewn that he had not given umbrage to any ſet of men whatever. In political controverſy he had not dipt his pen for a number of years, and he takes this opportunity to declare, that in his whole life he never was the author of one clandeſtine line. Whatever he writ, he had the ſpirit and honour to avow. Mr. GARRICK was told this, but without effect: the play was thrown back upon the author's hands. He ſubmitted to it, and would have conſigned all the circumſtances of that tranſaction to oblivion, if the ſame policy had not been practiſed upon him, in another inſtance, this very winter.

That

ADVERTISEMENT.

That ALZUMA has at length appeared, is owing to the friendſhip of Mr. HARRIS. He deſired to draw forth the piece from the author's cloſet: Mr. COLMAN accepted it, and from that inſtant the neceſſary preparations went right forward without cavil, without duplicity, without equivocation. The author takes this opportunity to thank all the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre for the fairneſs of their dealings. The reſt is before the public.

He cannot conclude without declaring, that he has long had reaſon to be diſguſted at the internal occurrences of a theatre. It is, therefore, probable that he will never again be a candidate for Theatrical Fame. From the farce of the APPRENTICE, to the tragedy of ALZUMA, his endeavours have at all times met with a moſt generous reception: he feels the obligation with the warmeſt ſenſibility, and not without ſome tincture of that pride, which perhaps, does not miſbecome the man, who has repeatedly experienced the Public Favour.

Lincoln's Inn,
Feb. 27, 1773.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

WHEN firſt COLUMBUS *left the Spaniſh ſhore,*
In weſtern climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond the Atlantic main,
Diſclos'd the wonders of it's vaſt domain;
A race of men unletter'd, and untaught,
Strangers to ſcience, yet with virtue fraught:
No ſchool they had of philoſophic pride,
And ſimple reaſon was their only guide:
That reaſon in the paths of nature trod,
And worſhipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in poliſh'd life that ſpring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.
But Europe's ſons felt gold's reſiſtleſs ſway;
To the new hemiſphere they bend their way;
Through ev'ry region carry ſword and fire,
And bigot rage and avarice conſpire:
Zeal bore the croſs and poniard in it's hand,
And maſſacre unpeopled half the land.
Yet to unhappy men, to heroes ſlain,
The Britiſh muſe denies her tragic ſtrain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's ſtage the FEATHER'D CHIEFS *appear.*
His voice ſuppreſs'd, no bard their fate has ſung,
Silent our ſcene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While GREECE *and* ROME *ſwell our theatric ſtate,*
And only claſſic heroes can be great.
This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.

If

PROLOGUE.

If in his ſcenes well painted paſſion glow;
If there you view the draught of human woe;
Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the INDIAN, *tho' in error blind,*
Againſt the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Aſſert the freedom of the human mind.
Ye critics, to whom poets muſt be civil,
As Indians worſhip, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a perſecuting ſpirit.
Let modes of wit ſome TOLERATION *ſhare;*
Rome KILLS *for error; be it yours to ſpare.*

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALZUMA,	Mr. SMITH.
PIZARRO,	Mr. HULL.
DON CARLOS,	Mr. BENSLEY.
OZMAR,	Mr. PERRY.
GONZALEZ,	Mr. GARDNER.
EZMONT,	Mr. THOMPSON.
ORAZIA,	Miſs MILLER.
ORELLANA,	Mrs. HARTLEY.
EMIRA, ZILIA,	two Attendants on Orellana.

Virgins of the Sun, Miſs PIERCE, *Mrs.* WILLEMS, *Miſs* WEWITZER, *Miſs* BROWN, *&c.*

Scene at CUSCO, the Capital of PERU.

ALZUMA.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter EMIRA.

WEARIED at length by their own raging toil,
Her ſpirits ſink to reſt: kind ſleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,
A momentary reſpite from deſpair.

Enter ZILIA.

EMIRA.

Who's there? That look alarming!---Zilia, ſay
Wherefore this ſudden haſte? How fares it now
With Orellana?

ZILIA.

Still a calm repoſe
Suſpends the tumult of the mighty paſſions,
That war within. Nature, quite harraſs'd down,
Repairs the waſte of grief.

EMIRA.

But oh! to ſoon
With keener ſenſe to waken her again
To the ſtrong agonies that rend her ſoul.
How wears the night?

ZILIA.

ZILIA.

It verges to the dawn.

EMIRA.

Then 'tis th' accuſtom'd hour, the only hour
Of all that circle time's diurnal round,
When Orellana knows ſuſpence from pain.

ZILIA.

The ſun that form'd her lent his brighteſt rays,
His pureſt elements of ſacred fire.
Hence all the virtues that but dimly ſhine
In breaſts of common mould, in her ſublim'd,
Burn to a fierce extravagance of ſoul.

EMIRA.

Yet what avails the great indignant ſpirit,
The generous flame for Freedom and Peru?
The fever of her mind too ſoon muſt end
Her ſickly frame. The live-long day it rages,
And each returning night, when all things elſe
Thro' wide creation's round feel wonted reſt,
She only wakes to miſery: forlorn ſhe ſits
With ſtreaming eyes, while unrelenting cares
Waſte all within; and ever and anon
In ſhort diſtracted dreams wild fancy acts
New ſcenes of terror in her blaſted mind.

Enter ORELLANA.

OERLLANA.

Horror! Protect me! Save me; ſeas of blood
Run purple round the altar: 'tis my brother;
Barbarian, hold!—It is Alzuma bleeds;
Inhuman murd'rers! Oh! (*faints*)

EMI-

EMIRA.

'Tis ever thus:
Sad viſionary terrors rack her brain;
Too wretched mourner, victim of deſpair!

ORELLANA.

Oh! 'tis too much, too much to ſuffer: Zilia,
Art thou there? ever friendly, kind, and good!
Emira too!---Why, ſiſter virgins, why
Muſt you ſtill labour with my weight of woe?

EMIRA.

Attending thee we but obey the call
Of duty and of love. Diſpel thy fears,
And huſh this tumult of diſorder'd fancy.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could! But theſe imaginings
Were terrible indeed! Round yonder couch
Such horrid phantoms roſe!

EMIRA.

Vain ſhadows all!
You've nothing now to fear.

ORELLANA.

Alas! the wretched
Have ev'ry thing to fear. Methought Pizarro
With fury dragg'd me to his Chriſtian altar;
There urg'd imperious to renounce my gods,
And wed Don Carlos: with apoſtate zeal
My mother join'd her aid, conſpir'd againſt me;
When, oh! diſtracting ſight! my brother, ruſhing
To ſave a ſiſter from the vile diſhonour,
Receiv'd Pizarro's dagger in his heart.

The altar ſmok'd with gore; the cruel Spaniard
Look'd a grim joy to ſee the only hope
Of deſolate Peru, a prince deſcended
From a long race of Kings, ignobly fall,
And welter in his blood before him.

EMIRA.

Yet
Theſe are but fancied ills: Alzuma lives
Safe in obſcurity, far hence remote.
Proſtrate Peru may lift her head again,
And Heav'n reſtore a brother to your arms.

ORELLANA.

Deluſive thought! Yet let me fondly cheriſh
The ſoothing flattery. Oh! Siſter virgins,
Should e'er the hero bleſs my longing eyes,
I could embrace him with a ſiſter's love,
And in his ſight forget my ſorrows paſt.
But oh! vain hope! he would not know me now,
Thus with'ring in my bloom. As yet an infant,
I number'd ſcarce ten years, when hence he went
To Chili's realms, ere the foe burſt upon us,
To learn the courſe of ev'ry orb above,
And all the myſt'ries of his parent ſun.
Mean time the Spaniard---but I'll not retrace
That tale of horror. Since that hour accurſt,
Ten times the ſun hath made his annual circle,
Nor yet Alzuma reigns! Alas! my virgins,
Diſtinction's loſt amongſt us, and the laſt
Surviving Inca of undone Peru
Sinks to a ſlave, a wand'rer o'er the land!

EMIRA.

Rekindle not the fury of your ſoul.
For lo! with purple light the Orient morn
Glows in yon Eaſtern clime! Don Carlos ſoon,

As

As is his wont, with early importunity
Will preſs his ardent ſuit. Be timely cautious,
Nor let him find pale grief and diſcontent
For ever dwell in Orellana's breaſt.
'Twill rouze the Spaniard's rage. A cloyſter'd virgin
With thee, I worſhip'd the eternal fire.
'Tis friendſhip prompts, if I preſume to wiſh
You'd not provoke the foe.

ORELLANA.

I know thy truth,
Thy conſtancy approv'd; and Carlos too
I grant has qualities that claim reſpect.

EMIRA.

Tho' other gods he worſhip, yet in him
Religion wears a gentler mien, nor ſerves
To ſanctify rapacity and murder.
'Tis love perhaps, for ſure he fondly loves!
'Tis love perhaps, not virtue, that allays
His fiercer paſſions; but whate'er the cauſe,
He is our ſhield from ſtern Pizarro's rage:
To him unnumber'd millions lift their hands,
And thank him with their tears for life preſerv'd.

ORELLANA.

'Tis true, Emira: oft I've known him check
The rage of waſting war; oft at his voice
E'en Perſecution reſts upon her altar,
Thirſting for blood in vain. And yet this heart
Was never form'd for him. Yon radiant God,
Tho' each revolving day he riſe to view
His once lov'd region, now a land of ſlaves,
To ſee the Spaniard triumph in his guilt,
Nor rolls th' avenging thunder o'er his head;
Nor ſends the rapid light'ning down to blaſt him;
Tho' he diſdain not ſtill to ſhine alike

On vice and ſuffering virtue---Ha! no more;
'Twere impious madneſs---Thou creat'ſt us all,
Refulgent luminary! thou, the ſource
Of light, and life, and univerſal good!
From thee we iſſue, and to thee return!
Thou mighty parent! *(kneels down)* Thou bright
Godhead! Thou
Still inexhauſted lead'ſt the radiant years,
Thro' wide creation pour'ſt thy golden flood,
Thy vivid energy! without thee, nought
Or fair or uſeful ſprings; to thee all nature
Waſts up her orizons; to thee I ſwear,
Whate'er ſhall prove the fate of Orellana,
Thy ſacred beams ſhall never, never ſee her
Leagu'd with her country's foes; ſhall ne'er behold her
A vile apoſtate from her holy vow.

Enter EZMONT.

EMIRA.

Ezmont, why thus with ſudden haſte? and hark!
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

ORELLANA.

What means that muſick, that triumphant joy?

EZMONT.

With early zeal Pizarro ſeeks the altar
To celebrate his foreign rites.

ORELLANA.

And fire
His unrelenting heart to new exploits.

EZMONT.

A captive band from various priſons led
Walk in his train, and follow to the temple,
There

There to abjure their country, and their gods,
Or meet their inſtant doom.

ORELLANA.

And does my mother
Attend the guilty pomp?

EZMONT.

She does: with her
All their whole courtier-band attend Pizarro,
All but Don Carlos: with a lover's ſpeed
This way he bends his ſteps. My ſwifteſt zeal
Could ſcarce outſtrip him.

ORELLANA.

Leave me virgins, leave me.
Ezmont I thank thy care. [*they go out.*] Now ſummon all
Thy calmeſt patience, and thy firm reſolve.

Enter DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let this auſpicious morn diſpel thy cares,
And each ſucceſſive hour on balmy wings
Bring peace, bring health, and beauty's roſeate bloom.
Does Orellana ſhun me? hither turn
Thy gracious aſpect; let thoſe azure eyes
Beam with their gentleſt radiance.

ORELLANA.

Thoſe eyes
With galling tears have long ſince loſt their luſtre.
They, like the daughters of rapacious Spain,
Have not yet learn'd to gild the cloud of woe,

Inſpire

Inſpire the look, and animate the glance,
While miſery lays deſolate the heart.

CARLOS.

Let love diffuſe his cordial o'er thy ſpirits;
Soon ſhall each grace awaken, ſoon thy heart
Beat ſprightly notes of rapture and of joy.

ORELLANA.

Oh! talk not, Carlos, to a wretch forlorn,
And loſt as I am, do not talk of joy.
No more ſhall pleaſure viſit this ſad form,
This breathing ſtatue of deſpair.

CARLOS.

Deſpair
But ill requites th' indulgent care of Heav'n,
That now invites thee to enjoy with me
Your ſhare of love, and empire.

ORELLANA.

Take again,
Take back your vows of friendſhip and of love;
I do entreat you take 'em; bear 'em hence
To the bright dames that grace your native land.
Worthier they'll liſten to you; they have hearts
Prone to thy ſoft impreſſions; they have hearts
That never bled to ſee the ruthleſs ſword,
Thy ſword, Don Carlos, lay their country waſte.
Thou haſt not injur'd them; but oh! reſpect
A captive wretch, a wretch that has full cauſe,
Yet pours no curſes on thee!

CARLOS.

Wilt thou thus,
Relentleſs fair! wilt thou then wound me thus

With

With ſtern reproach? under a father's banner
I wag'd the war; and if her purple wing
Propitious victory wav'd o'er my head,
The world can witneſs, who by me have fall'n,
All bravely fell in the embattled field,
Not naked and diſarm'd: in me the vanquiſh'd
Have found a friend; 'twas Orellana's will.
Her conqu'ring eyes have half aveng'd her country,
And made the victor beauty's willing ſlave.
His laurels bloom for thee; he lays his trophies,
His ſcepter at your feet: thy native realm
Wooes thee to ſov'reign ſway, and bids thee rule
The Weſtern world, when to her ſofter clime
Spain ſhall invite thy mother.

ORELLANA.

Name her not:
I would not think upon her crimes! become
The conqu'ror's wife---oh! ſhameleſs guilt! become
The frantic votariſt of Spaniſh gods,
She fires his haughty ſoul to tenfold rage.
This day prepares new victims: oh! my Lord,
If your religion does not quite ſuppreſs
The voice of nature, ſave the lives of wretches;
Plead thou their cauſe; let me not ſee again
The ſtreaming blood of innocence.

CARLOS.

I move
By thy command alone; and oh! bright maid,
The pity I extend will ſurely claim
The ſoft return of thine.

ORELLANA.

Alas! My Lord,
Much I eſteem thy goodneſs; much I honour
Thy many virtues: but a holy vow

Forbids

Forbids my love; and tell me, ſhould I grant it,
Would'ſt thou receive an interdicted wretch
With counterfeited ſmiles to thy embrace?
Believe me, Sir, who dares renounce her gods,
Will dare be falſe to man.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, *Attendants*, &c.

PIZARRO.

Come near, my ſon;
Thou ſeeſt thy father with aſſiduous care
Spreading the glories of his King and God
O'er this new world.

CARLOS.

My father's fervent zeal
Shall ſtand time honour'd in the rolls of fame.
Vanquiſh'd Peru thro' all her cities mourns
Thy vaſt renown in arms; it now were time
That weary conqueſt ſhould abate her rigours,
And peace begin to harmonize the world.

ORAZIA.

As yet, young warrior, our untutor'd race
To thee is little known: an Indian mind
Is wrapp'd in error's miſts; from fabling prieſts
Hears impious legends; in each falling ſhow'r,
Each cloud that ſails upon yon azure deep,
Conceives the preſent deity; in dreams,
Which fever'd fancy forms, ſtill thinks it hears
Loud oracles, commerçing with the gods.
The dæmons and the human faculties
Are then in dark conſpiracy, and all
Is bigot rage, and cruelty, and horror.
This gloom muſt be diſpell'd; and force, my ſon,
'Tis force muſt execute the holy work.

CAR-

CARLOS.

And think we then our duty unperform'd
Unleſs we imitate with furious zeal
Heav'n's vengeance, not it's mercy?

PIZARRO.

Juſtice calls
For vengeance on a blind offending world.
I know my miſſion here: beneath the Tropic
The holy croſs I've borne, and in that ſign
Pizarro ſtill ſhall conquer: be it mine
To ſtretch the ray of truth, and bid the Indian
Kneel and adore!

CARLOS.

Almagro's conqu'ring arm
In Chili's realm hath cruſh'd the ſavage war.
The weſtern world hath heard the hideous ruin,
And ſuppliant courts the yoke.

PIZARRO.

But ſtill Alzuma
Lives for new tumult.

ORAZIA.

Lives to bid his mother
With tears and burning bluſhes hear his name.
Proud, uncontroulable, and fierce of ſpirit,
Ev'n in his earlieſt youth, his boyiſh days,
When the grim tiger from the thicket ruſh'd,
Did he once fly? did he not ev'n then
Dare the encounter? the fell monſter gor'd
His youthful breaſt, and if his father's arm
Had not transfix'd the ſavage to the earth,
Alzuma then had died. Since that he bore

The tiger's mark, and ere the down of manhood
Sprung on his cheek, went from his mother far,
Grew up implacable of ſoul, and now
With dire alarms ſhakes all the Weſtern World.

CARLOS.

And if our crimes provoke---

PIZARRO.

Our crimes, my ſon!

ORAZIA.

That thought to Orellana owes its birth.
In ſoft captivity ſhe holds him bound:
Her beauty leads him with a ſingle glance,
Moves with a ſigh, and ſoftens with a tear;
And love and grace by turns diſpute his heart.

PIZARRO.

Hear, Orellana: ſay, thou beauteous mourner,
How long ſhall tears and ſlow conſuming grief
Deform thy native graces?

ORELLANA.

Pardon, Sir,
If the rough manners of my native clime
Form'd me in plain ſimplicity: unſkill'd
In all the ſtudied elegance of feature,
I only know to look my honeſt meaning;
An artleſs ſavage, a forſaken wretch,
Whom joy has long forſworn!

ORAZIA.

In Cuſco's court,
Where ev'ry face but thine is deck'd with ſmiles,
Such perſevering ſorrow ill befits

Orazia's

Orazia's daughter. While your mother ſtill
Ev'n with the victor ſhares her ancient ſceptre,
You have full cauſe of joy. And tell me, does not
That gen'rous youth, Pizarro's gallant ſon,
Breathe gentleſt vows, and languiſh for your love?

ORELLANA.

Ay, Madam! love and tenderneſs he brings,
But ſighs and tears are all I have to give.

ORAZIA.

Away with vain excuſe: thou trifler hear;
Spain's pure religion calls: this moment yield,
And rank thee with the faithful.

ORELLANA.

That command----

ORAZIA.

Muſt be obey'd.

ORELLANA.

Alas! full well you know
Force has already dragg'd me to your altar.
There while the cenſer wreath'd its fragrant clouds,
While pealing organs ſwell'd the ſolemn note,
And through deep lengthen'd iſles conſenting choirs
Harmonious hymn'd their God; not to your Heav'n
My pray'rs were offer'd. No! ye holy pow'rs
Whom long Peru hath worſhipp'd, in that hour
You ruſh'd between me and their Chriſtian pomp,
Bore my rapt ſoul to your own orbs on high,
And ſhrines, and burning lamps, grew dim before me.

ORAZIA.

Invincible in ignorance.

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

My Lord,
The ſlaves remain obdurate.

PIZARRO.

Ha! reject
The terms of proffer'd life!

GONZALEZ.

Their eyes intent
Gaze on two leaders, from whoſe fierce demeanour
They gain new courage, obſtinate in guilt.
Their chiefs, by my command, attend your preſence.

Enter ALZUMA, *and* OZMAR.

PIZARRO.

Say, what art thou, who with indignant ſpirit
Haſt dar'd to mock our laws?

ALZUMA.

One born in freedom!
One who, while yet he lives, like freedom's ſon,
Will dare to think.

PIZARRO.

Reflect, raſh youth, and take
New life from this auſpicious day.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The day,
That ſees a man crouch in ignoble bondage,
Sees ev'ry virtue loſt.

PIZARRO.

Beware, thou ſlave!
Know'ſt thou that inſtant death awaits you both?

ALZUMA.

We know it; we expect it; we invoke it;
'Twill end our miſery.

PIZARRO.

Thou inſolent!
All gracious Heav'n, that ſtill delights in mercy---

ALZUMA.

Mercy! delights in mercy!

PIZARRO.

Yes; his word
Gives life and peace to all.

ALZUMA.

And dareſt thou then,
Thou fell deſtroyer! ravager of earth!
And dar'ſt thou then in horrid contraſt ſtand
To infinite benevolence?

PIZARRO.

No more
I'll parley with obdurate guilt. Gonzalez,

Guard

Guard thou thoſe miſcreants; ſee they ſuffer death,
And by their torments warn an impious race.
[*Exit with* Orazia, *and Attendants.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! Carlos, gen'rous youth! if any ſpark
Of love dwell in thy nature, quickly fly,
Purſue your cruel father, haſte, prevent
The horrid murder. What have they committed?
What is their crime? Oh! do not ſee them bleed,
For daring to be true to Heav'n.

CARLOS.

I go,
Thou gen'rous maid, to execute your will.
[*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Or gain their liberty, or elſe the hour
That ſees 'em fall, will end this wretched being.
[*Exit after* Carlos.

ALZUMA.

And are there feelings here for human woe?

GONZALEZ.

Guards, lead your pris'ners hence.

ALZUMA.

Spaniard a word:
Wilt thou indulge one moment to the wretched?
I thank thee. Ozmar, we have walk'd together
The rugged paths of honour; to the laſt
Grappled with fate; againſt the foe have ſtrain'd
Bold virtue's nerve: oh! let it never ſlacken,

But

But bear us ſtrongly up, like men, who boaſt
Souls ever prompt for liberty or death.

OZMAR.

Sunk as we are, our country bleeding round us,
Our cities ſack't, our very gods diſhonour'd,
Death is relief, is victory and triumph.

ALZUMA.

But let us entertain our doom, my friend,
In ſilent dignity: amidſt our pangs
Let no dejected paſſion tell the Spaniard
Alzuma dies in me!

OZMAR.

Not all the tortures
Their vengeance can inflict, ſhall e'er extort
One ſecret from me.

ALZUMA.

Let him ſhudder ſtill
With dire conceptions at Alzuma's name;
Still let him think Alzuma roams the foreſt,
Climbs the ſteep mountain's brow, or down the lake
Glides in the ſwift canoe, to rouze the war,
And call the nations to a great revenge.
Let that purſue him ſtill: oh! let that thought,
And the dire furies of deteſted guilt
With ceaſeleſs pangs inhabit in his heart:
Alzuma dies content!

OZMAR.

The tyrant's pow'r
Is ſhort liv'd o'er us, and his murd'rous rage
But ſets the hero free.

AL-

ALZUMA.

His pow'r may ſhackle
Theſe mould'ring limbs; but the unbodied ſpirit
Shall bear its native liberty along,
To the bleſs'd vale behind the cloud-capt hill,
The ſilent region of departed ſouls,
That region undiſcover'd by the Spaniard!
Where our forefathers, in unfading bliſs,
Prepare the roſeate bow'r, and weave the chaplet,
For deeds heroic done in life; for all
Who, firm in honour, by diſtreſs unconquer'd,
Have ſmil'd in woe, and to their graves have carried
The ſacred charter of the free-born mind.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Scene at the Gate of the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA.

ALZUMA.

DOST thou not hear me, loſt Peru? Not hear
The clank of theſe vile chains that fetter thus
Your rightful ſov'reign? Wherefore thus again
Led to their Chriſtian temple? Why their guards
Plac'd at each paſs? Is this, juſt gods, a lot
For your own progeny? Yet even here,
Here ſtill is room for fortitude and honour.
Yes, ye calamities of this bad world,
Pour all your deſtin'd malice on my head;
Ye ſtorms, ye tempeſts, roar! Each change of fortune
Is but a change of virtue.

Enter OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Valiant Ozmar,
Let me embrace thee. Ozmar, ſpite of all
My heart's beſt firmneſs, it drops blood for thee.

OZMAR.

Alzuma! Tears! And doſt thou think me then
So poor of ſoul?

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, I will not weep;
I will not ſtain a righteous cauſe with tears.

And yet frail nature thus will guſh it's way.
Oh! there's a cauſe that conſecrates each drop
That burns it's channel down the ſoldier's cheek!
Ozmar, to ſee a nation bleeding round us,
Yet fetter'd thus in chains---I cannot ſpeak;
Thy own great heart will tell thee.

OZMAR.

Embitter not the cup of woe.

ALZUMA.

To die
Inglorious! Unreveng'd! My father's death,
Thy ſavage maſſacre, lamented ſhade!
Oh! Atabalipa, yet unaton'd!
His queen Orazia, my much honour'd mother,
How has fate dealt with her? My ſiſter too,
Poor Orellana! 'Tis a long, long time
Since laſt theſe eyes beheld her. Breathes ſhe ſtill
The vital air? And oh! what happy clime
Affords her innocence and truth a ſhelter?
Alzuma knows knows not, and that piercing thought
Unmans my ſoul, and gives a ſting to death.

OZMAR.

The gracious pow'rs, who watch o'er innocence---

ALZUMA.

No pow'r protects it now. Where were ye gods,
In that black period when the Spaniſh ſpoiler
Firſt ſpoke in thunder to us? Not your own
Thrice honour'd temples then contain'd ye! No!
Your ſacred temples, and your hallow'd groves,
You left defenceleſs. You have loſt your rites,
Your kings their empire, and Peru her freedom.

OZMAR.

If deeds heroic could have ſav'd the ſtate,
Thy own great patriot toil---

ALZUMA.

Where were ye, gods,
When late in Chili's wide extended plains
I fought the embattled foe? From ev'ry quarter
I brought the Weſtern world in arms. The ſun
Beneath the burning line beheld my courſe,
Back to the Tropic ſaw my rapid march;
The queen of night, and ev'ry vivid planet,
Walking in brightneſs their empyreal round,
Saw my unwearied labour; ſaw me guide
Down the broad Amazon my rapid bark,
Each iſland viſiting; on ev'ry ſhore
Invoking vengeance. Heav'n beheld it all,
Yet left me in th' extreme; to hoſtile gods,
Th' unjuſt, revengeful, cruel gods of Spain
Betray'd a faithful unſuſpecting race.

OZMAR.

Yes, all, all's loſt, all ruin'd! That laſt battle
Has giv'n 'em up the world. Almagro's arms
Heap'd hideous ruin on us.

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, there,
There liberty, amidſt that purple heap
Her gen'rous boſom grac'd with honeſt ſcars,
Groan'd and expir'd. Oh! City of the Sun,
Ye ſacred aſhes of my friends, who periſh'd
In your lov'd country's laſt expiring blaze!
Oh! ſeat of empire! Witneſs in your fall
I have dar'd nobly for you.

Enter GONZALEZ *and* Guards.

GONZALEZ.

Be thoſe chains
Inſtant releas'd, and ſet the pris'ners free.
[*Soldiers unchain them.*

ALZUMA.

Ah! that ſoft virgin form appears again!
This way ſhe bends her ſteps. What may this mean?

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

There is your warrant, Sir; Pizarro's hand
Hath ſign'd their freedom.

GONZALEZ.

I obey the mandate. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

ALZUMA.

Tell me, thou fair unknown! to what new ſcenes
Our fate reſerves us both?

ORELLANA.

Humanity
And juſtice plead your cauſe.

ALZUMA.

And does thy heart
Feel the ſoft touch of nature for the wretched?

ORELLANA.

Stranger, my heart is feelingly alive

When

When miſery claims a tear: that fruitleſs tribute
Is all I can, and Heav'n demands it of me.

ALZUMA.

I pray ye mock me not. A Spaniard's heav'n
Inſpires revenge, and cruelty and murder.

ORELLANA.

In me you ſee a daughter of Peru,
And nature and religion bind me to you.

ALZUMA.

Then our own gods watch o'er affliction ſtill,
And at their hands I do accept my life.
Oh! gen'rous virgin, I reſpect thy virtues;
The pow'rs that gave them will reward them too:
If not in ev'ry ſtate, in death or conqueſt,
They are their own ſweet recompence.

ORELLANA.

That mien!
That prompt heroic ardor! Stranger, ſay,
Whence and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

By my birth obſcure:
Almagro late beheld me graſp the javelin,
And mid'ſt the gen'ral carnage of the day,
Seek death in vain thro' all the paths of war.

ORELLANA.

Ah! tell me then---I tremble while I aſk;
Where is Alzuma? Lives he? Does he yet
Elude the tyrant's ſearch? Or has he ſought
The vale of fleeting ſpirits? Quickly tell me,
For oh! I long to hear.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Support me, Ozmar.
Her tender ſympathy!

OZMAR.

Now ſummon all
Your wonted firmneſs: ſhe's a ſtranger yet.
Let prudence guard thee.

ORELLANA.

Ah! diſtract me not.
Why art thou pale! Why gath'ring in thy eye
Stand thoſe round drops? Alas! he is no more.

OZMAR.

Alzuma lives!

ORELLANA.

Lives!

OZMAR.

But far hence remote
Seeks a retreat for miſery and freedom.

ORELLANA.

Then I am bleſs'd indeed!

ALZUMA.

Abſorb'd in wonder,
My flutt'ring ſoul feels all her functions loſt.

ORELLANA.

Weep'ſt thou, brave youth? Ah! ſay what hidden
cauſe---

AL-

ALZUMA.

Thy gen'rous tenderneſs. Like you I'm born
With too much ſenſibility of heart.

ORELLANA.

Indeed you ſeem to bear a noble nature.
Say, will you undertake like men, and dare
A hardy enterprize, that tends at once
To your own ſafety and the general weal?

ALZUMA.

Speak thy intent: ev'n ruin'd as we are
We boaſt the virtue ſtill to ſerve thee, virgin.

ORELLANA.

Then mark my words: anon, when in the palace
All court the Spaniard's ſmiles, and do the work
Of low ambition, then with cautious ſtep
Repair ye both to yonder ſacred temple,
In happier days the temple of the Sun!
Now other worſhip, other rites prevail.
Employ'd in ſecret duty there you'll find me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

ORELLANA.

What would Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ.

With determin'd haſte
The empreſs ſeeks you.

ORELLANA.

Lead your captives forth.

[*They bow and are going out.*

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

Theſe are the inſolents whom thy entreaty
Has ſav'd from juſtice.

ORELLANA.

To Don Carlos' goodneſs
I bow in gratitude.

ORAZIA.

Take heed, raſh men,
Or vengeance waits you.
(They go out.) Orellana hear:
Don Carlos languiſhes with gentleſt paſſion,
And wooes you to his arms. A mother's voice
Commands thee to abjure fictitious gods,
And make thee lineal to our ancient ſceptre.

ORELLANA.

What, while my brother lives?

ORAZIA.

Pizarro ſees,
At length with indignation ſees his ſlave
Suſpend the progreſs of our righteous faith.

ORELLANA.

His ſlave! A robber's ſlave! Is that befitting?
Is that my mother? Theſe are virtue's tears;
They mean you no offence.

ORAZIA.

Ungrateful child!
Still with inceſſant rage to ſteel your heart

Againſt

Againſt a victor, whom high Heav'n approves,
Againſt a mother, who would ſave you ſtill.

ORELLANA.

The tyrant has my curſes; I avow it:
My bittereſt imprecations on him! but
A mother claims reſpect. Then hear my pray'r:
Let not your Chriſtian worſhip, while it gives
New modes of faith, oh! let it ne'er efface
The virtues of humanity! [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Oh! blind
And fatal ſuperſtition!---fix'd in error,
Alas! ſhe ſees not that by Heav'n commiſſion'd
To chaſe credulity Pizarro came,
And reigns by right divine o'er ev'ry heart.
Oh! happy ſtate! Chriſtian Orazia now
Glows for the honour of eternal truth;
To that bows rev'rent down, and joys to ſee
Awful religion bare the ſword of juſtice.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Thou ſacred dome! thou venerable pile!
Where erſt the pious daughters of the Sun
In meditation dwelt, and ſacred ſong!
No more for you thoſe rites; no more you'll hear
Their pious vows, and their melodious ſtrains.
The Spaniſh robber violates your altars,
And foreign gods poſſeſs you.

OZMAR.

Yet, Alzuma,
Who knows what that bright maid----

ALZUMA.

Some deep intent
Rolls in her boſom. Hark! a feeble ſound
Comes ſlowly winding thro' yon lengthen'd iſle.
[*Muſick is heard at a diſtance.*
It gains upon the ear. And lo! a train
Of ſupplicating nymphs! ye hoſt of Heav'n!
Our own ſolemnities! how my heart glows
With piour ardour! let us hence, my friend,
Leſt we intrude upon their virgin choir.
[*They retire.*

Enter ORELLANA, EMIRA, ZILIA, *and other Virgins. An Image of the Sun, the Moon, &c. in their Hands a Cenſer of Fire, and ſome ſtrewing Flowers.*

O D E.

I.

Bright orb, that rul'ſt th' ætherial way,
And pour'ſt the radiant flood of day;
Thou ſiſter regent of the night,
Who ſhed'ſt o'er all thy ſober light;
Ye ſtars, that gleam from pole to pole;
Ye thunders o'er our heads that roll;
Ye lightnings, rains, ye ſtorms on high,
That ſpeak the preſent deity:

Hear your own ſervants; hear our virgin throng;
Oh! ſave Alzuma; hear our myſtic ſong.

II.

Ye band of venerable juſt,
Ye warriors long ſince laid in duſt;

Whether

Whether in ſilent groves ye ſtray,
Glow in the ſtars or ſolar way,
Aſſemble all ye mighty dead,
And ſtalk around the Spaniard's bed;
In his fell heart with diſmal yell
Awaken all the fiends of hell;

Aſſiſt Alzuma; arm each honeſt hand,
And tear a guilty tyrant from the land.

[*They go out in proceſſion.*

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

For me their vows aſcend! the pious train
Warble their oriſons for loſt Alzuma!
Oh! Ozmar, oh! my friend! the melting notes
With thoughts that burn expand my glowing ſoul.
Ha! that ſweet maid approaches!

Enter ORELLANA.

OZMAR.

Now be huſh'd
Each ſudden tranſport: to diſcloſe thy name
Might fatal prove.

ORELLANA. *(coming forward)*

Alas! my ſpirits ſink,
Cold tremors ſhake my frame.

ALZUMA.

Your pardon, virgin,
That thus encroaching on the hallow'd hour---

ORELLANA.

Strangers! you're welcome both. The wretched ever
Bear their own paſsport to me. Train'd myſelf
In ſad affliction's ſchool, and wanting much
Some charitable aid, theſe hands are ready
To wipe the tear from the pale cheek of care.

ALZUMA.

Alas! misfortune, as we riſe to life,
Prepares her chalice for each human lip:
We all are doom'd to weep.

ORELLANA.

Ye gen'rous youths,
I ſee you both are apt to melt at woe:
I will not trouble you.

ALZUMA.

If there is aught
May ſerve you, virgin, truſt your faithful ſlaves.
Theſe tears but ſtrengthen virtue: ſpeak thy will.

ORELLANA.

There is a buſineſs lab'ring in my heart
That calls for firmeſt vigour.

ALZUMA.

If to drench
A dagger's point in the fell Spaniard's blood---

ORELLANA.

It wants no bloodſhed. Tell me will you ſerve me?

ALZUMA.

By Heav'n I will.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Say, will you traverſe o'er
The foreſts wild, and continents of ſand,
To bear a meſſage to much-lov'd brother,
On whoſe dear life my happineſs is grafted?

ALZUMA.

Direct our courſe: we'll ſeek him ſtraight.

ORELLANA.

Alas!
Baniſhed far hence, dear youth! he little thinks
How here I drag the Spaniard's galling chain,
And neither live nor die. But here I've form'd
In braided colours the ſad tale of woe.
[*Takes out a braid of colours.*
He knows not letters, which th' inventive Spaniard
Has hither brought: but this will tell him all;
This will inſtruct him to avoid this place;
Let me be wretched, I'll endure it all;
But bleſs him gods; watch over all his ways;
My woes muſt end me ſoon.

ALZUMA.

No, thou ſhalt join
Our flight: we'll bear thee to him.

ORELLANA.

Weak of limb
My ſtrength would fail me. Wilt thou give him this?

ALZUMA.

I will; by every Pow'r above, I will.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Then take it, youth, and bear it to Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Alzuma!

ORELLANA.

Yes; to him.

ALZUMA.

Ye gracious powers!
And bear it to Alzuma!---Orellana!

ORELLANA.

Thoſe trembling accents! and the various meanings
Of ev'ry feature---Ah! that look of thine---

ALZUMA.

I am, I am, Alzuma. Oh! my ſiſter!
I, I am he! this fond embrace atteſts it.
She faints, ſhe faints. Oh! could'ſt thou e'er have hop'd it?
'Tis Orellana!---'tis, it is my ſiſter.

ORELLANA.

That air! that face! juſt ſo my father look'd!
I ſcarce can think it yet: thou art not---tell me---
Say, art thou he?---Peru's ſurviving heir?
Art thou Alzuma?---does thy breaſt retain
The tyger's fang?

ALZUMA.

It does, it does.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Have I ſo long
Forbore to wander o'er him with my kiſſes?
To claſp thee cloſe, and own thee with my tears?
[*Embraces him.*

ALZUMA.

Grow to thy brother's heart, thou virtuous maid!
Ozmar, the Gods are here; they have not yet
Deſerted innocence. Thou watch, my friend,
That none intrude upon this hour of joy.
[*Exit* Ozmar.

ORELLANA.

Why didſt thou venture to this place of danger?
Oh! quickly fly; of all the Sun beheld
In his own city, by immortals rear'd,
This temple only ſtands.

ALZUMA.

Where is Orazia?

ORELLANA.

She lives.

ALZUMA.

Then to her honour and her gods
She ſtill lives true: I know her virtue well.

ORELLANA.

This ſide the grave no mortal virtue's known.
She's married to Pizarro.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Married to him!
False to her faith, and married to Pizarro!

ORELLANA.

She shares his tyrant sceptre.

ALZUMA.

Oh! may Heav'n---
Yet she's my mother still---Forgive her, gods!
If your dread sway can bear such crimes, forgive her,
And keep your red'ning vengeance for the Spaniard.
Say shall I see Orazia?

ORELLANA.

At yon portal
You met her dreadful frown.

ALZUMA.

Was that my mother?
Unnatural woman!

ORELLANA.

In her ruin'd mind
Sits blind enthusiasm, with'ring ev'ry virtue.
Zeal forgets fetters for a free-born race,
And murder's blade gleams in religion's hand.

ALZUMA.

Bright orb! thou hear'st it! I make no appeal
To you against her. But to find thee thus,
Thou best of sisters, 'midst a mother's crimes
That rend my soul, it mixes tend'rest joy,
And makes these tears a transport. Tell thy brother,

What

What force upheld thee? how haſt thou ſuſtain'd
Thy faith inviolate?

ORELLANA.

The Spaniard's rage
Liſts ev'ry paſſion on the ſide of virtue.
Thou wer't far hence, know'ſt not the horrid night
That heav'd this mighty empire from its baſe.

ALZUMA.

Ev'n now I ſhudder for thee!

ORELLANA.

Cloyſter'd here,
Two hundred choſen virgins of the Sun,
Here in this very temple pour'd their praiſe
In midnight harmony to ev'ry god,
And bore thro' glimm'ring iſles th' eternal fire;
When the foe ruſh'd upon us; burſt the ſanctuary
Which ſince the world's foundation 'till that hour
Man never dar'd profane. With virgin ſhrieks,
And female lamentation rung the dome;
Devouring rage, and pale diſmay, and death,
Ran wild in horrid forms; the crimſon pavement
Floated with gore; no check their fury felt,
'Till weary ſlaughter ſtopt at laſt for breath,
And ſpar'd a wretched few.

ALZUMA.

Thou virtuous maid!
What pitying God preſerv'd thee?

ORELLANA.

'Twas in wrath,
In vengeance I was ſav'd, to greater ills
Alas! reſerv'd! to ſee my father murder'd----

ALZUMA.

Oh! bleſſed be his ſhade!

ORELLANA.

E'er ſince Pizarro
Urges to change my gods, and join his ſon
In impious wedlock.

ALZUMA.

May his ſoul be plung'd
In ever-burning floods of liquid gold,
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!
[*Muſic heard.*

ORELLANA.

End we our conf'rence here: the virgin band
Wait my return: I would not have thee known.
Retire my brother.

ALZUMA.

And muſt we part ſo ſoon?

ORELLANA.

Alas! too ſure we muſt: a faithful friend
Shall lead thee to the grove where oft I walk
In bitterneſs of ſoul.

ALZUMA.

Yet ere you go,
Here kneel, and ſwear by all the holy pow'rs
Whom with firm conſtancy Peru adores;
By the dear ſhades of long-departed heroes,
Whom av'rice ſlaughter'd, or religion ſtabb'd;
Swear here, by all thoſe great, thoſe awful ſanctions,
That never you'll betray your plighted vows.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yes, Orellana ratifies the oath!

ALZUMA.

Now once again come to this fond embrace.
We'll meet anon.

ORELLANA.

We ſhall.

ALZUMA.

Farewell, farewell! [*She goes out.*
Protect, ye pow'rs, that ſtruggling innocence.
In your own holy cauſe ſhe ſuffers all.
Are ye no more the gods of peace? no more
Affliction's friends? If that excelling goodneſs,
If ſhe is wretched thus---yet let me not,
Like the baſe Chriſtian foe, with pious rage,
Who deals deſtruction round, and deems his murder
Grateful on high, oh! let me not, like him,
With horrid attributes affront my God!
Yes, Heav'n is bounteous ſtill! ye gracious pow'rs!
Of you and your juſt ways I'll not complain.
You've made us virtuous, and have done enough!

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

Scene the Temple.

Enter CARLOS *and* GONZALEZ.

CARLOS.

THOU haſt my thanks, Gonzalez: my fond heart
But for thy watchful care had been the ſport
Of a fierce ſavage beauty. Now I know
The minion of her ſoul. Oh! that reflection
Shoots all the fires of diſappointed love
Thro' my diſtracted heart.

GONZALEZ.

Forgive, my lord,
If I unwittingly have fix'd a pang
That preys upon your peace. In yonder grove
I ſaw them meet in ſecret interview.

CARLOS.

I ſaw them too; thy vigilance inform'd me.
Theſe eyes beheld them in cloſe amorous parley,
In ardent gaze; beheld a peaſant ſlave
Familiar with that luxury of charms,
With Orellana's charms! It fires to madneſs.
I ſaw that wretch whom I redeem'd from death,
At her requeſt redeem'd, unthinking fool!
I ſaw him meet her in the conſcious grove,
Embracing and embrac'd!

GONZALEZ.

Periſh the thought,

That

That thus disturbs your breast: you know, my lord,
By your command I seiz'd the slave, and now
Far other chains than those of love infold him.

CARLOS.

By Heav'n he dies: this very hour shall see him
A Christian, or a victim to his errors.

GONZALEZ.

The guards now lead him forth.

CARLOS.

Was it for this
The tyrant fair oppos'd ev'n Heav'n itself?
Oh! at the altar's foot her lov'd idea
Was present still, and zeal for heav'nly truth
A tear from those bright eyes dissolv'd away.
But false compassion rules my heart no more.
I saw her meet the slave; at my approach
Fierce indignation darted from her eye,
And straight she turn'd with high disdain away.
Ah! see! she comes! still lovely in her guilt!
[*Exit* Gonzalez.
The haughty fierceness of untutor'd virtue
Beams savage graces round her. Yes, by Heav'n
She shall be mine; my heart adores her still.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

You have done this, Sir, and I thank you for it.

CARLOS.

Think not I urg'd severity against thee;
But oh! do justice to that gentle nature

That

That governs here; that now throbs wildly for you,
With all the ſoft ſolicitude of love.

ORELLANA.

What has a wretch like me to do with love?

CARLOS.

Doſt thou avoid me then, thou cruel fair?
Doſt thou avoid me? Now I know the cauſe
That made thee unrelenting to my ſighs;
I know your paramour; now know for whom
Don Carlos' vows were all diſpers'd in air;
For years who held dominion o'er your heart,
And made me languiſh at your feet in vain.

ORELLANA.

And if I cheriſh'd a long hidden flame,
Who claims a right to tyrannize my heart?

CARLOS.

Think'ſt thou a breaſt ſuſceptible as mine,
That ſwells with rapture if thou deign'ſt to ſmile,
Or by a frown is tortur'd in the extreme;
Think'ſt thou a heart like mine will e'er permit
A conquer'd ſlave to win thy leaſt regard?
Oh! there's an avarice in love, that claims
Each gentle grace, each amiable air,
Claims the noble hoard of ſweets, and will not bear
A word, a look directed to another.

ORELLANA.

And mean'ſt thou then to choak the voice of pity?
Is that thy purpoſe? Know the injur'd youth,
Whom thy fell rage but now has doom'd to death,
Is miſerable; therefore dear to me.
Know he is virtuous; therefore has my love.

CAR-

CARLOS.

Thy love! does he poſſeſs it? he,
Inhuman fair! but yet recall the word.
Our laws that ſpare no infidel----

ORELLANA.

Thou Spaniard!
Thou fierce barbarian from a world unknown!
But all our ſacred rites thou haſt profan'd,
And well may'ſt violate love's altar too.
Come, point thy dagger at this virgin breaſt,
And conquer hearts as you would force our faith.

CARLOS.

You wrong me much. Hear Orellana, hear
Thy tendereſt ſuppliant.

ORELLANA.

Never: woman's weakneſs
With pity ſaw thee kneeling at my feet,
And ſighing fruitleſs vows. But this laſt outrage
Againſt a helpleſs captive---Witneſs Gods!
If Orellana hear this Spaniard more,
Or liſten to the tale of impious love,
Deep down in earth may ſhe alive be buried,
Her ſpirit doom'd to wander o'er the world,
And never reach the manſion of her fathers.

CARLOS.

Your minion dies; my rage is up in arms,
And the ſoft voice of love ſhall plead no more.
[*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Barbarian go!---Ah! there's a ſight indeed
Afreſh that opens ev'ry ſource of grief.

Enter

Enter ALZUMA *in chains.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! Let me ſeek thy mother; tell her all;
With the ſtrong eloquence of filial tears,
I'll throw me at her feet, and in her heart,
Loſt as it is, I'll find ſome hidden fibre,
Where all the mother trembles for her offspring.

ALZUMA.

Reſtrain this rage; Alzuma would not owe
A ſecond favour to her. She, alas!
Is dead to nature. That accurſed fiend,
Fanatic fury, blaſts each moral virtue.
She has pronounc'd my doom. Let her not know
She kills a ſon. Oh! let me never add
That guilt atrocious to a parent's crimes.

ORELLANA.

Are there no means to ſave thee?

ALZUMA.

Look not thus:
Ennobled by thy virtues, by diſtreſs
Endear'd, each glance thou ſend'ſt, unmans me quite,
And ev'n a brother's fondneſs akes to view thee.
Thy goodneſs charms, and by each heart-ſtring draws me
Back to this hated world. For thee, my ſiſter,
When I ſhould boldly tread the ridge of peril,
And dare the depth below; for thy dear ſake
I cling to life; extend my feeble arms;
But thou no aid can'ſt give.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Diſtracting thought!
Muſt I ſurvive thee helpleſs and forlorn,
A victim to the Spaniard's hated love?

ALZUMA.

There lies the pang that bids theſe drops of anguiſh
Fall in this copious ſtream. Not for myſelf
I feel, but oh! when I am gone, when fate
Has ſtretch'd this body on the flinty earth,
Who ſhall defend thy weakneſs? Muſt I leave thee
A prey to ruffian force? Muſt that rare beauty,
Shall that conſpire againſt thee? Muſt thoſe eyes
Obedient roll to a fierce conqu'ror's will?
Inflame his hot deſires, to plunge thee deeper
In ſhame and ſervitude?

ORELLANA.

Unpitying gods!

ALZUMA.

Perhaps to waft thee from thy native land
To foreign altars, and a foreign bed!

ORELLANA.

There is but one, one only refuge.

ALZUMA.

Name it.

ORELLANA.

I'll periſh with thee. Lo! behold a weapon!
[*Shews a dagger.*

ALZUMA.

Ha!

ORELLANA.

Where'er thy ſpirit wings it's happy flight,
I'll hail thy triumph; ſoar on trembling wing,
And diſtant eye thy radiant tract of glory,
To ev'ry kindred ſtar.

ALZUMA.

Relentleſs pow'rs!
No other boon you've left me to beſtow.

ORELLANA.

Ah! me! they come; the fell Pizarro comes.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, CARLOS, *Guards, &c.*

ORAZIA.

Now, Orellana, we demand compliance.
Provoke our wrath no more: the veſted prieſt
Waits at the altar; there Don Carlos' love
And Heav'n indulgent claim thee for their own.

ALZUMA.

Unnatural, barbarous mother! [*Aſide.*

ORELLANA.

For his love
Don Carlos has my thanks. Spain will not think
Her luſtre tarniſh'd, that a wretch like me
Feels no ambition for her proud alliance.
The gods of Spain----

ORAZIA.

This arrogance----

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Indulge
A favourable ear. The gods of Spain
Will not be jealous that no fragrance rolls
Around their ſhrines from me. If error's maze
Miſguide my ſteps, their all-pervading eye
Will read the honeſt purpoſe of my ſoul,
And mercy win the thunder from their hands.

ORAZIA.

This wilful diſobedience! Who has taught
The vain deluſive dream?

CARLOS.

That ſlave! 'Tis he,
Who rules her wayward fancy.

ORAZIA.

Ha! that traitor!
Doſt thou preſume to ſpread ſedition here?

ALZUMA. *(looking at her)*

Oh! thou apoſtate! Theſe hot burning tears
Will burſt their way.

PIZARRO.

And does thy ſullen eye
Dart the fierce glance of treaſon on your Queen?

ORAZIA.

Who and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

I've no rank or name,
To plead my cauſe in thy obdurate heart.

To your own child unnatural as thou art,
I have no claim to mercy.

PIZARRO.

Baſe reviler!
Within the Tropic all muſt think alike.

ALZUMA.

Betwixt us both the ſacred ſhaft of war
Has long been ſhot, and enmity prevails,
Fierce, inextinguiſhable!

ORAZIA.

My example
May teach thee, ſlave, to yield to ſacred truth,
And Spain's imperial mandate.

ALZUMA.

Thy example!
Full well you judg'd, thou traitreſs to thy country!
To fly to gods who can forgive thy crimes.
Ours ſhudder at them!

PIZARRO.

To the altar drag
The impious ſlave. [*Guards ſeize* Alzuma.

ORELLANA.

Oh! wretched Orellana!

ALZUMA.

Barbarians hold! Yet Spaniard ere I die
Hear my laſt fervent prayer. 'Twas luſt of gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That brought you to Peru: and may that gold,
Oh! may it prove to Spain the direful ſpring

Of

Of worſe calamities than we have felt;
May it unnerve your arm; diſſolve in ſloth
Laborious induſtry; ne'er let your plains
The toiling hand of cultivation know;
Kindle fierce war; and may ſome happier ſtate,
Whoſe ſons with love of gen'rous freedom glowing,
Preſerve their civil and religious rites,
The foes of tyranny! who found their laws
On the broad baſe of reaſon and of nature;
Oh! may that happy ſtate (if ſuch there be)
With bolder prow triumphant o'er the deep,
Purſue you hither with avenging thunder;
In your own harbours wrap your ſhips in fire,
And bow ye down to ſeek deteſted gold
For others uſes! Be that curſe upon you!

PIZARRO.

His blaſphemy pollutes the air: forthwith
Give him the death he merits.

ORELLANA.

Once again
Let me embrace him; one laſt ſad farewell
No pow'r on earth ſhall hinder. [*Embraces him.*

CARLOS.

Ha! that inſolent!
Perdition ſeize the ſlave! Shall he enjoy---
By Heav'n this ſabre cleaves him to the ground.
[*Going to ſtrike.*

ORELLANA.

Now by the vital air, by ev'ry pow'r
That guides, impels, or melts the human heart,
By yon bright orb of day, by your own gods,
Enough of blood they've had, by them I aſk,

They

They will approve ſoft pity; ſpare his life,
Oh! ſpare his innocence, nor murder me.

CARLOS.

Tear off her hold: by Heav'n the ſlave---

ORELLANA.

Now ſtrike,
Now execute your purpoſe! with the blow
This ready dagger plunges to my heart.

CARLOS.

Hold, Orellana! This abhorred ſteel
[*Takes the dagger from her.*
Was never meant to wound thy tender form:
Thou haſt diſarm'd my vengeance; by yon Heav'n
I would not ſee thy beauteous boſom gor'd
For the extended empire of the world.

ORELLANA.

If ought of cruelty the pris'ner ſuffer,
This hand ſhall ſet me free.

CARLOS.

Diſpel thy fears:
I will not urge his fate; I will not urge
Thee to compliance: guiltleſs of his death
I leave this temple, leave this ſcene of horror,
Where perſecution draws the unhallow'd ſword,
And murders for belief.

PIZARRO.

Yet Carlos ſtay,
I charge thee ſtay, nor dare again traduce
A father's deeds.

CAR-

CARLOS.

My heart at length revolts,
Nor will I ſee that youth, whoe'er he be,
A victim to the blind inſenſate rage
That ſheds man's blood, and dares to think it virtue.
[*Exit.*

PIZARRO.

Ha! the time calls for rigour; feeble laws
And government relax'd might hazard all
The laurels this good ſword has reap'd in war.
Raſh and preſumptious boy! By my command
He ſhall retrace his ſteps. This very hour
Sees Orellana his. Ourſelf will ſeek him.
Mean time, Orazia, be it thine to ſee
That traitor die a victim to his crimes. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Yield, Orellana, or thy mother's love
Turns to vindictive rage.

ALZUMA.

Diſhonour blaſt
The horrid counſel. Rather brave with ſcorn
Their fierceſt hate. Not all the worſt of ills
The purple tyrant has in ſtore for virtue,
Can plead for pardon with your gods abjur'd.
Oh! ſhun the guilt of treaſon to your ſoul!
On the mind fix'd, and obſtinately juſt,
Ev'n ruin falls in vain.

ORAZIA.

It falls this moment
On thy devoted head.

ORELLANA.

Orazia, hear me;
Reſtrain this rage; all nature ſtarts with horror;
Humanity is ſhock'd; if he muſt die,
Of all who live, thou ſhould'ſt be innocent.

ORAZIA.

Cling not about me thus.

ORELLANA.

Forbear, forbear
The horrid ſtroke! Not all the dews of Heav'n
Will waſh the barb'rous murder from your hands.
Remorſe and anguiſh follow; peace of mind
Will ever ſhun thee; fiends will haunt thy brain,
And all the madneſs of deſpairing guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou plead'ſt in vain: my ſoul expanding feels
The glowing rapture, the exalted purpoſe
That ſwells above the infirmities of nature,
And burns with all it's god.

ORELLANA.

Ye hoſt of Heav'n!
Seize Orellana; drag her to your altar;
In horrid union bind me to Don Carlos,
Rather than break, by one atrocious act,
All the eternal ties that link the world.

ALZUMA.

Thou break them not! Our country and our gods,
Thoſe are our firſt connexions! For my life
It is not worth my care: who dies for freedom,
Has liv'd his courſe of nature and of glory,

And

And who ſurvives it but a ſingle hour,
Has liv'd that hour too much.

ORELLANA.

My ſoul reſumes
Her ſtrength; I will not yield.

ORAZIA.

The traitor dies;
He dies this moment.

ALZUMA.

Undiſmay'd I come.

ORELLANA.

No, never, never; here theſe hands ſhall hold him;
[*A ſoldier lays hold of her.*
He ſhall not die. Tear, tear me piecemeal firſt;
I'll periſh with him rather; let the blow,
That ends his life, unite us both in death.
[*She is torn from him, a ſoldier ſtands at the altar with a lifted ſabre.*

ALZUMA.

Now Atabalipa, where'er thy ſpirit
Roams in uncertain being, with thy firmneſs
Inſpire my ſoul; teach me like thee to die.

ORAZIA.

Ah!---wherefore ſhould the ſlave invoke that name?
[*She goes near the ſoldier.*

ALZUMA.

Lo thus I bare my boſom!
[*Goes up to the altar.*

ORAZIA.

Ha!

ORELLANA.

Yet hold! [*Held by a ſoldier.*
Thou wretched mother! It is---forbear;
It is the pureſt blood of all Peru!
A vengeful god, a god of wrath beholds
The barb'rous deed; I hear his thunder roll;
It burſts the roof; the pillar'd temple falls;
It falls to cruſh ye all.

ALZUMA.

Here ſtrike at once,
And with my life-blood glut her frantic rage.

ORAZIA.

Forbear *(holding the ſoldier)* I charge thee; ſtop the bloody ſtroke;
Oh! wonder-working pow'rs! [*faints away.*

ORELLANA.

The well-known token
Grav'd on his breaſt has mark'd him for her ſon.
(Aſide)

Enter PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

No, nought ſhall ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul.
Orazia! why thus ſinks her drooping ſpirit?

ALZUMA.

Does juſtice triumph o'er the gods of Spain?

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Recall her Heav'n, and o'er her waking ſenſe
Pour down your gentleſt influence. (*Aſſiſts* Orazia.

PIZARRO.

Rebel ſlave!
Th' extirminating wrath of Heav'n purſues thee;
Still ſhalt thou meet thy fate.

ORAZIO.

Oh! lend your aid,
And lead me, guide my ſteps. My Lord Pizarro,
Remit the cruel rigour of the law,
And ſpare a wretch's life.

PIZARRO.

She too rebels;
She pleads for hereſy.

ORAZIA.

Oh, no! I plead
For mercy, and for juſtice.

PIZARRO.

Would'ſt thou ſave
That wilful obſtinate? Reflect Orazia;
Is this your faith? Is this your promis'd zeal?

ORAZIA.

Zeal in exceſs is vice, 'tis impious;
Horrid repugnance to the will of Heav'n;
Subverſive of each virtue; foe to all
The tender laws of charity and love;
Thoſe laws that raiſe. and dignify our being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

PIZARRO.

Thy words are treaſon.

ORAZIA.

No! 'tis juſtice ſpeaks:
Thanks to th' eternal pow'rs, at length I ſee
That each religion, truth itſelf may have
Its wild enthuſiaſts, and its frantic zealots.

PIZARRO.

By Heav'n ſome hidden meaning lurks beneath
This ſudden revolution of thy heart.

ORAZIA.

Oh! ſpare his innocence; have mercy!

PIZARRO.

Yes,
The ſlave ſhall live, till from that ſtubborn ſpirit
Torture hath wrung each deep, each hidden purpoſe.
See him ſecur'd in the deep dungeon's gloom.

ALZUMA.

Yes, lead me hence, where I no more may ſee
This hated race. But oh! when I am gone,
Spare Orellana; ſpare that tender form;
From death I ſhrink not: Nature at my birth
Condemn'd me to it: ſoon the hour ſhall come
When truth, when conſcience ſhall condemn thy deeds.
Exit.

PIZARRO.

The rebel's doom is fix'd: I burn to ſee
Each ſhackled ſlave thro' our extended realm
Or live a Chriſtian, or embrace his fate. *Exit.*

ORA-

ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Oh! Orellana; 'tis, it is your brother!
The wound indented on his youthful breaſt---
Plainly I ſaw it; 'tis my child, my ſon.

ORELLANA.

It is Alzuma---oh! I know it all;
This day reveal'd it to me.

ORAZIA.

Was it juſt
To leave him thus expos'd?

ORELLANA.

He will'd it ſo.

ORAZIA.

Wretch that I am! I tremble at it ſtill.
Oh! whither was I plunging! What a depth
Of woe and guilt, unutterable guilt,
What endleſs miſery have I eſcap'd!
Murder my ſon! Barbarity unheard of!
It ſhocks my ſoul! And did he, could he think,
Could my child think me dead to human nature?
The thought diſtracts, it rives a mother's heart.
To thee I've been ungentle; thou haſt cauſe
To doubt my love; but come to my embrace.

ORELLANA.

Oh! bleſs'd event! And do I live to taſte
This unexpected joy, this dear delight?

ORA-

ORAZIA.

The brink of horror, on which late I ſtood,
Recalls from error ev'ry wand'ring ſenſe.
Alzuma ſhall not die: the Chriſtian's God
Beams the ſweet ſmiles of univerſal love
On all his fair creation. Haughty Spain
Perverts his holy laws; but ſtill the pow'r,
That warn'd my erring virtue, may inform him,
Truth only triumphs when it conquers hearts,
And never gains by carnage and deſtruction.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

Scene the Palace.

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

OH! Unexpected day of grief and joy!
My child, my child! I have not yet forgot
To ſhed the tear of natural affection;
To know for whom I bore the child-bed pang;
I am not grown the horror of the world.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

Alas! all's loſt; Don Carlos rages; ſtern Pizarro
Thirſts for Alzuma's blood.

ORAZIA.

A mother's love
Shall ſtill protect her offspring; Oh! my daughter,
Affection, long an alien to this heart,
Guſhes in tumult thro' each panting vein.
Deſpair and anguiſh too o'erwhelm my ſpirits.
Yet oh! returning nature! yet thy griefs,
Thy very tears are tinctur'd ſtill with joy!
'Tis miſery delightful.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet ev'n now
The fell Gonzalez leads Alzuma forth.
Ah! whither do they lead him?

ORAZIA.

'Tis to me
They lead your brother forth: One interview,
Unconſcious of his name, Pizarro grants.
Heav'ns! what an interview! A ſon enſlav'd,
And a fond mother, who uſurps his rights!
I cannot ſee my child! And yet I muſt,
I will behold him! hear his ſad, ſad ſtory;
Gaze on each feature, claſp him to my heart;
And periſh with him, if he's doom'd to bleed.
Thou fly to Carlos, ſoothe his troubled mind;
Exert your influence, or your brother's loſt.
Each moment's big with death.

ORELLANA.

Protect him, Gods!
Now virtue ſtruggling in the laſt extreme
Calls for your guardian care. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Ye blendid colours, both of guilt and virtue,
Ye ſtrong emotions mix'd of grief and joy,
Oh! how your conflict racks my tortur'd ſoul!

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

The pris'ner from his dungeon waits your will.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Give him admittance. [*Exit Gonzalez*] Now, all-gracious Heav'n!
Support a mother; aid me, touch my lips
With thy reſiſtleſs energy of ſpeech,
That I may calm the mighty ſtorm of paſſions,
And reconcile a ſon to life and truth.

Enter ALZUMA.

ORAZIA.

His awful ſtern regard------

ALZUMA.

My firmneſs fails,
And guilty as ſhe is, yet filial love,
Yet nature tells me, ſhe's my mother ſtill.

ORAZIA.

Approach my ſon: embrace your----

ALZUMA.

Conſcious ſhame,
The ſenſe of vile miſdeeds, yes, goading conſcience
Choaks up thy voice, and tells thee that thou art---

ORAZIA.

A tyrant! an uſurper! That's the name
Of horror thou would'ſt utter: Yet Orazia
Is not ſo far abandon'd o'er to guilt,
But my heart bounds with tranſport, even thus
At length to ſee my ſon. You weep Alzuma!

ALZUMA.

Thou ſource of light! Bright majeſty of Heav'n!

Thee I atteſt, from thee implore forgiveneſs,
That thus I own a traitreſs; that theſe tears
Confeſs the ſacred character of ſon
You ſtamp'd upon my nature.

ORAZIA.

Oh! Alzuma,
Did I command thy murder? Earth and Heav'n!
A mother ready to imbrue her hands
In her child's---Horror! Why did'ſt thou conceal
The ſecret from me? Why not ruſh for ſhelter
To theſe maternal arms? But oh! I knew thee;
Parental inſtinct gave the ſure alarm,
And now to hear thee, view thee thus, it wakes
Unutterable throbbings in my breaſt.

ALZUMA.

Well may'ſt thou view me; well may'ſt thou ſurvey
Thy ſon return'd! He brings no foul diſhonour.
But thou, can'ſt thou---Indelible reproach!
Oh! ſtain to virtue! Rage and indignation
Burn in my ſoul, and kindle madneſs there.

ORAZIA.

Let not impetuous rage diſturb thy reaſon.
Heav'n on the Spaniard's arms hath ſmil'd ſucceſs;
Thence on Peru ſhone forth the ray of truth,
Sublimer faith, and pure exalted morals.

ALZUMA.

Morals! Each word plants daggers in my heart.
Oh! give me daggers rather; arm my hand
With their own deathful ſteel, that I may hold it
Crimſon and glowing with the tyrant's blood,
Aloft to view, and call my country free.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Controul this phrenzy; it were impious murder.

ALZUMA.

Murder! A ſacrifice! a glorious ſacrifice
To injur'd men, and violated laws.
What! he whoſe hand reeks with my father's blood?
And yet ſhe pleads a fell deſtroyer's cauſe!
Hold heart-ſtrings, crack not yet: A curs'd invader,
Who thins the race of man! Ev'n now the cries
Of infants murder'd at the foſt'ring breaſt,
The ſhrieks of virgins, dying heroes groans,
Sound in my ear; imperial palaces,
The temples of our gods, all wrapt in fire!
Oh! image not, my ſoul, the horrid ſcene.

ORAZIA.

I cannot bear his ſtrong, his keen reproach.

ALZUMA.

Yet wedded to him! Well thoſe tears may guſh,
Well may thoſe bluſhes glow upon thy cheek.
Deteſted perfidy! My father's heart,
That heart, which ever beat with love of thee,
Duſt as it is, awakens in his tomb,
Alive and ſenſible to guilt like thine;
It ſtirs, it rouzes in the ſhroud of death,
With horror at thy name, and feels it's pangs,
It's tortures o'er again.

ORAZIA.

Obdurate ſon!
Thus to transfix and rend a mother's heart.

ALZUMA.

Am I upon a bed of roſes? Lo! in chains
My bleeding country! Mark in ev'ry region
The deſolation that lays waſte the land!

ORAZIA.

Why wilt thou urge me to deſpair and horror?
Oh! kill me rather; let the deadly point
Pierce to my heart; I'll arm thee for the blow:
Avenge my crime; avenge your country's fall.

ALZUMA.

What ſays Orazia?

ORAZIA.

Stifle in my blood
The pious love I bear the Chriſtian's God.

ALZUMA.

Would'ſt thou debaſe me to the Spaniard's guilt?
If thou indeed believ'ſt the Chriſtian's God,
It is not mine to ſtab for human error.
Farewell! farewell! Live happy if thou can'ſt;
Oh! Heav'ns, if happineſs can dwell with guilt.
[*Going.*

ORAZIA.

Yet ſtay, my ſon; one moment---

ALZUMA.

Pow'rful nature!
Thy tender ſtrugglings! Oh! while thus thy hand
I bathe with tears, and print my kiſſes on it,
Let me implore thee, own your gods again.

My

My father's ſpirit calls ; the ghaſtly ſhades
Of martyr'd millions, martyr'd for their faith,
All lift their hands and call aloud for vengeance.

ORAZIA.

Ariſe, my ſon, ariſe.

ALZUMA.

Let me not ſue
And claſp your knee in vain.

ORAZIA.

Oh ! ſtrong contention
'Twixt grace and nature, 'twixt my God and thee!

ALZUMA.

Reſume your dignity, your native honour.

ORAZIA.

But Heav'n prevails !

ALZUMA.

Think of your bleeding country !

ORAZIA.

I cannot, muſt not hear thee. Oh ! Alzuma,
Thy mind is loſt in darkneſs.

ALZUMA.

How !

ORAZIA.

Thy gods
Are ſuperſtition's dreams.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Away; no more; [*Riſing haſtily.*
I would not hear the voice of profanation.
Go tell your tyrant, all his threats are vain.
Tho' ſprung from thee I ſtill can die with glory.
Farewell! we part for ever.

ORAZIA.

Hear me, hear---

ALZUMA.

Oh! Heav'ns, Orazia---'tis the laſt, laſt time

That e'er---May the juſt gods forgive thee all.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Go, cruel, fierce, inexorable ſon!
Go, ruſh on death; 'twill break thy mother's heart.

ORAZIA, *and* DON CARLOS.

ORAZIA.

Well, Sir, Pizarro now has heard your counſel.

CARLOS.

That treach'rous ſlave, and Orellana too,
They both have heard your counſel. All
Thy arts are known; thy fair hypocriſy
To varniſh treaſon.

ORAZIA.

Oh! thou wrong'ſt me much.
Another cauſe, a cauſe of tend'reſt import,
It is the cauſe of ev'ry Chriſtian virtue;

Love,

Love, juſtice, and humanity are in it,
All that the earth holds dear, and heav'n approves.

CARLOS.

Treaſon, rebellion, perfidy are in it!
For Orellana's huſband all your cares
Are tremblingly alive. This very day
But for thy artifice, the ſlave had died.

ORAZIA.

Miſguided youth! Alas! you little know
Th' eternal bar divine and human laws
Have fix'd between them. Orellana's huſband!
Oh! no, believe it not.

CARLOS.

And wherefore then
Alarm'd and wild with fear? Why ev'ry art
Of tears, of ſhrieks, and female lamentation,
To ſnatch the rebel from the ſtroke of juſtice?

ORAZIA.

Alas! theſe tears flow from the tend'reſt ſource,
That wakes ſoft pity in the human heart.
Carlos, I cannot ſpeak----

CARLOS.

Ha! now by Heav'n
I ſee it all; guilt can no more diſſemble:
That look betrays the ſecrets of thy heart;
The fraud ſtands manifeſt to view.

ORAZIA.

Yet hear me;
Oh! Carlos, hear me, nor afflict thyſelf

With

With falſe, with vain ſurmiſe. Orazia's cares
Are buſy for the wretched.

CARLOS.

Has ſhe then,
Perfidious fair! has Orellana married
That baſe-born peaſant? Does the rebel hope
With her, in evil hour, to claim the crown?
That is your aim; for that I am deceiv'd;
That care you colour with the ſpecious name
Of gen'rous ſympathy for human kind.

ORAZIA.

I feel it here; theſe are unbidden drops.
'Tis you, raſh youth, you, Carlos, that can give
Fair virtue's ſemblance to each wild emotion,
That prompts the ſudden deed. Ere now 'twas love,
That tyrant of thy ſoul, capricious love,
Nay, gen'rous if your will; 'twas that which ſav'd
The lives of men, if Orellana ſmil'd;
And now ſhe looks averſe, the baleful charm
Still ſhoots delicious poiſon through thy ſoul,
And perſecuted virtue pays the forfeit
Of maiden bluſhes, and of coy diſdain.

CARLOS.

Think'ſt thou Don Carlos means to live the ſlave
Of idle charms, and tyrant beauty's frown?
No, let her charms neglected fade and periſh.
May ſorrow wither ev'ry nameleſs grace,
That revell'd once in thoſe deluding eyes;
Then let her lover gaze on faded beauty,
Let him enjoy---Oh! no; the ſlave ſhall die;
Then ſhall his pale inanimated corſe
Glare in her view, an offering from Don Carlos,
The token of his love.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Away, no more;
Inhuman that thou art!

CARLOS.

Then let her ſhriek,
And rend her hair, and to his clay cold breaſt
Rivet her panting boſom---No! the traitreſs
Shall to the altar; thou ſhalt lead her thither;
And there her blood ſhall expiate her guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou tiger, nurs'd with gore! away, nor dare,
With ſavage threats to wound a mother's ear.

CARLOS.

The ſtorm is gather'd, and the thunder ſoon
Shall burſt in ruin on their guilty heads. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Inhuman, barb'rous man!---And muſt I lead
'Mid'ſt ſongs of triumph, and thro' feſtive bands,
My daughter crown'd with garlands to the altar?
Shall there the prieſt, fell miniſter of wrath,
Force her to nuptials, which her ſoul abhors?
Which never---No---ſhe'll periſh rather; firſt
Give to the cruel ax that tender form!
And muſt her mother, muſt I then return
Alone, heart broken, deſolate, without
My child? thro' arches rais'd with pomp for her?
Thro' ways ſtill redolent of ev'ry flow'r,
Which, as ſhe went, they ſtrew'd beneath her feet?
I will not lead her; no, ſhe ſhall not go.
Alzuma then---Oh! miſery ſupreme!
Shall he too bleed? Thou murd'rer! hold thy hand!

It is Orazia's blood thou ſhed'ſt! The God,
Who died for all, will not demand his life.
He ſpeaks, he menaces, but ſee, ſee there!
He dies, he dies!

Enter ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Who's there? What would'ſt thou? ha!

ORELLANA.

Haſte thee, Orazia, haſte, and inſtant think,
Think of ſome means to ward th' impending ſtroke.
Enrag'd Pizarro comes: Avow your ſon,
Peru's undoubted heir.

ORAZIA.

It muſt not be:
That fatal truth would overwhelm us all.
Diſtraction! nought remains, no pow'r can ſave him.

Enter PIZARRO, DON CARLOS, *and Guards.*

PIZARRO.

Yes, bring the traitor forth. The ſanctity
Of laws, the policy of our new ſtate,
As yet unfix'd, forbid all dull delay.

Enter ALZUMA, GONZALEZ, *and Guards.*

ORAZIA.

Angels of light protect him, ſave my ſon. [*Aſide.*

PIZARRO.

That once again I deign to parley with thee,

'Tis

'Tis gentle pity prompts. Take heed, raſh youth,
Or certain death.---

ALZUMA.

Death is the only boon
That Spain can give, or I will deign to aſk.
Come bloody bigot! reverend aſſaſſin!
Come on at once, here wreak thy pious rage,
And in the name of heav'n commit a murder!

PIZARRO.

Doſt thou reproach us? thou, who oft haſt ſeen
Blind ſuperſtition offer human victims,
To your own ſenſeleſs, to your monſtrous idols?

ALZUMA.

Poliſh'd Barbarian! what doſt thou do leſs?

PIZARRO.

Beware, nor tempt my vengeance!

ALZUMA.

Thou art he
Who com'ſt to teach thy doctrine ſword in hand;
To tyrannize our ſouls; from free-born men
Withhold the ſacred privilege of thinking!
Thou haſt unchain'd, to ſpread deſtruction round,
Two fiends accurſt: Lo! where inſatiate avarice
Enſlaves mankind! Lo! Spaniſh hierarchy
Erects her ſcarlet head; with pious rage
Bears in her breaſt a poinard, and with blood
Incarnadines the altar of your god.

PIZARRO.

Slave mark my words: No more I'll waſte the hours
In vain debate; reſign thyſelf to Spain;

Abjure thy errors, and embrace the truth;
Or elſe this moment ſweeps thee from my ſight,
To die, in view of thy deluded friends,
A terrible example of our vengeance.

ORAZIA.

No, by the pow'rs above he ſhall not die.
The voice of heav'n reſtrains the murd'rer's hand;
A voice that's heard thro' all the peopled earth,
Reſounding to the limits of the world.

PIZARRO.

Beware, beware, Orazia!

CARLOS.

Still ſhe favours
That inſolent, who ſpurns the light of heav'n.

ORAZIA.

Oh! 'tis the light of heav'n informs my ſoul.
Theſe ſtrong emotions by the Pow'r Supreme
Are waken'd here. The ſpirit that impels
To blood and murder, cannot be from heav'n.
Nature, thou lead'ſt me on! My child, my child;
I will protect thee. Now, inhuman men,
Now come, and tear him from a mother's arms.

ORELLANA.

Yes, both, my brother, both will periſh with thee.

PIZARRO.

By heav'n this treaſon---

CARLOS.

Orellana's brother!
And not her huſband! Then my heart's at peace.
[*Aſide.*

PI-

PIZARRO.

What means this myſtery? Say, art thou Alzuma?

ALZUMA.

Behold me, Spaniard. Let thine eye ſurvey me,
Shrinks not thy heart within thee? Read'ſt thou not
A royalty of nature here?

PIZARRO.

Forthwith
Say, wilt thou take thy life on our conditions?

ALZUMA.

There are conditions that may win my ſoul
Not wholly to abhor thee.

PIZARRO.

Name thy terms!

ALZUMA.

Lay down at once the perſecuting ſword;
Relieve from ſlavery a groaning world;
Aſk what we ſuffer, not what we believe;
Diſplay your morals, not your bigot faith.
If avarice is your god, take gold enough,
Freight well your ſhips, and may propitious gales
In ſafety waft you to your native ſhores.
That done, in time we may perhaps forget,
We may at leaſt forgive you.

PIZARRO.

Stubborn ſlave!
And to a conqueror dar'ſt thou thus to utter
This rebel ſtrain!

AL-

ALZUMA.

Back to your native ſhores!
What do you here, amidſt a virtuous race?

PIZARRO.

The laws of conqueſt, and the laws of Spain---

ALZUMA.

And dar'ſt thou, homicide, alledge the laws?
The laws of Spain? Know there's a prior law,
To which weak mortals are not trained, but born;
Not form'd by ſcience, but endow'd by inſtinct:
Great nature's law! that beſt, that ſureſt guide,
That emanation from the pow'rs above;
O'er all diffus'd, immutable, eternal!
This who ſhall ſilence? who ſhall dare repeal?
Who ſtrives to do it, abdicates his nature;
Renounces all the honours of his being,
And by the act, tho' juſtice ne'er o'ertake him,
Pays full atonement; he's a wretch indeed.

PIZARRO.

I'll hear no more: Since thus thy heart is ſteel'd,
Thus obſtinately fix'd in wilfull guilt,
The juſtice that pronounc'd thy father's doom
Awaits thy crimes. No dark aſſaſſin's ſtab
Ended his days; to our tribunal call'd,
In full aſſembly of the conquering chiefs,
He was arraign'd, was heard, and died for treaſon
To Spain's imperial crown.

CARLOS.

And ſhall that mockery,
That ſtain to juſtice, that black ſcene of horror,
Be acted o'er again?

PI-

PIZARRO.

And doſt thou too,
Doſt thou rebel, confed'rate in their guilt!
Our will is fix'd. Ere yonder ſun decline---
Hear me thou ſlave! or yield to truth and Spain,
Or elſe yon ſun, that idol of your worſhip,
Shall ſee thee on the rack in pangs expire. [*Exit.*

CARLOS.

Thou brave heroic youth, thy every virtue
Demands my wonder. By yon heav'n I ſwear
Thou ſhalt not ſuffer: My ſoul eager pants
To know, to love, to burn in friendſhip with thee.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Alzuma, Oh! my ſon, in this diſtreſs
How ſhall the wretched mother ſave her child?

ALZUMA.

Waſte not a thought on me. Thy own miſdeeds,
Repent of them: And ſince the gods withhold
A brave revenge, 'tis left us ſtill to die,
And greatly periſh in our country's ruin.

GONZALEZ.

He muſt not linger here; my duty bids me
Convey him hence.

ORAZIA.

Thou buſy meddler! here
Orazia now commands: I lead him forth;
And who ſhall dare oppoſe a mother's voice?
[*Exit with Alzuma.*

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet grant us vengeance, heav'n! Oh! give us ſtill
To conquer ev'n in death; then mix triumphant,
With penſive ghoſts, and roam the ſhadowy plain,
Where all is peace, all bliſs in endleſs train;
Where with the hunter's cry the valleys ring,
And fragrant zephirs breathe eternal ſpring;
Where ſpicy groves immortal ſweets unfold,
And no pernicious Spaniard thirſts for gold.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

GO, cruel, go, and leave me to my woes.

ORELLANA.

I feel them all; but what, beſet with ills,
Can Orellana do?

ORAZIA.

What can ſhe do?
Prevent the ſtroke; aſſuage Pizarro's fury;
That canſt thou do; yet obſtinately fix'd----

ORELLANA.

But fix'd in honour: Oh! thou little know'ſt
Alzuma's ſoul: he will not take a life
Purchas'd by vile diſgrace; will ne'er ſurvive
To ſee Don Carlos ſeize my plighted hand,
That he may linger out his days in bondage.

ORAZIA.

And if his ardour, if his ev'ry virtue
Swell o'er their bounds, and bear his reaſon down,

Wilt thou unpitying---The bare image ſtrikes---
Weep'ſt thou my daughter? Let the gen'rous ſorrow
Melt thy hard heart, and bid Alzuma live.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could; but if my brother fall,
With him 'tis fix'd to die; thrice happy both
If ev'n in ruin our unſhaken zeal
Our country honours, and our gods approve.

ORAZIA.

Then go, ruſh on, unnatural as thou art!
Go ſince thou wilt, and ſee a brother bleed.
I'll to the altar too; the blow that ſheds
Alzuma's blood, ſhall end this wretched being.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let joy ſucceed and triumph in your hearts.
I bring ye gladſome tidings.

ORAZIA.

Speak thy purpoſe.

CARLOS.

I've ſeen your ſon: at length each raging paſſion
To peace ſubſides, and takes a milder tone.
His errors vaniſh, and with ſenſe reclaim'd
He dedicates his ſoul to truth and Spain.

ORELLANA.

What do I hear? The tale of infamy!

ORAZIA.

Then is Orazia bleſt; my ſon ſhall live.

But

But tell me, does Alzuma---tell me all;
Means he this day---

CARLOS.

This very hour he means
To offer up his vows at yonder altar,
He and his choſen friends: he only aſks,
That while Pizarro views the ſolemn act,
The gazing multitude may ſtand aloof,
Nor interrupt him in his holy work.

ORAZIA.

All bounteous Providence! Now, now indeed
You give me back my ſon. Upon the wing
Of love and rapture let me ſeek Pizarro;
Tell him this unexpected bleſs'd event,
That ſaves at once a mother and her child. [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Thou hear'ſt it, radiant Deity! thou hear'ſt
This worſt of crimes, nor yet thy orb makes halt;
Nor turns his courſe back on the aſtoniſh'd eaſt,
Nor impious mortals dread eternal night!

CARLOS.

Suppreſs this ſtorm of paſſion: ſmiling peace
Comes with her gentle train, and love prepares
His torch to brighten all our future hours.

ORELLANA.

All truth is fled; Alzuma is a ſlave!

CARLOS.

Henceforth eſteem and dignities await him,
New joys, and all that laviſh hearts can pour.

ORELLANA.

Let him accept them; let him meanly ſtoop
To take a conqueror's gifts. Theſe are your arts,
The arts of tyranny, by which you draw
With baleful luxury, with bland allurements,
Each captive mind, till weak deluded men,
Grown the voluptuous ſlaves of ev'ry vice,
Become the ſlaves of ev'ry maſter too.

CARLOS.

A moment brings him to you; then you'll ſee
He comes with mind enlighten'd. Truth divine
Will from his lip more welcome touch thy ear,
And huſh to peace this tumult of thy ſoul. [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

The tumult of my ſoul will ever rage.
Well, injur'd deities, you fly a land,
Where not one virtue's left. You have full cauſe;
Ev'n your own progeny betrays your rights,
To hoſtile gods betrays. Yet let thoſe gods
Boaſt of their proſelyte; to them he'll prove
A young, a ſubtle hypocrite; each vow
The traitor offers at their Chriſtian ſhrine,
To his own heart, to univerſal nature
Will give the lye, and ſtamp the guilt upon him,
By men and gods abhorr'd, the tenfold guilt
Of daring to equivocate with Heav'n!
I will not live to ſee it. Ha! he comes.

Enter ALZUMA.

ALZUMA.

My ſiſter! why is this? Thou ſhun'ſt me then?
Thou ſhun'ſt thy brother?

ORELLANA.

Thou haſt ruin'd all.

ALZUMA.

Diſtract me not with thy unkind diſdain.
All that is great in nature leads me on,
And my heart labours with the vaſt conception.

ORELLANA.

Vain effort to diſſemble! Even now
The ſtrong expreſſive characters of guilt
Glare in thy eye, and ſhoot their livid fires.

ALZUMA.

Talk not of guilt: thou little know'ſt---

ORELLANA.

Not talk,
When faith and truth, the ſenſe of ancient honour
Are trampled down? when in baſe abject fear
A brother derogates from all his race,
Abjures at once his country and his gods,
And with the foe capitulates for life?

ALZUMA.

Thy virtue charms me; but thou ill doſt chuſe
This awful period: 'tis a moment big
With deſperation, with diſaſt'rous change,
And horrible intents. I ſee thee now
Perhaps for the laſt time.

ORELLANA.

What ſay'ſt thou? Ha!
That look terrific!---But too plain I read.
And yet they told me---

AL-

ALZUMA.

Who?

ORELLANA.

Don Carlos.

ALZUMA.

What?

ORELLANA.

Of gods abjur'd.

ALZUMA.

And did'ſt thou hate thy brother?

ORELLANA.

And can'ſt thou blame me?

ALZUMA.

I do thank thee for it.

ORELLANA.

Still thou art true?

ALZUMA.

As heav'n's foundation fix'd!
Fix'd as the marble pillars of the world.

ORELLANA.

Have I then wrong'd thee? Oh! Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Come,

Thou

Thou beſt of ſiſters! daughter of the ſun!
Worthy thy character! come to my heart.
And yet is this a time, this hour of horror,
To pour the ſofteſt tranſports of the ſoul,
And mingle tears with madneſs and deſpair?

ORELLANA.

Thy words, thy looks, appall my frighted ſenſe.
Alas! my brother, ere we part---

ALZUMA.

No more;
I charge thee urge no more. Whate'er my lot,
Thou'lt wonder and applaud.

ORELLANA.

Yet boding fears!
Let me attend thy ſteps.

ALZUMA.

It muſt not be.
Wait here thy mother's coming. With apt ſpeech
Beguile her ſtay: I would not have her near me.
Time flies; the hour draws nigh; immortal pow'rs!
The genius of Peru! The fates are buſy!
All nature pauſes for the great event.

ORELLANA.

Thy words portentous---Ha! Pizarro comes!

Enter PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

At length, Alzuma, with ſereneſt influence
Grace lights upon thee. Come, the altar blazes;

Thy

Thy friends are rang'd around; the brazen gates
Exclude the buſy throng; all things are ready.

ALZUMA.

All ready ſaid'ſt thou?

PIZARRO.

All; we wait but you.

ALZUMA.

Horror! You wait but me! Go on; I follow.

PIZARRO.

Approving Heav'n ſmiles on the juſt deſign.
This holy work perform'd, all will be well.
[*Exit* Pizarro.

ALZUMA.

Be firm, my heart, and you, my trembling ſinews,
Hold, hold awhile. What hollow voice is that?

ORELLANA.

'Tis ſilence deep, and ſolemn ſtillneſs round.

ALZUMA.

" Now is the time," it cries---I come, I come.
The ſacred impulſe---Hark!---it calls again.
Ye crimſon ſpectres! and ye gleaming fires!
Ye ſpirits of revenge, who point my way!
Lead on, your mortal inſtrument I come! [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! how my heart---Who's there?

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

And will you ſtill
With ſcorn reject a lover's tend'reſt vows?
Let me prevail.

ORELLANA.

'Tis not an hour for love!

ORAZIA.

Not when your brother---

ORELLANA.

He approves it not.

ORAZIA.

Has he not call'd Pizarro to the altar?

ORELLANA.

He wiſh'd to meet him there.

ORAZIA.

He wiſhes too
To ſee his ſiſter recompence at length
Her lover's faithful fires. Where is Alzuma?
Haſt thou not ſeen him?

ORELLANA.

He went hence but now.

ORAZIA.

Then he has ſought the altar: let us thither.

ORELLANA.

I'll come anon; not now; it were not fit
You ſhould be there. Far other work impends,
The work of fate! 'Twere beſt remain; you muſt
not go.

ORAZIA.

What mean thoſe falt'ring accents? ha! what noiſe?

ORELLANA.

Defend me, heav'nly pow'rs, defend me.

ORAZIA.

Hark!

PIZARRO *within the Scene.*

Perfidious traitor! cleave him to the ground.

ORAZIA.

They murder him; they kill my ſon; forbear;
Hold, ruffians, hold. [*Exit.*

ALZUMA *within the Scenes.*

The gods, the injur'd gods
Demand his blood.

ORELLANA.

'Tis my brother's voice!
Yes, ſtrike Alzuma; with redoubled blow
Avenge a father's death. Look down ye pow'rs
And ſhield my brother's life. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

Wild tumult fills
The ſpacious temple. Ha! again I hear it!

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Treaſon and murder! ſound there, ſound th' alarm!
[*The bell tolls.*

GONZALEZ.

Alas! what new event, what have the fates---

CARLOS.

Oh! 'tis a ſpectacle of woe and horror!
My father dies a victim to their fury.
With treacherous arts Alzuma hath deceiv'd us.
The rites were all prepar'd: the lawn-rob'd prieſt
Stood reverend at the altar; tapers blaz'd,
Incenſe aroſe, and organs fill'd the choir;
When forth Alzuma came, with ſolemn pace,
Looking ſubmiſſion; we ſcarce ſaw the blow;
Wing'd with the light'ning's ſpeed, he ſheath'd his dagger
Deep in my father's heart.

GONZALEZ.

What ſays my Lord?
Recall the word.

CARLOS.

Oh blind and fatal raſhneſs,

That drew me unſuſpecting to the altar!
No ſword, no weapon to defend his life!
Yet with what force I could, with deſp'rate rage
I ruſh'd amidſt their throng: Ev'n that was vain.
The traitor's friends that inſtant clos'd around me,
And I no aid could give. Why lingers thus
The tardy ſoldier? Will no friend ſupply
An inſtrument of vengeance?

GONZALEZ.

Soon the guards
Shall ſtop each avenue: Alzuma then
Shall pay the forfeit of his horrid treaſon.

CARLOS.

With lion rage he daſh'd him on the ground;
With his left hand graſp'd the diſhevell'd hair,
And round his arm the plaited locks intwining,
In gore he dragg'd him to the altar's baſe;
And I the while could only rend the air
With piercing cries; they held my feeble arms.

GONZALEZ.

And is he martyr'd thus by ſavage hands,
His conqueſt ſtopt, and all his laurels wither'd?

CARLOS.

Orazia comes; ſhe raves, ſhe ſcreams, ſhe flies
Wilder than winds; upon her mangled Lord
Throws her extended body, claſps him cloſe,
Then looking piteous up with ſtreaming eyes,
"Forbear, my ſon, forbear; thou ſhalt not murder."
But nought can ſave Pizarro from his rage.
"Die, monſter, die," he cried, then tore him from her
Along the crimſon marble; in deſpair
Upward ſhe ſprung, and darting round his neck

With

With circling arms, intreats, implores, beſeeches,
Bathes his broad cheſt with tears, and vainly ſtrives
To ſave a huſband from a murd'rer's rage.

GONZALEZ.

Deteſted, treacherous villain!

CARLOS.

Arm my friends,
Arm all Peru, and give the means of vengeance.

GONZALEZ.

This way, my Lord, revenge will now be ours:
At yonder gate I ſee the faithful bands.

CARLOS.

Do you go forth and let the troops inveſt
The temples round. Let ev'ry path be clos'd,
That none eſcape my fury. [*Exit Gonzalez.*]
Righteous heav'n!
Now in your cauſe ſtern juſtice lifts the ſword,
And the fell murderer from the altar dragg'd
Shall meet his inſtant doom. [*Exit.*
[*Flouriſh of trumpets and bell tolls.*]

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Brave Ozmar---ho!
To ev'ry injur'd god this reeking blade
Pour'd hot libation of the tyrant's blood.

OZMAR.

Immortal ſpirits crown him, crown the hero;
The godlike blow for liberty is ſtruck.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The murd'rer of mankind has breath'd his laſt.

Enter ORELLANA.

ALZUMA.

My Orellana, ha! what means that look,
Ghaſtly and pale? Wherefore that trembling ſtep?
Thou art not wounded?

ORELLANA.

Oh! too deep, too deep;
Thou too, Alzuma, born to bitter woe!
Deep in thy heart is fix'd the mortal ſtab.
The altar bluſhes with forbidden blood.
Thy wretched mother---

ALZUMA.

Speak; diſtract me not.

ORELLANA.

Ev'n now ſhe dies.

ALZUMA.

By the dread pow'rs of vengeance,
Whoe'er has dar'd---I here atteſt the gods---

ORELLANA.

Atteſt not heav'n againſt yourſelf. Thy arm,
Alas! thy deſp'rate arm---

ALZUMA.

What doſt thou mean?

ORELLANA.

Too plain I ſaw; as round your neck ſhe clung,
And ſued for mercy to Pizarro's life;
You then, unconſcious, bent on other miſchief,
As ſtill ſhe ſtruggled to reſtrain thy arm,
Then guſh'd the ſacred blood that gave you being.

ALZUMA.

Open thou earth, and take me, take me down
To ſcare the fiends below.

The back Scene draws, and diſcovers an Altar, Pizarro *lying dead, and ſeveral Indians ſtanding round.*

ORAZIA *is brought forward.*

ORELLANA.

And lo! ſee there!
See where the miſerable victim comes.

ORAZIA.

Oh! I am faint; I die; ſoft, lay me down.

ORELLANA.

Diſaſtrous fate!

ALZUMA.

Have I deſerv'd this miſery?

ORAZIA.

I die! alas! I die. Where are my children?
My Orellana---nearer---Oh! Alzuma!
Wilt thou not know me? in this laſt diſtreſs
Not lend a pitying hand?

AL-

ALZUMA.

'Tis red with blood,
With horrid parricide! its touch will blaſt
The ſad remains of life.

ORAZIA.

Approach, Alzuma;
Support me, lend your hand; your's, Orellana,
your's;
Life ebbs apace; I leave ye both, I leave
My dear, dear children. Yet to hold ye thus
Makes ev'n languor ſmile, and ſoftens all
The pangs of death.

ALZUMA.

I call each god to witneſs,
Each cruel god, I never meant to harm
That matron-breaſt that gave its nurture to me.

ORELLANA.

Alas! the agonies of death are on her.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

There fix your ſtation, guards; Orazia too!
Deform'd and gaſh'd with wounds! in death's em-
brace!
Fell ſavage monſter! Torture waits your guilt.

ORAZIA.

Forbear, forbear; the warning hand of heav'n
With theſe events repays our thirſt of blood.
Too much has flow'd already. Let my child
Now live in peace; it is my dying pray'r.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Doſt thou forgive thy horrible aſſaſſin?

ORAZIA.

'Twas not thy guilt; miſchance, 'twas dire miſchance
That wrought the deed. I thought they murder'd thee,
I flew, thy mother flew to ſave her child:
In that ſad moment---Oh!---

ORELLANA.

Yet ſpare her, heav'n!

ALZUMA.

She dies in torment.

ORAZIA.

No, Alzuma, no;
I feel no pain, my child. In me thou ſeeſt
How an expiring Chriſtian ſuffers death.
Thou God of mercy! ha!---hold!---raiſe me up.
Alzuma, where, where art thou?---Yet a word;
If ever I was dear, if ever---Oh! [*Dies.*

ALZUMA.

She's gone; ſhe's gone; and with her dying breath
Pardon'd her murderer! Could ſhe then forgive me?
Is that a Chriſtian virtue?

CARLOS.

'Tis the virtue
Which you have ſpurn'd; but ſince th' expiring faint
Granted her pardon, Spain accords it too!

ALZUMA.

Strike me, juſt gods, deep to the center: here
I ſtand a parricide! a mother's blood
Still glows upon this hand! and are ye not
Gods of juſt vengeance? Will your wrath permit
A wretch like me to ſtalk the groaning earth?
Ye mountains hide me! Oh! no place can hide
A deed accurs'd like mine! [*Falls down.*

ORELLANA.

And do I live
To ſee my mother thus?---A ghaſtly form!
A little while and thoſe dead lips had utt'rance!
That heart beat warm with gen'rous affection!
Thus do I ſee thee? Is this mangled corſe
All that is left me of thee?

ALZUMA. *(Riſing on his knees.)*

She gave me being, and this impious hand
Hath giv'n a ſtab to nature; to the womb
That brought me forth, bore the aſſaſſin's knife!
I wait juſt pow'rs for your dread pleaſure; ſtrike,
Here at once; launch your red vengeance down;
Puniſh and pity me!

CARLOS.

His woes are great,
And his heart lab'ring with the ſtrong compunction
Speaks the ſoul big with ev'ry gen'rous inſtinct,
Wild nature's growth. Forgive me, oh! my father,
Who there lieſt ſtretch'd in death, if I reſpect
The virtues of a foe. Alzuma, riſe,
Repentance may efface------

ALZUMA.

Away, nor talk *(ſtarting up)*

Of

Of fruitleſs penitence. No gods can pardon
A crime like this. See there thoſe glaring orbs!
That boſom gor'd by this deſtructive hand!
Orazia!---oh that look, that ſmile in death,
Damns me beyond all depth---And yet I muſt,
I will approach her---*(kneels down by her)* I no more
can murder thee.
Where are your tortures, Spaniard?---Lo! that
ſight!
Tear out, diſſect my heart.

CARLOS.

Alzuma hear me.
In thee I have beheld the fierce extreme
Of ſavage virtue: for a father loſt
You've laid a ſcene of blood; but now behold
A Chriſtian's virtue: By thy fatal arm
My father there lies dead, and I forgive you.

ALZUMA.

Forgive!---Forgive me ſaid'ſt thou!

CARLOS.

Yes; nay more,
I pity your misfortunes. For your country
You've bravely fought, and I applaud your valour.
For the miſtaken zeal which here by ſlaughter
Would plant the worſhip of the God of peace,
I do diſclaim it all. That righteous God,
Who gave the ſun its light, and from his hand
Launch'd forth the ſtars into the void immenſe,
He tells weak erring man, we may perſuade
Our fellow creatures to embrace their good,
But ev'n for truth itſelf muſt not deſtroy.

ORELLANA. *(Riſing up.)*

Oh! wherefore, Carlos, were thoſe godlike virtues

To this ſaid hour concealed! Chriſtians and Indians
Both, both have err'd alike. The cruelty
That mark'd its way with blood, provok'd revenge:
But this your effort of unheard of goodneſs,
Bids us repent ev'n of our country's love,
Ev'n of our gods, and Orellana's heart
Turns Chriſtian at the thought!

ALZUMA.

Oh, loſt Peru!
Fall'n, fall'n indeed! thy foe was hitherto
A robber, and a murderer! now he conquers;
Now his religion triumphs: all thy gods,
Oh, land belov'd! thy gods prepare for flight,
They yield to ſome divinity unknown,
Some great firſt cauſe of all! And ſhall yon ſun
Move at a maker's will his ſtated round,
No longer now ador'd! The hoſt of ſtars,
Shall they be deem'd his work? The rainbow too,
That over arches the wide tracts of air,
Is his the hand that bent it? I am loſt
In doubt and wonder! Spaniard, mark my words;
If ſuch the virtues which your God inſpires,
We'll learn of thee to live; and oh! we'll learn,
Thou murder'd excellence! of thee to die.

CARLOS.

Enlighten'd hence, ye rulers of each ſtate,
Learn to extinguiſh fierce religious hate;
Truth came reveal'd from the eternal mind,
To bid us love, and not deſtroy mankind;
Not blaſt the work, which heav'n with pleaſure owns:
Hear, bigot kings! and tremble on your thrones.

End of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HARTLEY.

OUR Play thus o'er, now ſwells each throbbing breaſt
With expectation of the coming jeſt.
By Faſhion's *law, whene'er the* Tragic Muſe
With ſympathetic tears each eye bedews;
When ſome bright Virtue *at her call appears,*
Wak'd from the dead repoſe of rolling years;
When ſacred Worthies *ſhe bids breathe anew,*
That men may be, what ſhe diſplays to view;
By Faſhion's law, *with light fantaſtic mien*
The Comic Siſter *trips it o'er the ſcene;*
Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,
Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her ſmiles;
Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,
And the gay wonder how they wept before.

Say, do you wiſh, ye bright, ye virtuous train,
That ev'ry tear that fell, ſhould fall in vain?

If this night's ſcenes ſoft pity could impart,
'Tis your's to ſet the faſhion of the heart.
'Tis your's, ye fair, to aid Alzuma's *cauſe,*
His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

For Orellana *may I dare to plead?*
My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
On you my hopes are fix'd: One ſmile from you
To me is worth the treaſures of Peru.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.